

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The little, last minutes before she leaves
For the
Church and the vows and the old life ending;
The little, last thoughts that are all her own
Before
They go, all the future transcending.

The Bride

Lips that are tremulous, and solemn eyes
That are
Dreamy with pride in Life's new sweet part.
It's more than the vows at the altar made,
But the
Promise she's made to Heaven in her heart.

DESPERATE Position Of Our HOSPITALS!

Patients in Shadow of Death are
Unable to Get Beds
The LOTTERY-SHARE Problem

By Our Special Commissioner.

The position of our public hospitals throughout the State has become desperate. No Government worthy of the name can dally any longer with the intolerable position that has arisen.

Every public hospital in the metropolitan area is crowded to overflowing, while hundreds of sick and suffering, many of them in urgent need of surgical operations, are unable to gain admittance.

In this striking examination of the position, the problem in regard to share-tickets in the State Lottery is dealt with.

THE Minister for Health, Mr. Weaver, realises the position, and has announced it time and again from the public platform. He has asked his Government to provide the necessary funds, and has been told that funds are not available.

Mr. Weaver has suggested a solution of the problem to his Cabinet. In effect he says: Let me extend the operations of the State Lottery, let me increase the prize-money to £1,000,000, and I will get sufficient money from this source to finance the hospitals.

Cabinet has turned the proposal down. They say in effect: It would encourage gambling. We don't mind the people gambling on a small scale, and while we will not abolish the lottery we will not allow it to be extended.

Other Lotteries

MEANWHILE lotteries in other States are offering more attractive prizes, with the result that hundreds of thousands of pounds are annually leaving New South Wales to go to Tasmania and Queensland.

The State Lottery was established primarily to assist the public hospitals after appeals to the public for voluntary subscriptions and an extensive campaign by the Churches had dismally failed.

The Government which looks with horror on an extended lottery, and shrinks from any form of gambling as unholily, recently remitted annual taxation to the amount of nearly £100,000

from the book-makers, on the plea that these unfortunates would be driven from their calling and forced to earn a living by the sweat of their brows.

WHAT is the position of our leading public hospitals to-day?

Sydney Hospital has a waiting list of over 300 people, mostly women, clamoring for admission to the institution in order that their health may be restored by urgent surgical operations.

Prince Alfred Hospital is in a similar position.

The superintendent of one of the biggest hospitals in Sydney told me last week that in a case of life and death the best he could do for a patient would be to offer her a bed on the floor.

Female surgical and medical cases are by far the most pressing problem. Many of the women awaiting operations will not be admitted to hospital until the middle of May, while others have no hope for at least eight months.

If they die in the meantime, as they have died in the past while waiting for their turn, it is no concern of the Government, but it is a grim relief to the hospitals, and each death brings one more patient nearer to the head of the waiting-list.

That such barbarous conditions should



SCENE at Sydney Hospital showing men, women, and children waiting for admission to the out-patients' department. The crowds in the passages are obscured from the camera's view.

OFFICERS of the St. John Ambulance Brigade rushing a patient to hospital. The problem of finding beds for patients has become such a nightmare to the ambulance that sick patients will not now be removed until assurance is given that a bed in hospital is available.

obtain in a city like Sydney is a reproach to our vaunted civilisation.

"Lucky" Shares

THE Government proposes during the next session of Parliament to introduce legislation to prevent promoters of share syndicates from selling lottery ticket shares.

Such a step would undoubtedly reduce the turnover of the lottery by at least 30 per cent, and the hospitals would correspondingly suffer.

It is understood that charities such as the St. John Ambulance, the Benevolent Society, and the United Charities desire to be given the exclusive right to sell the share tickets.

This proposal is opposed by share syndicates whose proceeds go to other charities.

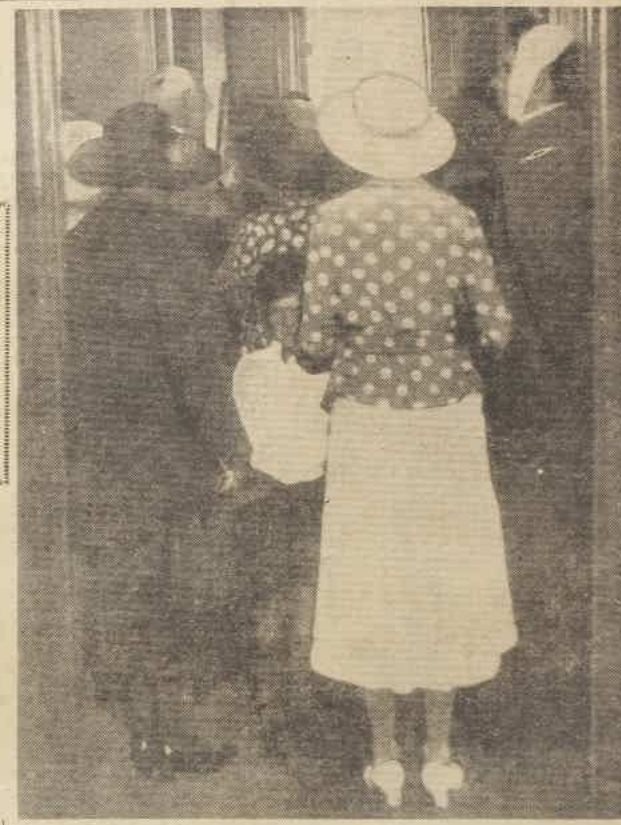
It is claimed that the selling of shares is a highly specialised undertaking, and is largely dependent on skilful advertising appeals.

The public exhibits individual peculiarities where the element of chance is concerned, and responds readily to the appeals of different syndicates offering special royal roads to success. A monopoly would destroy this variety of appeal, it is claimed.

THE Superintendent of the Central District Ambulance was outspoken on the question of hospital accommodation when I interviewed him during the week.

"It is an absolute nightmare to everyone associated with the sick and suffering," he said, "to have to try and find beds for them in the hospitals."

"Many people have been waiting for



Three Distressing Cases

LET us review a few recent cases which have been brought under notice.

1. Within the last fortnight a woman desperately ill with complications of childbirth was refused admission to a public hospital on the ground that there were no beds available. When a medical man insisted that something must be done to save the woman's life, she was admitted as an accident case, kept there for a little while, and then again taken by the ambulance to another hospital, her life being in grave danger from 3 p.m. until 7 p.m., when she was admitted.
2. A suburban medical man reports having spent three-quarters of an

hour on the telephone pleading with the public hospitals for a bed for an urgent appendicitis case. He was informed that there were seven cases on the list prior to his, and that his patient would have to wait her turn.

3. A woman patient was recently brought from the country suffering from osteomyelitis — inflammation of the marrow of the bone — of the leg. Her condition was extremely grave. When she arrived in Sydney after a long trip from the country, no bed could be found in any hospital, and she had to be accommodated at a residential for some days until a vacancy occurred at the Coast Hospital.

months for admission, and for many more the last call has come before they could find a bed in any institution."

It is impossible, he added, to estimate the final loss to the State of this policy of short-sightedness on the part of the Government.

City Scoured

WHEN a breadwinner dies through the neglect of the Government to find hospital accommodation for him in his illness, his family become a charge on the State.

Cases have come under notice where patients have been driven to insanity, and even suicide, through the long period of waiting in despair for the surgical operation which was necessary.

It should be mentioned that the Department of Public Health is carrying out a noble work for the sick poor.

It has established a Hospital Admission Board in Macquarie St., where every hour of the day one or more officers are on the telephone to all the public hospitals endeavoring to place patients who are in urgent need of medical attention.

The Civil Ambulance handles 12,000 cases a year from this source, yet in spite of all their efforts for many the call to the hospital comes too late.

There was a time when the Ambulance would pick up cases of sickness and hawk them from one hospital to another in the hope of finding a bed, but the position has become so hopeless that the ambulance will not now remove any patient from her home until arrangements can be made for a bed in hospital.

The position to-day is that sometimes a bed will become vacant in a hospital at North Sydney, and a patient will be taken across the bridge by the ambulance from as far off as Botany or Maroubra.

In the same day a death may occur in the Sydney Hospital or Prince Alfred, and a patient is brought from the north side of the harbor to fill the bed.

All this confusion entails heavy work and expense for the ambulance, which could be avoided if reserve beds were made available in the big public hospitals for urgent cases.

MOTHER Survives TWO Husbands and Twenty-two SONS!

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

To give birth to, and rear twenty-two sons and survive them all, is the extraordinary record of Mrs. "Nanny" Hartfield, of Lancing Rd., Croydon, England.

NOW, at the age of 75 years, Mrs. Hartfield lives alone in her tiny cottage in Croydon, lonely with a great loneliness, but happy in the memory that ten of her sons gave their lives for the country in the Great War, while three others were killed in valiant attempts to save the lives and limbs of others.

"Ten of my boys were killed during the war," she said. "Two of them were twins—I have had two lots of twins—and they were killed almost simultaneously."

"Three were killed while trying to stop

"Some of them would be middle-aged men now," she said. "I remember them all perfectly. When I see them again, I shall know them instantly."

"No, I will not have my photograph taken. I have only once had a picture of myself made, and Lionel, my second eldest son, took it to France with him. When he was found dead on the battlefield, the picture was crumpled in his hand. I have never been photographed since and I never will."

Mrs. Hartfield still goes out to do a day's work. When she comes home she does her housework.

"The only thing I can't do now is washing clothes," she admitted. "I can scrub a floor and clean a house as well as ever."

"I trust in God all the time, and I am always happy. All my neighbors are un-failingly kind to me, and I have friends all over the world who write to me and send me birthday and Christmas wishes."



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Let's Talk Of INTERESTING PEOPLE . . .



—Rembrandt, Adelaide.

RESEARCH WORKER

PHYLLIS ROUNTREE, who has been doing research work for the last few years at the Waite Agricultural Institute, in South Australia, is a Victorian. Her work consisted of experiments with bacteria in soil, but her appointment in Adelaide finishes officially at the end of April. However, she will spend several weeks more in South Australia before returning to Hamilton, Victoria.

After that, her plans are indefinite for the time being, but later she hopes to continue research work in England. Her chief hobby is collecting rare books.

Miss Rountree got her B.Sc. degree at an unusually early age, and was appointed to the Waite Institute in Adelaide almost immediately afterwards.



—Monte Lake.

LURE OF DENTISTRY

VIOLET KENNARD, who left in the "Nieuw Zealand" last week for a world tour, is one of the comparatively few practising women dentists of the Commonwealth. She has already been practising twelve years, but says that she loves her work as much as ever, believing that one of the most fascinating things about dentistry is that you can never learn enough. There are always new fields to open, and the lure to follow them up is irresistible.

Mrs. Kennard's tour (upon which her mascot koala accompanies her) will include Java, Bali, Colombo, Egypt, and the Continent. She will return through America.



—Monte Lake.

Y.W.C.A. WORKER

MISS DOROTHY POWELL, B.Sc., F.I.G.C.M., has recently been appointed to the position of indoor clubs' secretary of the Y.W.C.A. Miss Powell has for many years been demonstrator in geology at Sydney University, a position from which she has recently resigned. She is vice-president of the Musical Society and Glee Club, and of the Students' Christian Movement at the University, and is a member of the Secondary Schools Girls' Movement. For many years Miss Powell has given her services as an organist in one of Sydney's well-known churches.

AUSTRALIA'S *Richest* FAMILIES United by Marriage



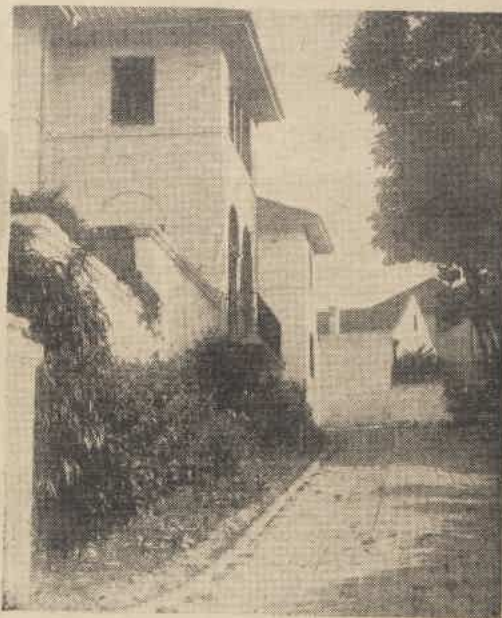
—Monte Lake



—Broothorn.

TWO PEOPLE whose forthcoming wedding has aroused interest throughout Australia—Mr. Sam Hordern, son of Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern, Sydney, and Miss June Baillieu, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Baillieu, of "Kamillaroi," Toorak. . . . ON RIGHT is shown their future home, Mansion Rd., Bellevue Hill, Sydney, formerly the residence of Sir Langer and Lady Owen.

THE BRIDESMAIDS



Baillieu-Hordern Romance of Youth Wealth & Beauty

Youth, beauty, wealth—when all three are present in the union of two well-known people interest is awakened in every mind.

But when, in addition, the two people concerned belong to families whose romantic rise to fortune has become bound up with the history of Australia, the interest extends to wider spheres, as it has done in the case of Miss June Baillieu, and Mr. Samuel Hordern, whose marriage is arranged to take place in Melbourne on April 12.

THE prospective bride and bridegroom both belong to families which have acquired great wealth in Australia and whose financial interests include mining, industrial, newspapers, city real estate, and country properties.

The combined controlling interests of the Hordern-Baillieu families in Australia are said to be in the vicinity of £25,000,000.

The Baillieu fortunes have been acquired in the last 60 years, the founder of the family in this country being James George Baillieu, who was in charge of the lighthouse at Queenscliff and later became proprietor of the Ozone Hotel there.

In that comparatively short space of time huge fortunes have been amassed by his sons and grandsons, and to-day there are few big established commercial concerns in which some member or other of the clan is not interested.

THE Hordern family has been associated with the business life of Sydney for about 112 years.

The original Anthony Hordern emigrated to Australia with his wife in 1821, and opened business in King St. a few years later.

In 1856 the firm of Anthony Hordern and Sons was established where it was carried on successfully by the late Samuel Hordern, grandfather of the prospective bridegroom. When he died in 1903 his estate was valued at £3,000,000. He willed a life interest in this vast estate to his three sons, Samuel (now Sir Samuel), Anthony, and the late Lebbeus Hordern. On the death of the sons the corpus passes to their male issue.

As each of the sons in question has but one male heir, the huge fortune will ultimately be divided between the bridegroom, Samuel Hordern, son of Sir Samuel; Anthony, son of Mr. Anthony Hordern, and Lebbeus, son of the late Lebbeus Hordern.

The Bride and Groom

WITH all this romantic background of fortunes made, lost, and regained in this young country it is not remarkable that the Hordern-Baillieu marriage has resulted in more than the usual amount of public interest.

The young people have themselves contributed to this interest, for both are possessed of charm and engaging personalities, and on their own account

have won wide circles of friends and well-wishers.

The bride is beautiful.

Her serene grey eyes seem bigger than anybody else's; she is taller and slimmer than the average Australian girl; her slender hands seem longer than those of most people, and her hair has a more golden sheen than most brunettes. She is inclined to be fair, and her beautiful creamy complexion is unspoiled by riding and swimming, which are her favorite forms of exercise.

MR. SAMUEL HORDERN is one of

Sydney's most popular young men. He is interested in golfing and motoring, is a keen sportsman, and has a good knowledge of livestock. He was educated at Cranbrook School, Sydney, and later at Cambridge University, where he graduated and studied law.

On his return to Sydney a few years back he took up accountancy, and joined a well-known firm in the city, but his marked leaning towards country pursuits has given rise to the conjecture that at some future time he will relinquish commercial life for the more congenial atmosphere of the country.

Wedding Plans

THE wedding will take place later than most afternoon weddings—at 3.15 at St. John's, Toorak—and the reception will be held at the beautiful home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Baillieu, at "Kamillaroi," where old and modern are skilfully combined in the grounds as well as in the house.

The house is looking its best for the biggest day in the life of the youngest daughter of the family. Petunias, zinnias, and incredibly tall dahlias yield a riot of color along the winding brick-paved drive. When interviewed quite recently the bride had not yet decided whether she and her six bridesmaids would carry flowers, and details of her wedding-trunk were not completed, nor plans for her headdress. The frocks of the bridal group are being kept secret. Part of the bride's outfit will be a lace handkerchief given to her by Lady Hordern. In her trousseau are model frocks from all the famous houses in Paris and some exquisite lingerie.

MISS PAT HAMMOND
—Broothorn.MISS PAMELA OSBORNE,
N.S.W. —Broothorn.MISS MARGARET FINLAY
—Jack Cain.MISS SANDRA SHACKELL
—Jack Cain.MISS MARY BAILLIEU
—Ruth Rollick.MISS JEAN ANDERSON,
N.S.W. —Dayne.

Sounds Good to MOTHER

Rice Bubbles—popping and crackling in cold milk or cream. Gay food that's always welcomed gladly. Good food that nourishes and helps growing bodies.

Watch busy spoons scrape the bowl clean. No coaxing with these tasty, toasted bubbles of rice. No cooking, either. A hearty, healthy breakfast. A light, digestible supper that encourages sound sleep. A lunchtime treat for you, too. Oven-fresh—*from your grocer.*

Sealed inside in
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Why Didn't SOMEONE Tell Her About Sydney BEFORE?

Notable American Writers
Look Us Over

TWO of the most experienced and successful women writers in America are Miss Alice Booth and Miss Claudia Cranston, who are at present visiting Australia. For the past fifteen years, Miss Booth has been associate editor of the famous American magazine, "Good Housekeeping," which has over two million readers.

These distinguished women paid a call on The Australian Women's Weekly last week. They had already seen the paper and expressed the greatest admiration of it.

"It simply leaves me stunned," said Miss Booth. "I think it must be the best newspaper worth in the world." An opinion with which Miss Cranston cordially agreed.

That women of such wide experience, breadth of vision and literary gifts should speak with such warm appreciation of The Australian Women's Weekly is a tribute which this paper deeply appreciates and of which, we are sure, our readers will be delighted to hear.

Below is an article by Miss Cranston on her impressions of Sydney in Easter week.

By CLAUDIA CRANSTON

WHERE has Sydney been all my life!

Geography or psychology or something is not properly taught in a young ladies' finishing school. For had anyone told me Sydney was here, instead of overlooking it all this time, I should certainly have "looked it over" long ago.

My first impression of Sydney was that it was the first city I had ever seen in the world that was like New York City. For instance, New Yorkers just love to be run over in the street by taxi-cabs and hustled across corners by traffic cops.

And as a matter of fact, I hadn't been run over by a single taxi since I left New York until I got to Sydney! There's nothing like it to make New Yorkers feel at home. What Sydney

needs to impress one hundred and twenty million Americans—if Sydney wishes to do that—is more and bigger taxi-cab accidents.

And as soon as Sydney sees that the traffic accidents are attracting too many Americans, the hotels can put bathrooms with all the rooms, and central heating. Then the Americans will stop coming. Because they have bathrooms at home, and why should they come to Sydney to take a bath.

It would be impossible to call Sydney the City That Nobody Knows, even if it has been so modest and hasn't advertised itself in the girls' seminaries of America. If over a million people live in Sydney, some of them must know their own homes, even Easter Week!



MISS ALICE BOOTH, a brilliant American writer and Associate Editor and Make-up Editor of the splendid American magazine, "Good Housekeeping."

And almost the entire million are good-looking people, too, as much as I have seen of them. The men all have such long legs, and the women ride so well.

As a passing guest I cannot help but wonder, and doubtless shall never know, whether the young ladies who ride like a streak in the show ring after the steers, and make every other woman feel that life is just nothing unless you could ride like that, are bow-legged when they walk? Like the cowboys in Texas. For I do know my cowboys. I was born in Texas.

Which brings me to the thing upper-



MISS CLAUDIA CRANSTON, a noted American author, who has many novels and short stories to her credit, and who was formerly an Associate Editor of "Good Housekeeping."

most in my mind about Australia ever since I heard of it when the "Mari-posa" landed here last Monday. They tell me Australia is bigger than the whole United States of America. And I can see it. I can easily understand that Australia is as big as the United States—but I'll never be able to see how it COULD be as big as Texas!

ANOTHER interesting thing to me about Australia is that if you turn the map of it upside down it is the map of the United States! Nobody ever told me that either. It cost me the trip all the way out here, as much as fourteen thousand miles, maybe, to see that for myself. While anybody who lives here could have told the world, and cost them nothing at all.

But the most interesting thing about the whole of Australasia to me was that I saw George Bernard Shaw in New Zealand. It was certainly a thrill to see the jolly old legend walking around the hotel just like a human being.

And being provincial, selfishly personal, the really most interesting thing of all about Sydney to me is that I like it! I've never in my life seen anything so pretty as the opening of the Royal Easter Show. Unfortunately, just as I was coming out of my date of

general appreciation sufficiently to distinguish the pigs from the bulls, I had to come back to town to broadcast for the children's hour! That is life. Well, I suppose if there weren't any children's hour now in Sydney, there would be no Royal Show the next time I come!

BUT to be very serious for one moment—which out of a short life is quite long enough—my real impression of Sydney is that it should treasure its youth. Australia has that now which neither man nor beast nor land can renew, once it is gone, youth.

And like youth everywhere, Australia seems impatient to be grown up. How sad. For a country, like a person, is young a very short time, and old a long, long time.

Right at this moment in the history of our time, America is the young man of the house of nations, out awkwardly in the limelight, at the first big world parties, full of good spirits, fast getting the sophistication of experience. And Australia is the adolescent in the family of nations. Happy. So far not too much courted for its charms, and therefore free.

I could only hope, for the happiness of this lovely city, which I like so much, that it may long be content to be young, beautiful, and rich. And yet a while leave cleverness to the older mistresses of that art, whom, after all, it is more clever to admire than to emulate.

MILK 6D. A QUART; Board to Inspect

The Australian Women's Weekly recently published a series of articles on the milk question, from every angle of the industry, and pointed out that the Wellington (N.Z.) municipal scheme appeared to offer features worthy of local attention.

It is gratifying to learn that this aspect is now being seriously taken up by the Milk Board.

Members of the board are to visit New Zealand to inquire into the municipal scheme of milk supply and distribution.

THE Minister for Health, Mr. Weaver, on his recent return from New Zealand, expressed the opinion that methods analogous to Wellington's would have to be adopted in Sydney.

The City of Wellington, with a population of 150,000, found several years ago that none but a system of municipal control of milk supply and distribution would give satisfaction.

The city supply was unreliable, the cost to the consumer was high, and the return to the supplier too low to cover costs.

AFTER much opposition from the vendors of milk, who stressed the rights of private enterprise, a change was made.

An up-to-date plant was installed outside the city convenient to the dairying centres.

Only suppliers who undertook to comply with strict conditions as to quality and cleanliness were allowed to co-operate. Their stock and premises being placed under rigid supervision.

Milk is collected at this depot, where part of it is pasteurised, the remainder being sent, after testing, to the city by train for early distribution.

Convenient points in the city have depots from which the milk is distributed to the city and suburbs, the areas being divided into blocks. The milk is delivered in sealed bottles. These are cleaned and sterilised daily by special process at the depots.

Large consumers, such as boarding-houses, hotels, and restaurants, have their supplies delivered in specially sealed cans.

TOKENS are used to pay for the milk to obviate theft of money left for milk, and the need of rendering accounts.

The cost is 6d. per quart all the year round, a reduction being made to those using more than a certain quantity.

A number of tokens are distributed free to families who cannot afford to buy milk, and in case of sickness among the indigent and aged.

The result has been that the producer is sure of his market, and a fair price for his product. The housewife gets pure milk at a reasonable price, and the scheme yields a profit to the municipality of several thousands a year, which is spent on improvements in plant and distribution.

Where To Find

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250

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A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

What is the mystery in Christine's life?

Dramatic incidents occur in this week's instalment of our splendid serial.



TORN between conflicting emotions, the Prince of Good Fellows takes the plunge and decides to marry Christine Beaumont.

THE CHARACTERS

JENNY FOSTER, the 19-year-old heroine, is assistant in Chez Fleurette, a fashionable florist's. The shop is situated opposite the Odeon Theatre.

EVE FOSTER, Jenny's golden-haired sister, and her sweetheart, **MAURICE RANDALL**, have both secured parts in the "Golden Girl."

TED FOSTER, Jenny's brother, is a saxophone player, but too hot-tempered to keep his job. He is in love with **ANNE CARROLL**, another assistant in the flower shop. **Yvonne** and **Pamela** are the other two assistants.

MADAME FLEURETTE is the business-like owner of the shop. Jenny has an uneasy feeling about her.

CLIVE FREEMAN is a regular customer at the shop. He is a staid city man, but is now in love with Jenny.

TONI GERRARD, "The Prince of Good Fellows" . . . wealthy actor-producer at the Odeon, who has just returned from America to produce a new show, "Golden Girl." While at the florist's he meets Jenny, and can't get her out of his mind.

CHRISTINE BEAUMONT, one of his stars, a blonde, ravishing beauty, who wants to marry Toni.

Suspecting that Maurice has something in his past to be ashamed of, Jenny endeavors to persuade Yvonne to talk, but the girl will not disclose the secret.

Toni proposes marriage to Christine, who readily accepts the offer, but pleads for a secret engagement and a quiet wedding. Dixon, the stage manager, and Jenny, are the only two informed of the step Toni has taken.

Now read on—

ANNE CARROLL was not to start work till after lunch the next day because Madame needed her in the evening to decorate a big girl's school for a prize-giving. She had instinctively the idea that of all her girls Anne was the one most likely to find favor with a head mistress. Jenny was therefore a little surprised

By a Girl of 16

Atmosphere!

THE music swells, you smile at me,
I take your arm, we go
To glide away amid the throng,
You, I, the music, so,
My head against your coated breast
In deep contentment lies,
An ecstasy pervades my soul,
I close my dreamy eyes,
To feel your breath upon my hair,
Your arms about me cling,
As one we sway with rise and fall
And perfect rhythmic swing,
The music stops, the spell has flown
Like some shamed broken vow—
Before the dance I knew you not,
I do not know you now!
—YVONNE WEBB.

at half-past twelve to see Anne standing before her.

"Come on, quick," she said, with unusual animation. "Ted's outside. Come and have lunch."

"Well, it's really Pam's hour. Pam, do you mind swapping round?"

"Mind! I'm starving to death, but anything for a pal."

"Right, I'll meet you outside, Anne."

"Giddy!" Jenny snatched up her hat, wondering what all the excitement was about. Ted caught her by the shoulders hoisterously on the pavement.

"Jenny," he said, "meet the wife."

"The—"

"Yes," said Ted.

"Yes," said Anne.

"But—"



"Seventeen you were. Made me marry you so that you'd get the separation allowance. You always had an eye to the money."

"You might forget and say something funny. Don't. Ted's happy. He loves her and she loves him, so that if she bores you and me to death it really doesn't matter. And Dad and Mum are happy—and that's very important."

"Yes," Eve grew suddenly grave. "I guess they'd approve Ted's choice more than they would ours."

"What do you mean?"

"Mum wouldn't call Maurice sweet, and I don't believe Dad would like him. He belongs to another world."

"Yes."

"And if Clive Freeman— Well, Mum would see through that."

"Yes," said Jenny hopelessly. "Therefore let Ted be right. Therefore, Anne—as you say—is a sweet girl."

Jenny raised her hand ritualistically. "Anne is a sweet girl."

They parted laughingly at the shop door.

"Oh, I'm starved," was Pamela's greeting. "What was all the fuss about?"

"Ted and Anne got married this morning."

"Oh," said Pamela. "That's a pity."

"Why?"

"Because Anne is sacked, Madame has just discovered that last night she made a whopping great mistake."

"No!"

"Yes, love must have deranged her faculties. There's been a beautiful scene here while you were out! Seems

your new sister-in-law sent Mrs. Burton's funeral wreaths to the Hon. Daphne Mannerings' wedding and vice-versa. Neither side too pleased, as you can imagine. They were all got ready last thing yesterday evening. Bert took them on his final round before lunch. Anne must have mixed the labels. At the bride's house at 1 o'clock arrived a cross of lilies with sympathy from someone she'd never heard of. Both parties have been making the phone hum since. Madame had rearranged it all to pacify them, but your Anne is booked."

"Oh, no," said Jenny. "no!"

"And how are you going to fix that?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, but it must be fixed."

"Well, good luck. I won't be long. I want to get back to see the fireworks."

"Bye, Pam," said Jenny absent-mindedly. Her hand strayed to the pocket of her overall and met the glazed sheet of paper that bore Toni's pear-shaped blot of ink.

Jenny looked round the shop. Yvonne was serving, her whole attention given to persuading a lady who wanted red gladioli, which they hadn't got, that pink ones were infinitely preferable. Jenny slipped into the back room. Madame had just finished her frugal lunch and was lighting a cigarette. She looked extremely annoyed.

"Good afternoon, Madame," said Jenny, smiling. "I've just been to a wedding lunch. My brother and Anne Carroll were married this morning."

For a moment Madame looked at Jenny puzzled, wondering if the girl could be deliberately trying to annoy her. "That's a good thing," she said, dryly, "for then he can support her. She leaves my employment to-day."

"Oh no, Madame. Ted couldn't support her. He's too often out of work."

"That's a pity. She must find another job then. You heard of her mistake?"

"Yes, Pamela told me."

"Well, be reasonable, Jenny. How can I keep her? It was a very serious mat-

"Yes. You remember the day Mr. Gerrard came in about a lost bracelet?"

"Yes."

"I am still worried about it," she said significantly, "because Mr. Gerrard has been very kind to me."

"Well?"

"You thought the bouquet had come back without the paper. It hadn't. I found the paper in the basket. I knew it because it had a peculiar blot. Mr. Gerrard made it when he was writing the card."

Through the open door to the cloak-room Jenny could see Anne putting on her overall. Madame saw her, too.

Jenny put her hand in her pocket and brought out the folded piece of paper. "Everyone is allowed one mistake, Madame."

For a moment there was silence. Madame looked at the paper fascinated. At last she said slowly:

"Perhaps—perhaps." She paused, and then added, "I must speak with Anne now."

"Yes, Madame."

Five minutes later Anne emerged rather red-eyed. Madame held the door open and Jenny heard her say, "One more such mistake, Anne, and I could not keep you."

"How did you work it, Jenny?" asked Pamela later.

"Oh, influence in higher quarters," said Jenny evasively.

Pamela looked at her puzzled, but she did not press the question.

By MONICA EWER

ter. No, let us talk of other things. I want to show you the new pots of—"

"One moment, Madame. I must talk about Anne first."

"There is nothing more to be said."

"Madame, everyone can make a mistake."

"Yes, but not in this shop. Anne can make her future mistakes somewhere else."

"Other people have made mistakes in this shop, Madame."

"Not often."

"Not so long ago you made one yourself, Madame."

"I'm sorry, Madame. I must talk about Anne first."

"There is nothing more to be said."

"Madame, everyone can make a mistake."

"Yes, but not in this shop. Anne can make her future mistakes somewhere else."

"Other people have made mistakes in this shop, Madame."

"Not often."

"Not so long ago you made one yourself, Madame."

"I'm sorry, Madame. I must talk about Anne first."

THE afternoon wore on and Jenny tried desperately hard to keep her mind on her work. From time to time her eyes strayed to the stage door of the Odeon, and then she would pretend to herself that she was looking for Eve. She put up a gallant fight. Her "Can I help you at all, Madame?" had the true ring of anxious solicitude. By working with feverish concentration she finished her orders in record time, and embarked on tidying a monumental cupboard, a job about which Madame had spoken months ago, and which everyone had shirked. She wanted to keep her hands so busy that her mind would be at rest.

Please turn to Page 34



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SHORT... REVIEWS

"Pity the Child." Rosalind Wade. Eye Entworthy, twenty-five-year-old girl, is tired of country life at her parents' home and quarrels with her father. She imagines herself in love with a bank clerk earning £5 a week. They marry, and Eve finds that she has been disappointed by her father. When finally they separate the husband devotes his energy to making a career for his one daughter, Bella. The girl, however, has no bent for learning, and finally seeks out her lost mother, with whom she finds happiness.

"Marriage and Murder." David Sharp. A crime novel of the most modern type. The hero, Mr. Fielding, has a happy knack of getting into desperate situations, and getting out of them again with a whole skin. Theft and murder are interspersed with amusing episodes in which the hero always comes out on top. (Ernest Benn, 7/6).

"Tolliver's Mill." Patrick McGill. A story of the descendants of George Eliot's Tolliver, still living at the old mill, which is coveted by a rich American. Jim Smith, thought to be a writer.

£100 FOR A NOVEL

To recognise the services to Australian literature of the late Samuel Henry Prior, editor of "The Bulletin" for 18 years, his son, H. K. Prior, has provided £100 per annum for a prize, to be known as the S. H. Prior Memorial Prize, which will be awarded every year for a work of fiction.

Entries for the first competition, which will close on June 6, 1935, should be sent to 232 George St., Sydney.

falls in love with Maggie Tolliver, who cannot make up her mind about her feelings for him and asks him to leave. Jim is suspected by the family of some sinister plot, but his gentlemanly behaviour always their suspicions. An unusual and interesting love story. (Herbert Jenkins, 7/6).

"The Purple Ball." Frank L. Packard. A thrilling sea story of the Malay Archipelago. Henry K. Morlan is secretly using his steamer for the drug traffic, while ostensibly engaged in legitimate trade. A strange story is told to the captain of the vessel by a native who is picked up. He relates about a metal ball which contains an object of very great value, over which three men have been murdered. He leads a party to the island where the ball is hidden, but they fail to locate it. Later the Malay is found knifed on the beach. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6).

"Germany's Defiant." Paul Einzig. Dr. Einzig deals in this work with German failure to meet her commercial debts. He believes that Herr Hitler's handling of this matter since his advent to power has discredited Germany from being regarded morally and financially as a first-class nation. The author seeks to show that Germany's present rulers are trying to rid themselves of the external commercial debt so as to provide resources for economic revival of the nation. (Macmillan, 7/6).

"Corner Shop." Philip Keeley. Mrs. Brennan, the wife of a working man in the North Country, had one ambition in life, to run a business of her own. When her husband is killed after the Transvaal War she realises her hopes, and the compensation money received for his death enables her to open up as a newsagent and tobacconist. She builds up a profitable business by dint of hard work and attention to her shop, but in doing so loses the love of her children. One by one the children desert her and the story ends with her courageous fight in the face of illness, excessive taxation, and depression. (Dent, 7/6).

LOUISE MACK'S New BOOK

IT was with a group of old-fashioned maidens—the heroines of "Teens"—that Louise Mack made her name. Her latest publication is about one girl only, hardly old-fashioned at all. She is, in fact, as modern and as free of restraints about it as can be, except for the fact that a Maiden's Prayer is still, apparently, to find her perfect lover and in him, her happy ending.

Tiny, the heroine, is discovered as a girl alone in a flat in Paris. A young man, mistaking her for a demi-mondaine, wanders across her path and becomes her lover. Before her twin babies are born, however, he deserts her. For he has inherited a Dukedom, and there-

"A Warning to Wantons"

It is some time since an Australian author brought out a first book with the same fanfare of publicity trumpets as that given to Mary Mitchell's first novel. Her book, "A Warning to Wantons," has been born with "The Choice of the Book Society" wrapper round its cover, which is the nearest a book can get to being born with a silver spoon in its mouth.

FAR be it from us to criticise the choice of the Book Society. On the contrary, it deserves the highest praise for having selected the work of a new Australian writer, but one can be excused for expecting something extra good of these "silver" wrapper babies, and "A Warning to Wantons" just misses the extra.

As a first novel the book is outstanding, but it does not establish the author as a front-rank writer as some other first novels have done.

From a literary point of view it is probably the best book of its kind that has come from Australia for years. Publishers and critics need have no hesitation in hailing Mary Mitchell as a new, bright light in the Australian literary firmament, but whether she is a fixed star or a shooting star, the future alone can prove.

There are, unfortunately, many indications in Miss Mitchell's book that she is a fine writer with nothing much to write about, and while this may not have mattered a few years ago, to-day it is a distinct drawback. However, it is one of those failings which can be overcome.

One of the main faults we have to find with "A Warning to Wantons" is that it is unpsychological, and in these days when true reasoning is the basis of all that is clever, this is an unforgivable sin.

The book is described on the title page as "A fantastic romance." This, however, does not mean that it is a phantasy, and it certainly is not one. It deals with real human beings in a real world all well portrayed until you get half-way through the book, and then they go wrong, leaving the reader, who was hitherto pleasantly amused, a little disappointed.

Miss Mitchell adopts a rich, fulsome style, similar to the late Maurice Hewitt, and, as in his "New Canterbury Tales," she writes with her tongue in her cheek. The book is intended to be naughty, but Miss Mitchell's naughtiness, alas, proves in the end too good to be true.

The Story

SHE commences: "The following curious tale is set in a mountainous district in south-eastern Europe, hitherto undisturbed by the march of progress on account of its barren inaccessibility."

Here we find two castles owned by the two magnates of the district, Count Anton Kardak and Count Stephen Boruli. Count Anton, who is a merry widower, has a son, Max, and Count Boruli a blonde Amazon daughter, Maria. She is like a goddess and rides a motor bike and is about to marry Max when Count Anton commits the indiscretion of bringing as a guest to his castle, Renee de la Valliere, a young woman of high intelligence but low morals.

As might be expected, Maria does not take kindly to Renee, with the result that Renee sets out deliberately to steal Max's affections even though his wedding night is but a few days off.

The best part of the story is the chapters dealing with Renee's antics to captivate Max, which she finally does on the night before his marriage. Maria catches her fiance and Renee in a compromising situation and decides that the time has arrived for direct action.

So, having drained Max's car of half its petrol, she arranges things so that he will be forced to drive Renee home when the party is over.

Everything works to plan. The car stops half-way between the two castles. Max gets out to walk to Castle Kardak, for another car, leaving Renee behind. When he returns she has disappeared.

It is only the next day, when the wedding is over, that Renee's clothes are

discovered by the side of a mysterious lake from which no one, who went in, had ever come out. The whole neighbourhood accepts the belief that Renee, tired of waiting for Max, thought she would go for a swim, and got drowned.

Denouement

IT is here that the reader anticipates a brilliant denouement, but it is not forthcoming. One suspects, with Count Anton, that Renee is not really dead, and that Maria has been responsible for her disappearance, but she has vanished so completely that her whereabouts are beyond conjecture.

However, it turns out at last that Maria, on the fatal eve of her wedding, forced Renee to strip off her clothes by the edge of the lake, and then took her by motor-bike to a far-away and inaccessible village, where she left her in a peasant's cottage.

The owner of the cottage, Paul Malafa, accepted her as a gift from the woods, and Renee is apparently unable to get back to civilisation. She lives with Paul in unwashed simplicity for months and months, until Count Anton suddenly discovers her and takes her back to Castle Kardak.

The rivalry between Renee and Maria then starts all over again, until Paul arrives on the scene, and the story finishes with Renee marrying him and becoming a peasant worker on Count Anton's estate. In this way she changes from a young woman of high intelligence and low morals to one of low intelligence and high morals. It is all very unsatisfactory; nevertheless there are fine passages in the book, and one can truthfully say that this new writer is well worth getting acquainted with.

"A Warning to Wantons." Mary Mitchell. 7/6. Heinemann. Our copy, Dymocks.



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DAVIES

IT occurred to him that Wanda had melting eyes—there was nothing desirable that she lacked—voice, grace and an appealing mouth!



SQUATTING on the box-seat of a caravan, Nick Gubb had his eyes fixed between the horse's ears. His was a flattened cast of countenance, suggesting natural hostility controlled by glum philosophy. Beside the horse walked Nigel Lucas, who was tall, agreeable to look upon, and thirsty.

"Nick," he said, "this horse, I think, would like to cross its feet and rest its cheek on someone's shoulder. Shall we pull up?"

Thus it was that the old woman comes into the story. She was standing in a cottage doorway, and her role part in the tale is that she gave ambiguous directions, telling Nigel that he must ask permission of her son at the farm over the hill before he drew into a field. And Nigel, pushing on, came to what he imagined was the farm referred to, and walked up the drive.

As he drew near the house he grew conscious that the old woman's son would scarcely farm in such a high-falutin' way as this, and he knocked on the door with some uncertainty. It was opened by a super-sports parlourmaid. When he asked, apologetically, if he could "see the farmer," an aristocrat appeared, in the costume of the Lord

You and I

I HAVE thrilled to the kiss of the west wind,
Whistling its way to the sea,
Absorbed the message of freedom,
Breathed joyously to me.
I have gloried in many a sunset,
Aglow in the evening sky—
Poignant regret, such things you loved—

Just then was your spirit nigh?
You and I revelled in beauty
Of nature in every phase,
Now your memory illumines life's shadow
Through separation's haze,
Till I know beyond power of all doubting
That somewhere in peace you dwell,
Retaining your love of the beautiful.
Awaiting me—all is well.

—KATHLEEN RICE.

of the Manor, and told Nigel that he evidently wanted old Bodeloe, away to the right, but that nevertheless, if he cared to camp hereabouts, he might, Nigel, bent with deprecation and apology, took himself off, but on the way he saw a girl. And that was Nigel's downfall.

She was hatless and tawny-haired, with that exquisite skin which is the portion of the tawny-haired; she wore a slinky, clinging coat and skirt cut for the country by a town tailor. And, seeing Nigel going down the drive in a hat so worn as to indicate dilapidation as the latest masculine mode, she observed what always seemed to her a dear old country custom and wished him good-afternoon.

Nigel hurried out and told Nick to draw into the nearest field and to extract the horse, which he did by pulling and pushing and muttering beneath his breath.

AT early evening the aristocratic farmer passed and inspected them.

"It's my impression," he afterwards informed his spouse, "that those two chaps are up to no good. The one who came up here is suave, the other sinister. The first, on the strength of an Oxford accent, ingratiates himself with people, I suppose, and then gets asked into the house; there'll come a wet night when we shall sympathise and offer them a bed, and, whilst they're in, the rough-looking one will rifle the house. I shall sleep with a gun."

Unaware of this, Nigel in due course made his toilet, took up a pail and,

leaving Nick to peel potatoes, approached the house. And he was tip-toeing across the grass, moistening his lips with the tip of his tongue and looking up at windows, when he stopped with a severe start.

There was a deck-chair on the lawn. Above it could be seen a parrot; beneath it, round knees and legs that were adorable; after which a face came round the corner and surveyed him.

"Do you want anything?" There is a great deal in voices, and Wanda's was saved from being up-stage by the fact that its huskiness seemed confidential.

"Water," breathed Nigel; and the effect this girl had had on his emotions made it appear that he marched across a desert under a torturing sun in search of it.

Wanda had heard her uncle's views and, now that she looked at Nigel carefully, was inclined to doubt their soundness. She decided that he at least deserved a fair chance, and so she rose and came towards him. The girls who walk well without self-conceit are rare, but she was one of them.

"What is it for?" "Do you mean what's it to go with?" "I didn't suppose you were trying to match it with some you already have," said Wanda. "No. Otherwise you would have brought a sample. Is it for drinking or washing, or do you want it hot?"

"Hot," said Nigel, "if it isn't too much trouble." For it had just occurred to him that whilst it was being heated he could make conversation.

She took his pail, and when she came back from the kitchen she stood a moment looking at him with a shrewd disposition to be friendly. He observed now that the especially infatuated expression on her face came really from her mouth.

"Do you know," she said, "I've always associated caravans with people who sell basket-chairs."

"I promise you," said Nigel, "that if I had but one basket-chair I should be sitting on it now, with my feet on the accompanying rush-work mat."

"Uncle was right," thought Wanda. "He's paving the way towards being asked in for a comfortable sit-down."

"Are you on holiday?"

"I'm hiding from the public eye."

"What for?"

"It isn't," he said after a moment's thought, "much use hiding from the public eye if you inform the public ear of your business."

"My ear has never been called public in its life."

"No, I suppose not," he said quietly.

"Would you mind telling me what place this is?"

"Ah," thought Wanda, "he's going to ask about the valuables."

"It belongs to Mr. Gray, and you see it's my niece. I'm staying here."

"I didn't mean to be inquisitive."

"Don't worry. I'm not hiding from the public eye."

"As one of the public, I am glad of that," said Nigel. "I'm not exactly hiding, either. I am in need of open air, and I don't want everyone to find out where I'm taking it."

"Consumptive," Wanda thought.

"If that's the case, uncle has been unjust."

She looked at Nigel reflectively. His profile, whilst not handsome, had an attractive outline of a not too tidy sort; but, glancing past it, she saw something which made her touch his arm.

"Is that your friend?"

"Confound it, yes!" said Nigel peevishly, following the direction of her nod. For Nick was standing by a gate in a menacing attitude and beckoning, as one invites to one's side a dog one means to thrash.

"He does hate being left alone," said Nigel. "He comes from a densely populated area, and the loneliness of the great open spaces makes him afraid of shadows. I wonder if that water's hot? If I don't go, he'll come and fetch me."

She turned and, going to the kitchen, came out with his pail half-full. He darted to take it from her, saying: "Oh, don't you carry it."

"This is all I can manage at the moment, but if you want more later you can come back," said she, and smiled at him rather nicely.

"I will indeed," said Nigel. "It is a question of getting my friend off to sleep. He hates night noises, and he

has a tiresome habit of waking suddenly and asking if I'm there, and if I'm not he gets out of bed to look for me."

Then Nigel turned regretfully and started down the slope. Midway he met Nick, and they peered at one another.

"Well?"

"I went to get some water. Hot water . . . for your tea."

"I don't want tea," said Nick.

"Keep away from the dame."

"No."

"That is a common or garden bat."

"Is that so?" said Nick, and he sat up suddenly, seized his bowler from beside the bed, and clapped it on his head.

Nigel stared oddly at his shadow in the moonlight.

"Are you going out to have one?"

"No," said Nick. "If a bat gets in your air, you've the dickens of a job

to get it out again. And I ain't taking any risks."

Still hatted, he lay down again. There came another interval.

"It's stuffy in here, Nick."

"You think so?"

"Sure of it. I think I'll sleep outside."

"There's cows."

"I fear them not."

"May be, but take care where you lays your ground-sheet. And don't go doosin' on no wet ground neither."

Nigel waited a moment, then rose and could be dimly observed dragging after him his bedclothes and, unseen by Nick, his shirt, shoes and trousers also. He courteously closed the door, and could be heard for some time shuffling. After which Nick heard a sigh and sounds as of some heavy body giving itself up to sweet repose.

Far otherwise, Nigel had donned his clothes and, with occasional backward glances at the caravan, he was now making softly towards the house, because it seemed to him that everyone would not have gone to bed so early, and that he could accordingly approach them for the loan of a light, and be invited in.

A Complete Short Story

He reached the lawn, tip-toed about, but saw no signs of life, and he had just decided to go back when, turning, he saw coming up the slope a punitive expedition of one clad in a bowler hat and carrying what looked to be a tennis racquet.

Nigel at once sat down behind a bush. Really, one must occasionally be allowed romantic moments without interference. Then he heard the sound of a window opening, and allowing his features to relax he looked up brightly. If that girl, feeling lonely in the country herself, had guessed he might look in and was about to offer him a cordial welcome from a window, he must be ready.

At the same moment Nick, incensed at being thus enticed from bed, arrived upon the lawn. Immediately there came from that opened window the report of a gun; then from Nick's throat a strangled cry as he snatched off his hat and flourished it before excited eyes.

"Ere! Hi! You've shot me through the 'at!"

Nigel emerged, hurried across the lawn, and, taking up his stand with a touch of heroism by the other's side, gazed upward. A face could be seen at a window, but it was not a lovely

—By—
HYLTON
CLEAVER

face. A man's voice put this pointed question:

"What are you two doing in my garden?"

This was a poser to which neither seemed keen to reply.

"I'm sorry if I frightened you," called Nigel in his most placating voice. "I came to see if you could possibly lend me a light, and as I found you'd gone to bed I was just going back again. I beg your pardon."

"Does that need two of you?"

"My friend came on behind," said Nigel, "because he doesn't like being left alone. I am so sorry."

"What were you hiding for behind a bush?"

"It seems ridiculous to say so, but," said Nigel, "knowing he was frightened after dark, I was doing it for a joke."

The silence which followed gave Nigel to suppose that this explanation was regarded suspiciously.

"Take my advice," the voice called. "Go back to your caravan, and, if you're still there in the morning, we will discuss this matter further."

Nigel felt that words at this hour would be useless, and especially so when shouted. He therefore took Nick's arm, turned him, and led him down the drive again.

Nick was still holding his hat in his hand. Gritting his teeth and motioning with the article in question, he said: "You see this, I suppose? Slap through the crown! A nice thing, ain't it?"

"Think yourself fortunate to be wearing it," said Nigel.

"I wore it against bats, not bullets."

"And what's the explanation of your carrying my tennis racquet?"

"It was the first thing I could lay my hands on, and I don't walk at night-time in this country without carryin' something. Ere. First thing to-morrow we'll 'op off."

"Oh, no."

"You heard 'im, didn't you? If we're still 'ere to-morrow we'll discuss the matter further. That means a copper, so we'll 'op off quick."

"Thus pleading guilty? Not likely. We will remain, and when he comes down we will explain the facts and be the best of friends."

"You want to be the best of friends," said Nick. "With that young lady. That's what it is, and that's why I come arter you."

WITH his body bowed and his face smeared with soapuds, Nigel was looking down into the mirrored surface of a bowl, when he heard an agreeable sound. He raised his head, wiped his eyes with his hands, then, picking up a towel, he walked to the gate and stood there with a smile.

"I have brought you my private car," said Wanda.

Nigel nodded.

"You were listening with it, I suppose, last night?"

"Yes, and I've come to ask what you were really doing. At any moment my uncle will come down to find out if you've gone."

"He thought we were burglars?"

"As you were tip-toeing across the grass and hiding behind bushes, what else was anyone to think?"

"I explained that last night, but I still don't understand why my poor friend was fired at. As he has not a change of headgear he is naturally a little vexed about it."

"My uncle thought you were trying to get into the house, and if you had gone first thing this morning I should have thought so too. What were you doing . . . really?"

Nigel looked over one shoulder, then stroked his chin.

"Bring your uncle down here in an hour's time and you shall see."

"Does that mean you will have run away?"

"Good gracious, how far and how fast could we run away with that horse?"

Nigel stayed leaning on that gate and smiling. Suddenly it occurred to him that Wanda had melting eyes; in fact, there was nothing desirable, so far as he could see, that she lacked: voice, grace, and an appealing mouth.

The fact that he was looking at her intently occurred to Wanda too, and she stood back, shook her hair from her pale forehead, and said:

"It would have been exciting if you had been burglars. I'm sorry about your friend, but if he will wear a bowler in the country he must expect the country sportsman to make the most of his opportunities."

"Yes, I had told him myself a bully-cock was more de rigueur."

Please turn to Page 8.

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LONDON Style

Continued from Page 7

"I SUPPOSE," said

Wanda suddenly, "you come from London?"

"Now, what is there about me that is unmistakably London Style? I thought my disguise complete."

"The fact," said Wanda, "that you came up last evening to the house, looking, apparently, for me. Why is a man from town always so intrigued to see a girl in the country?"

"He is only intrigued to see in the country a girl who unmistakably comes from London. But I should be intrigued to see you . . . anywhere."

"That sounds rather man-about-townish, too," said she. "You mayn't believe it, but I came to the country largely to avoid that sort of thing. Silly, light badinage and empty compliments. I'm tired of young men. And when I had been here some little while I began to wonder what the men were like in this part of the world. You turned up—a mystery for a moment—and I was interested in the idea of your caravanning. Then my uncle thought you were up to mischief, and that very evening you came up to the house to look about for me. So you must come from London. Nobody else would be so silly."

NIGEL looked crushed. One feels crushed, undoubtedly, when one imagines one has been getting on rather well and making an impression, only to learn quite the reverse. He did not speak for a moment. And when he did find his voice, all he said was: "I see."

"So now we understand one another . . . what are you really doing?" "I am training," he said simply, "for a fight."

"Boxing?" "Someone suggested," said Nigel, looking past her, "that I had never done an honest day's work in my life, which was untrue. I've done all sorts of things in all sorts of places, and I was goaded into saying that for a wager I would guarantee to earn a wage at any job they named. After a lot of thought—thinking they'd caught me out—they named professional boxing. At first it wasn't meant to be taken seriously, but I insisted. I never had boxed, so losing amateur status didn't bother me particularly. But I got hold of Nick Gubb, and he's been training me. Through him I've got a fight fixed up as a preliminary at the Albert Hall in ten days' time, and I am keeping out of sight and getting fit. I don't want anyone to know how seriously I'm taking it, but in due course I shall appear in London and I shall win my bet. So if you bring your uncle down here shortly you will see me in a sort of bathing costume and Nick in a natty pair of red trunks, treading each other rough, and then you'll see me running round this field and skipping."

"Well," she said in a quiet voice, "that's distinctly better. That's a great deal more satisfactory."

"Are you interested in boxing?" "I've never seen a fight in my life, but it sounds out of the ordinary, and I think the way you're getting fit is rather sporting. Uncle will be pleased. He's got a lot of old prints of people who fought with their knuckles. He'll ask you up to see them."

Wanda was looking towards the house.

"I must go in to breakfast. But I'm glad you told me."

She smiled, hesitated as though uncertain whether to offer her hand or not, then suddenly turned and went off along the lane, and for some time Nigel stayed leaning on the gate and looking at the ground. Presently Nick was at his side.

"Ere, 'oo was that?"

"Somebody from the house."

"We got to 'op it?"

"No, no. They want us to remain."

"Was that the dame?"

"If you must call her that," said Nigel, "yes."

Nick waited, rolling his tongue round his cheek and looking at the other sideways.

"I bin after you and fetched you back 'ere, twice. I've trained chaps like you before, and what I does, when they don't concentrate, is treat 'em cruel. If you can't keep off dames no other way, I'll have to hit you."

And shortly afterwards the aristocratic farmer watched them through field-glasses from his window, and said, "Bless my soul."

"As you have

brought a racket, you may as well play tennis," Wanda had said, and he had played with her. After which he had mentioned modestly that he had also brought his golf clubs. But she replied regretfully: "I'm sorry, but I

don't play golf. And anyway, I don't think there's a course near here."

Some days had passed and Mr. Gray had driven Nick Gubb into town in order to give him a treat by letting him walk in a crowded street. Mrs. Gray had been at tea, but had now gone indoors, and Nigel was looking with a great deal of solemnity and thought at Wanda.

When we regard friends we have known for some time, how seldom can we recollect our first (and wrong) impressions of them! Nigel supposed that in the first place he had seen in Wanda merely a pretty girl, clearly from London. After a week or two spent caravanning, that had been something of a novelty and he had been excited, and he had been rather silly. Next he remembered hearing her voice and seeing her walk towards him. Days had passed. Nick and he had been welcomed at the house, and he was fast falling in love. From the angle at which he regarded her now he saw her profile, her short, straight nose, the irreproachable but by no means inapproachable expression of her mouth, her rounded chin; she was in white, bare-armed, a creature of consummate grace, every curve of her body supple, the poise of her head that of a thoroughbred. She was a girl unafraid of anything. And she was taking a flattering amount of interest in him.

He couldn't smoke. He wasn't drinking, wasn't even eating sweets, which is, as a rule, man's first resort when he gives up smoking. All he could do was to look at her through half-closed eyes and think.

"You," he said suddenly, "are the most unaffected girl I know."

She did not look up, but answered: "Not to be affected by the fact that someone's staring at you only shows you to be self-possessed, and as a matter of fact I don't like girls who are very self-possessed."

She had been writing a note in pencil, and now she looked up at him.

Her tawny hair was sleek, her neck and shoulders very pale. Her eyes were long and sea-green. Women had in the past intoxicated Nigel, and intimidated him. Others had been mere incidents—shadows as it were—between an appointment and a disappointment. It would be idle to pretend that he had never kissed a girl; but he had never so wanted to kiss a girl and yet felt that to do so would be sacrilegious, unless no one else were ever going to kiss her afterwards as now. It was not Wanda's fault, but hers was a mouth shaped for kissing, and naturally a man observed these things and felt them.

"This pink paper is rather ridiculous, isn't it?" she said, folding up her note. "I bought it in a fit of mental aberration, and it doesn't express my thoughts a bit. Don't you think you can tell character from the paper people write on?"

She sat back as she sealed the envelope, and now she made matters worse, for she leaned her head back, stretching her throat, and half-closing her eyes, and Nigel felt that however one altered her position, pulled her about, or even picked her up and dropped her down on the grass she would still look a thing of grace, a creature without a hard bone or a stringy muscle in her body.

"To-morrow," she said, gazing at the blue sky, "will be Sunday. Isn't Sunday awful in the country! Not boring, as it is at the seaside, but sentimentally miserable. At sunset on a summer's evening I can hardly bear it. The sound of distant church bells would be enough to make me hang round somebody's neck and weep. And I don't know whether to go to church or not. Do you go to church? I suppose not. Few men do. Why's that?"

"They wish to make but one appearance," Nigel said, "and that with somebody on their arm in orange-blossom and a white veil. What will you do if you don't go to church?"

"I may go back to town."

Nigel sat up and looked at her severely.

"What?"

"I should have gone before. It looks rather peculiar, you know, if, after talking a lot about going, I stay just because you're here."

"But you can stay just long enough to see me through? This week will be the worst. I shall get nervous and edgy. If you are gone I shall be in an awful state. Nick and I were fed up when we arrived here and you just saved us. It's the strain . . . no outlet . . . and I'm beginning to get wind up, too. Don't go and leave me to it, at the very end!"

Please turn to Page 30



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Geologists have to provide their own bowyangs.

Science is a most enthralling subject if you have the tools. Many's the rare old argument Einstein and myself had before we were tossed out of Germany. I miss those discussions now.

THE only person in the office who comes anywhere near my intellectual level is the lift-driver, and he's a testotaller, and inclined to be a bit uppish, even when he's on the ground floor.

I gave Einstein the germ of the idea for his "Theory of relativity." I'm always distributing germs. The "Theory of Relativity" is very important, as, by simply turning a handle one can find out how many relations one has. Which is very handy when you're broke.

Isaac Newton (dead now, poor fellow), was the inventor of gravity. He invented it while in an unconscious condition after being stunned by an apple. If someone had had the presence of mind to hit him with a watermelon we might have been a lot better off today.

Then there was Centigrade, who invented the thermometer, without which we would not know when we were feverish. This remarkable instrument is worked solely by temperature. If there was no temperature, the thing would be useless. Something similar is the barometer, which tells us when the weather is fair or not. People who cannot afford barometers just open the window and have a look out.

THE fourth dimension is very hard to explain without going into technicalities. The three ordinary dimensions at present in commercial use are length, breadth, and thickness. The fourth dimension is time. That is to say, the article must be somewhere for a certain time before you can find out what length, breadth, and thickness it has.

It has got to be there before it is. If you follow me. A piece of wood of certain dimensions in America would not have any dimensions in Australia. Hence we have it that the pound note is worth more in England than in Tasmania. But I'm afraid this may be a bit too advanced for you. We will pass on to something else.

ANTHROPOLOGY, the study of ants, is an important department of science. One calls to mind the old quotation, "Go to the ant, you slug! Consider its ways and be wise." The ant is the forerunner and earliest ancestor of the modern jay walker. Traffic police have become gibbering lunatics watching them. For this reason alone they are worth pampering.

Geology is the study of rocks. Geologists in this State get about £3/5 a week, and have to provide their own bowyangs. This, of course, does not include stone masons. By different kinds of rock scientists are able to tell the

age of the earth. For some obscure reason this pleases them immensely.

Speaking of the earth, you all know that it spins around the sun once every week. Thus we have it that when it is lunch time in London it is Easter week in the Antipathies. This explains away a number of animal lollies. (I think you mean anomalies? No inter-raptions from the class, please).

TELEVISION is one of the modern marvels of science. By means of this wonderful invention you can see what you're doing when you're not there. How splendid it will be in time to come when one will be able to lie back in bed and watch oneself going to work.

Wireless is a thing that has become so common that we cease to wonder about the miracle. The miracle now is when you've actually got the thing paid for. Your wireless set is worked by waves. We get tidal waves on ours. Ours is a Super Hoopadood set with gramophone pickup and an attachment for burning toast with, so, of course, we get pretty good results, and are able to annoy the neighbors far more efficiently than in ordinary cases. We can get Walls on it.

And another thing is that we can get China on it, which is very handy in a place where the crockery is always getting broken.

I have been wondering lately whether I could get 30/- on it. Next time the wife goes out I'll investigate.



Professor Lower puts the class through an intricate dimensional problem.

SIMPLE Lessons . . . In Contract BRIDGE

Ely Culbertson's Hints on Play

Editor's note: This series of articles, by Mr. Ely Culbertson, world's champion player and card analyst, deals with the elementary principles of bidding and play. In this series every necessary element of bidding and play will be discussed by Mr. Culbertson, and explanatory notes are given by Dr. F. V. McAdam, one of Australia's foremost authorities on contract bridge.

BY DR. F. V. McADAM

WE now turn from the attack, where one is playing the hand, and where the tactics outlined in the previous articles form an integral part of a player's equipment, to the defensive aspect of bridge, where one's opponents have secured the declaration, and it is a player's duty to secure as many tricks defensively as possible.

Defensive tactics naturally fall into two groups:

1. As against trump declarations, and
2. As against no trump contracts.

In this article the opening leads against no trump contracts are discussed, and such leads are of two types, namely:

(a) Attacking leads.

(b) Waiting leads.

It is these latter leads which cause such confusion among bridge players because they are most difficult as a rule to interpret.

The choice of suit, and the card of it which should be led, are questions which every bridge player should be able to decide very readily, and at all times the leader's aim should be to give partner the fullest information so as to enable the partnership to put up an effective defence.

By ELY CULBERTSON

Opening Leads Against No Trump

IN the preceding articles I have attempted to cover the most common situations which come up in Declarer's play of the hand. It is now time for me to turn to a study of defence, and in this connection I will first take up the subject of the opening lead.

The opening leader must decide, first, what suit to lead, and, second, what particular card to lead. If he is to decide wisely, he must distinguish clearly between types of leads. In defending against a no-trump contract, the types used are two—attacking leads and warning leads.

An attacking lead is a lead from a suit in which tricks can be established with few re-entries. It is usually the longest suit, and when it is not the longest suit it is a suit which has been bid by partner. The card led is frequently an honor.

A warning lead, on the other hand, is a "top of nothing" lead to show a worthless three-card or shorter suit with no long suit worth trying to establish. Such a lead is called a "warning lead" because it tells partner that he must shift almost entirely for himself. Every lead against a no-trump contract must belong in one of these two categories.

ONCE a suit has been chosen it is necessary to choose a card in that suit to lead. The card led, except when it is in a suit bid by partner, shows

either a strong honor sequence, a long suit containing one or more honors, or a short suit.

In making an honor lead the top card should always be chosen if the suit contains three touching honors or two touching honors with the third card not more than one step lower.

For example, the King should be led from combinations such as K Q J 6 or K Q 10 6, and the Queen from Q J 10 6 or Q J 9 6. However, from Q J 8 6 the proper lead is the fourth-best. From J 10 8 6 the Knave should be led, but from J 10 7 6 the fourth-best is proper. In intermediate honor sequences the same method should be followed.

For example, the Knave should be led from K J 10 8 6, and the Ten from A 10 9 7 6. As noted above, when an honor cannot be led, the fourth-best card in a suit is the proper choice. For example, the six should be led from K 10 8 6 5 or from Q J 7 6 2.

WHEN a warning or short-suit lead is chosen, the top card should always be preferred. This lead denies a four-card length, and also denies any higher card. When it is necessary on rare occasions to lead from a three-card suit headed by a King, Queen, or Knave, the lowest card should be chosen.

When leading a card in a suit which has been previously bid by partner, the fourth-best should always be preferred when the leader holds four or more cards. With three to a King, Queen, or Knave, the lowest is proper. In all other cases the top card should be led.

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KNITTING NOTES . . .

B# Now that Easter is past, and Winter is stealing over us, feminine thoughts lie in the direction of knitted wear for themselves, their friends, or for the competition.

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LINCOLN MILLS

Knitting Wools

AT ALL GOOD STORES

An Editorial

APRIL 7, 1934.

THE LONELINESS OF THE OLD FOLKS

ONE class of person has suffered rather considerably as a result of changes which have occurred within the lifetime of the present generation.



It is a class to whom money makes little difference. The problem of old age is the same in rich homes and poor homes. Indeed, in rich homes the problem is sometimes the most acute.

The day of the large family has passed, and the old hearth and home tradition has gone with it. The modern family has one or two children. When these grow up and marry, they make little homes of their own, and the parents are left in their old age in lonely seclusion. When one of the old pair dies, the case of the surviving one becomes worse.

In the old days of big families there was always a crowd in the home. Besides dad and mum and the children, there was frequently an uncle or an aunt, a grandfather or a grandmother, and sometimes a few grandchildren.

When the old home was gone, the old folk could take it in turns to stay at one or other of their children's homes. But in most cases the old home was not broken up. One or more of the children would remain unmarried and stay on with the old folk. Or the marriage of one of the children would end in premature sorrow or trouble, and the old home would be availed of again.

But the small family of to-day has changed all that. The young wife and the young husband are content with a little home or flat without a spare room, and they offer scant welcome to "in-laws."

Mothers, particularly widowed mothers, foresee this chilly prospect, and sometimes endeavor to keep their sons out of matrimony. That only makes for more unhappiness.

No doubt the present generation will reach old age adjusted to the new conditions. But the old folk of to-day belong to the old tradition of the large family circle. They themselves destroyed that tradition by not having large families. True. But, after all, their roots are in the nineteenth century, and this age is already one-third through the twentieth.

Such a great gulf calls for a lot of sympathy and understanding to bridge it.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Rail Safety

IT is interesting to note that when two trains collided at Doncaster, England, last week, nobody was injured, according to a cable, because the railway carriages were made of steel. In Australia steel carriages have been introduced on metropolitan lines, but there is still a great deal of rolling stock of the old-fashioned timber-built variety. It would be interesting to know exactly what percentage of Australian railway rolling stock was all steel. With steel compartments the chances of carriages telescoping during a collision are remote, and consequently the safety margin of travel is considerably widened.

The New Shell

TO England, according to a cable, goes the honor of having perfected the most efficient high explosive shell in the world.

We are not provided with details as to how many men in a regiment the shell will blow to pieces, but we are told that it is a 15-inch, weighing a ton, which can be fired through armor plate inclined at 30 degrees and that it is efficient at nearly 10 miles.

In the same batch of cables we learn that new drafts are being prepared for the Disarmament Conference by the British Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon.

On the one hand we have the politicians and statesmen quibbling about disarmament, and on the other the steel combines of the world preparing new machines of war and perfecting new shells.

The fact that England has just produced the world's most dangerous shell makes one wonder what the armament factories are evolving in Germany, Italy, France, Russia and Japan, where they do not make any pretence of wanting peace.

Of course, England's new shell will be on sale to the rest of the world and may even be used to wipe out British soldiers in a future war. That's all part of the business.

Robbing Peter

A PITIFUL case, involving a family of bitterly unfortunate children, came before the Victorian courts last week. The parents of the children were prosecuted by the Society For Prevention of Cruelty to Children for neglect. The children numbered seven, and ranged in age from thirteen years to twelve months.

The evidence exposed a shocking state of affairs. The children were half-naked, filthy, verminous, underfed, and the prosecution had been undertaken only after numerous warnings had been issued to the parents. They lived in a house of which the Government paid the rental of eight shillings a week, and the father drew a sustenance allowance of 37/6 a week.

The result of the prosecution was that the father was fined 10/- and £1 costs and the mother was fined 2/6.

The fines, obviously, would have to be paid out of Government expenditure into Government revenue—a Gilbertian case of robbing Peter to pay Paul—which is probably unique in Australian court history.

The brightest spot in the sordid story was the magistrate's indication that the S.P.C.C. now has the power to take further action for the future welfare of the children. Meantime, if the parents pay the fines imposed by the court the children's wretchedness will apparently be increased by the mulcting of the family coffers of 32/6. The result of the first action taken on their behalf seems to indicate that the laws protecting children from unworthy parents need an immediate overhauling.

Black Brothers' Crimes

LOVERS of justice have long deplored the method of trying aborigines for offences against the white man's law, of which natives are entirely ignorant, and will rejoice in the announcement of the Minister for the Interior (Mr. Perkins) that important alterations are to be made.

New ordinances have been drawn up to give the judge of the court power to recognise the special circumstances of the case when an un-civilised aboriginal is on trial for an offence against the law of the white man's land.

Caught, somehow, in the ab of time, these pathetic remnants of a primitive race are thousands of years in the rear of the march of progress and it seems incredible that we should ever have been guilty of the cruel stupidity of firing them, Procrustes-like, to our measures.

If progress should again be petrified in Australia, until we were "discovered" some thou-



A ZOO SCENE of Mr. and Mrs. Seal indulging in their "Good Morning" salutations. The seals have been living together for years, and have never had a cross word.

sand centuries hence, what a problem our descendants would present to the Solons of that era! How primitive and uncouth would they appear to that advanced culture! What punishments could be devised, for instance, for the war-mongers and slum-makers?

On the whole, this task would be more difficult, would it not, than the task of the Attorney-General's Department to-day, to frame just ordinances to deal with our black brothers' crimes?

This Shirt Business

RULERS of Britain are becoming seriously concerned over the great colored shirt movement which is assuming epidemic proportions among the male populace. Shirt-conscious Britishers include the green shirt, khaki shirt, white shirt, red shirt and black-shirted factions. There are at least two varieties of black shirts which one may classify as the true black and the "off" black. The difference is not in color tones, but in the shades of opinion of the wearers, each of which is definitely "off" the other!

Dress a woman up in the color her soul yearns for and she feels kindly disposed to all the world, but put a man in a fancy garment, and it is quite another story.

Lessons in Modern Inventions

Fable of the Tram Car

By "A Modern Aesop"

By far the most remarkable, and least known, aspect of modern inventions is their extraordinary suitability for philosophical analogy. We live to-day in a world said to be grossly material; yet many innovations blamed for this earth-earthiness, have provided an entirely new set of "Aesop's fables" whereby it should be easier for modern people to grasp the basic principles of good living.

AESOP had to rely on Nature and the animals for his parables as did other teachers, and his field was therefore limited. Had he lived to-day he would have found a wealth of analogy in modern inventions, and would have deserted the Fox and the Grapes, or the Hare and the Tortoise for the motor car, the push bike, the wireless set, or the cinema.

In the story of the Hare and the Tortoise, Aesop illustrates, among other things, the fact that the person who keeps going reaches the goal. The tortoise accepts the hare's challenge to a race, and plods steadily to the winning post. The hare, confident he can win, stops to take a nap, and loses.

Modern invention has provided a better illustration of the same point in the push bike. As everyone knows, it maintains its balance by its speed. The faster it travels, the easier it is for the rider to keep up. It only wobbles when it is going slowly, and only falls when it stops. In the same way, it is only when the individual goes slowly that he loses confidence, and only when he stops that he falls. But Aesop had no push bike to illustrate this point. And his Hare and Tortoise fable was faulty, insofar as it makes a virtue of slowness.

Aesop, had he lived to-day, might have written a fable, after this fashion, in his own clipped style:

"Foolish man had electric light installed in house, but shortly after when he turned switch no light came. He cried that electricity was no good. Friend finding him in candle light suggested he put in globe which wasn't broken, but man laughed, saying: 'Electricity has failed,' and spent his nights in gloom. Moral: Philosophy doesn't fail—only the way of using it."

THE wireless set provides another wide field for similar analogy, and is already referred to by preachers and teachers in illustration of metaphysical beliefs. All wireless-minded people know the waves in the ether are everywhere, waiting to be tuned in by the individual. This is precisely what Christianity and modern religious orders teach about God, or, as some of them term it, the universal mind.

The ancient philosophers had nothing like this to illustrate their theology, and perhaps this was why they fell short of the mark.

Christianity was the first creed to teach that God was everywhere, like the waves in ether, and that individuals could tune into this force. However, like the wireless set-owner, the tuning has to be done by the individual. The set will not tune itself.

In wireless there is also an argument, though, of course, not a proof, against those who state that thought is a product of the brain. The opposing argument is that all material things, including the brain, are a product of thought, and that the brain is merely an instrument, like the wireless set, through which thought expresses itself. No one would assert that the individual wireless set produced the voice, for, as we know, it comes from the broadcasting station, the set only picking it up.

To summarise this modern fable, we may say that man and his brain stand in the same relationship to God, or inspirational thought force, as he and his wireless set stand to the broadcasting station. He must use it to get results.

The modern tram, speeding along its tracks, provides the material for another fable—in this case an almost perfect set of principles for living. To be useful, the tram must have five things—a driver, a destination, a track to run on, passengers to run for, and an efficient motor to run with. Translated, these five things stand for spiritual domination or will-power, an aim in life, a job and the ability to do it, someone besides oneself to do it for, and good health. Omit any of the five, and the tram is almost useless; so also is the individual.

THE cinema film, with its thousands of tiny pictures each a little different, and entirely useless alone, but forming the whole story when run together, offers a fable for the efforts of individual lives, and a solace to those who feel they are not playing a very big part in affairs, or who feel that the time is too short. It is the little pictures that make the film complete.



RAIN

A Complete Short Story



Illustrated by
Boothroyd

He hurried over the crossing to escort her through the traffic, and as they met she offered a neat little hand in a brown kid glove. There was nothing ostentatious about the glove or the wearer—quality and good taste.

HE lay very still, conscious that the pain in his side had eased, leaving him more aware of the silence and soft calm of the night. Through the window, in a velvet patch of sky, he glimpsed a star or two, not twinkling, just bright, still, and waiting in the hushed night. There was no murmur of wind, not a movement, not a sound. No more sound than a hand might make lightly stroking velvet. To one less sensitive it might have seemed that all the world sighed "Peace," but there was that about the night which caught the attention, as a softly whispered word will penetrate to the slumbering mind.

It seemed a long time as he lay there, tensed, alert, yet not moving so much as a finger. He sensed a message in the night—knew that for him it would be final—but he was ready. Just the waiting that was trying. Perhaps an hour passed, a long hour, for he felt the old weariness and weakness returning and made a small restless movement.

Then, like a distant soft rustle, or faintest, hushing croon, there came the night's first sound. It came nearer, nearer, and propped on an elbow he gazed out the window, listening intently.

Ah, it is here! With a sigh, sinking back on the pillows, his limbs limp, the strain gone, he closed his eyes, experiencing the relief of the watcher in the night, ill and alone, who hears the secret coming of the rustling summer rain. Presently there arose the smell of dampened earth, and an indefinable perfume blended by rain from tree and flower. He smiled contentedly, happy just to listen and to breathe the freshened air. Gentle rain, near and persistent. Soon the dampened earth was wet, and a melody dallied in the air. A soft sizzle on the laurel leaves; a patter on the roof; a drip, drip, plop, plop from a gutter corner. Bubble, splash, babble, as the water in the overflow slipped gently down the slopes, and all the while the softest swishing of a million tiny raindrops falling to the earth.

Listening to it he knew that he was tired. But, like a sibilant obligato, vague as the rustle of silk, the sounds sent him winging back through the years. Years of gladness and sadness, sunshine and shadow, sunrise, sunset—and rain.

BACK to an English home, a wide bay window, and a little boy in Eton collar and severe black suit coming reluctantly down the stairs, kicking his heels on every stair in protest against school. A lovely day. Too good to spend in school, and his heart was heavy as the clock ticked steadily round.

But joy of joys! From out the blue sky a myriad sparkling jewels came,

glittering in the sunlight. Rain! Hopefully, he wondered would the shower last. Grey clouds drifted over and the rain continued steadily. He leaned gleefully out the window, catching drops on his tongue, poking it quickly in and out like a lizard.

His mother, coming into the room, said regretfully, "I'm afraid you will have to say at home, dear. This shower is lasting longer than I expected!"

Why, she seemed to think a feller might be sorry about not going!

Below the window there was a wide bricked gutter, and now the water gushed along it like a river in flood. He leaned on the sill, face touching the wet wood, and watched the leaves and twigs go floating by. It only took a few seconds to make a paper boat, and with one hand grasping the window he hung out to place it in the "raging torrent." It swirled to the side and was caught.

Grasping the frame and leaning out the window again he strained to touch the boat and set it in midstream. Suddenly his hand slipped, there was a frantic kicking of legs, then out he fell and landed face down in the "river." Gasping with surprise he rolled on to the grass, then lay there as though oblivious that his resting place was wet grass, and that the rain poured down upon him.

Staring solemnly skywards, blinking first one eye and then the other, as the large drops fell in, he allowed his tongue to wander meditatively round his lips, with an occasional stretch towards the drops that trembled on his nose.

Now who'd have thought rain looked like that if you lay down under it. No drops at all—just long streaks of water. Might have sharp edges and go right through a chap. Funny he'd

the quick reply from the gate, as though he were springing down from the top. "There's a cow!" at Mill-wood, right to the top of the back steps. "We're going to make a raft and get mer-ooned," he continued. "How about coming?"

"Might as well," said he of the Eton collar, far more interested than he would have admitted.

They were quickly out the gate and splashing along the pavement in every available pool of water. Gutters were running a banker, and everything looked delightfully wet, soggy, and brimful with watery possibilities.

Two hearts exulted in a world of wetness.

Bonser rain! Watery, sloshy, splashy, puddling rain. Rain that wouldn't let you go to school; rain that sailed a paper boat or got a raft marooned. Oh, wonderful wetness, thrilling rain.

COLD! Ugh! Every-one prophesied sleet. Certainly the sky looked like it, smeared heavily over with grey sombre clouds. But what did it matter if it snowed or rained. He thought it would rain. There was a ripple of excitement running through him which he hadn't known before, and he felt warm inside. Standing at the corner he did not guess that more than one girl noted his bright expression, the expectant roving of his eye and the solidity of his whole British person in that thick, warm overcoat. The umbrella on his arm was a huge one, reliable, no doubt, like its owner.

He started, just the tiniest bit. She was coming, and his heart gave a jump which sent the red blood rushing to his face—"like some blinding" kid of fourteen."

He hurried over the crossing to escort her through the traffic, and as

course I'd like to walk. But it looks rather like rain, don't you think?"

With a flourish he swung the umbrella overhead, opened it with a click. "London, at your service."

Margaret asked, "What a shoe! That's just about the largest shoe I've ever seen. It's a close relation to a tent, so I think we can safely walk."

And then the rain. He would never cease being grateful to Providence for that rain. It started very suddenly.

"Whew!" Up went the umbrella with another flourish, and he noted with satisfaction that she, too, wore a warm, thick coat.

"Take my arm, you will find it easier to keep away from the drips at the side of the tent," he suggested, but she noticed that his arm pressed very firmly against hers as she complied.

He held the umbrella low, and walking close together, they seemed in a little world apart from all the rest. Other pedestrians hurried by, intent on reaching home, but unconsciously the two walked slowly, oblivious of little puddles which seeped gleefully through their shoes. They passed a street lamp, and his heart gave another silly leap as he looked at the smiling face beside him, framed in the cosy fur collar. Her nose was just the least bit red and shiny from the keenness of the air, and she flashed her eyes sideways at him, then down again, as he gave her arm an extra squeeze.

Somehow they seemed to pause a long while at the next crossing, though it was now dark and very few were about. It was strangely cosy under that big umbrella with the rain drumming down.

Oh, lovely rain, drumming, strumming, thrumming rain, that brought two people close together.

The wet road glistened in the light. Everything looked soggy, cold, and drear, but to these two there was a wondrous charm about the steady drumming of rain on a huge umbrella. And in the pause at that crossing he looked at her again, then just whispered her name.

"Margaret," very softly.

"Oh, Margaret, I—" But he didn't waste further words. Oblivious of chance passers-by he caught her to him, and the cosy fur collar was cosy for two, and the umbrella wagged crazily above.

A HOT, dry day; a burning day with a pitiless sun overhead. High in the air the mournful cry of crows sounding like a wall of woe across the stillness. The only grass was that which grew in the shade near the fence posts. Every leaf on the lilac bush was brown, and crackled at a touch; everything dry and gritty and in the air the smell of hot dust.

Two pepper trees by the side verandah were the only green things left after all the heat and drought of summer. A willy-willy whirled its dusty way along the road, swirling round a grocer's cart where a tired horse drooped in the shafts. For weeks the only water had come from a small dam in the centre of the town; water so

brown and dirty it had to be filtered through muslin, then boiled and filtered again.

In a corner of the verandah, where the trees threw their generous shade, Margaret sat on the floor, her back against the wall, her bare feet in a bowl of water. A dampened handkerchief was drying rapidly on her forehead. Eyes closed, face and throat deathly pale, she sat so still that the pulse in her throat could be seen slowly beating. Blue veins showed on her hands; the rings she wore looked too heavy for fingers so thin and transparent. One, two minutes passed, and but for the faint breathing one might have thought her dead.

With a tremulous sigh she opened her eyes and slowly turned her head. Sunshine, brilliant, blinding sunlight, stifling heat! She closed them again, instantly and turned away, a frown creasing her forehead.

"Sunny Australia! Sunny!" Between clenched teeth the words came out; two tears ran unchecked down the pale cheeks and splashed to the floor.

"Oh, how I hate it. I cannot stand this heat, this sun. I shall die if I

Altruism

When milk is sevenpence a quart,
And new-laid eggs are soaring,
And butter—of the milder sort—
Necessitates ignoring,
We say, aavance, "Just think of that!"
And eat our bread with mutton fat.

But, when our neighbors come to dine
We don't consider prices.
We give 'em courses eight or nine
From oysters up to ices.
You'd never dream the purse was limp,
Or how we have to scrape and skimp.

For then we purchase cream galore,
Strawberries out of season,
And obese birds—though prices soar
Beyond all rhyme or reason.
Champagne and festive fizz abound,
And hired menials lover round.

'Tis thus that we exemplify
The love we bear our brother,
And cheerfully ourselves deny
That we may feed each other.
Obeying both the Golden Rule
And modern altruistic (!) school.

BATT.

By E. JENNENS

never thought of looking at rain like this before.

A cold trickle of water ran down his back. With a start of surprise he realised where he was lying. He scrambled to his feet, shaking off water and grass, then undecided as to what to do next, stood thoughtfully patting the "river" with the sole of his boot.

Each pat was a little harder than the last, until the water made a pleasant smacking sound under his boot and splashed evenly over his sock from either side. Standing thus, hands stuffed in pockets, head down, gazing at the muddy splash while rain poured steadily round him, he felt that life was well worth living after all.

A voice from the gate made him start.

"Hey you! What yer staring at?"

"Rey yourself. Nothing."

"Well, don't stare so hard at no-

thing—yer might go cross-eyed," came

they met she offered a neat little hand in a brown kid glove. There was nothing ostentatious about the glove or the wearer—quality and good taste.

They scarcely spoke until they reached the quieter streets, when the walking pace became decidedly slower.

"Cold, isn't it?" he said, with a smile which was very warm.

"Yes, it is." Even in those three little words there was a catch in the breath which betrayed a rapidly beating pulse.

"Margaret, do you feel like walking home to-night, instead of taking the bus? You see, buses are such rapid things—they get you there so quickly. In fact, at times they're a bit of a nuisance."

She laughed, just a low ripple with a slightly nervous tremor, and thought if this was love she wished it wouldn't affect one's voice. But aloud she said:

"Of course. That is, I mean of

stay here much longer." The thoughts ran angrily through her tired brain. If only it would rain. She had never thought such places existed, where heat, dust, and drought held sway from one year to the next. Like a mirage in a desert, her weary mind conjured pictures and sounds, cruel in their false reality. The soft splash and gurgle of water running in little rivulets by a road; dark, damp earth where primroses grew; the scent of wet lilac and hyacinths; the enveloping woolly dampness of a fog; the dripping and plopping of water from the huge trees in the park. And the drumming, thrumming rain on an umbrella. His face shined happily at her in the gleam of a street lamp; wet pavements; dark; rain; and two alone—beneath a huge umbrella.

Her thoughts trailed off; she seemed to be slipping, slipping softly down; then everything faded; all was quiet, peace. In a state of deep coma she lay there more than an hour.

A hurried step, a voice calling "Margaret." No answer. Someone walking quickly along the verandah, a startled cry, unguished.

Please turn to Page 32

SNOWS

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MUSICAL Party



It was a musical party. They were all gathered together in the little drawing-room of the flat where Madame Lydia Knolls lived. Once she had played that somewhat cumbersome instrument, the cello, and there was a deadly fear among her guests that she might be persuaded to play it to them again this afternoon. These days she just gave parties for young musicians and charged a small commission on subsequent engagements. Quite a small commission, of course, nothing worth talking about. To-day it was the young pianist who had studied at Leipzig and the girl who sang French songs rather piquantly.

There were a dozen or so people grouped in the room in various attitudes of attention. The pianist played; he went on playing, and everybody looked as they felt they ought to look, which was with an intelligent interest, meanwhile they thought their own particular thoughts about it all to themselves.

The little lady who was fifty sat discreetly in a shady corner, and she was thinking about her skin, for all her appearance of interest. Should she or should she not have her face lifted? It was a drastic step to take when you came to think about it, and people said that it didn't last. You had to have it done again in a year or two, and then it was supposed to stay put. Some people looked awfully stiff after they had had it done; they could not smile properly again. That was the difficulty, for you did not know whether you were going to look like that or whether you weren't. You didn't know that till after, and then, of course, it was too late to do much about it.

Massage didn't get the same effect. She was losing her chin line, and it is so fatal to lose your chin line. Her husband was flirtatious, and how could she hope to hold him if she did not keep her appearance? Her figure was all right, thanks to a good corsetiere and a careful diet—she hadn't looked a cake in the face for years and sometimes her soul thirsted for a really creamy meringue.

"How she loves music," thought the hostess to herself; "she looks quite rapt!"

Next to her sat the girl who was going to sing.

It was an important moment for her, because she had only been able to squeeze herself into this party by desperate effort. She had so wanted a musical debut in England. She wanted engagements dreadfully badly. Her education had been most expensive and now her parents had finished with her. It was a bad time to make a start; for people had not the money to spend on singing, and engagements seemed to be elusive. There was Jeremy, of course. She had brought Jeremy along with her; he was sitting there, chin in hand, staring into the fire. Jeremy was twenty-five, good-looking, and he had a decent job. If only he would ask her to marry him and be done with it she felt that everything would be entirely satisfactory. She could go on earning after quite easily and she would be able to dress herself on her earnings.

But Jeremy was fidgeting at the final hurdle. She felt he was fidgeting. That was why she had brought him along to-day; when he heard her sing surely he would stop philandering? When he heard Fillette and A moi, cherie, he would never be able to resist her. She promised herself that afterwards they would go to some snug little restaurant and talk it over. She ached for the security of marriage; she felt afraid of life, left to herself, terribly afraid of the future, unless Jeremy could be persuaded into marriage. If he lost him she did not know what she would do.

"A nice little thing," thought the hostess, "but no art! What an oaf of a young man that is, too—quite bourgeois." She wondered if the company were going to ask her to play the cello. Surely in common decency they must! It was the only chance she ever had of being heard these days. She would play a Beethoven sonata. Surely they could not pass her over!

THE silver-haired gentleman who looked as though he were an eunuch but was really only the

third son of a baron and had difficulties in supporting a gentleman's gentleman, looked down his nose. Not very good music, this, and he flattered himself that he was a critic. Not very good. Probably the old hag would drag her cello out; she never missed the chance if she could take it, and her double stopping was vile. Why had he come? Just because nowadays he was a hack number, and he was feeling it thrust home; he was not so much in evidence as he used to be. Music had gone to the dogs.

Of course, if invitations became scarcer he would find himself sitting alone in his flat with his gentleman's gentleman every evening. He could not afford to pay for music these days for dividends had gone down as stalks had gone up. He was a conceited old man, he liked people to know him as a critic, he cultivated a particular face for serious music, so that they would be quite certain that he knew a lot about it.

The young man ended and the old man clapped just enough to be patronisingly encouraging, but sufficiently half-hearted for the rest of the room to know that he didn't think much of it.

Now there was the old hag dragging out her cello. She would, of course! Stupid old woman! He had no patience with people who did not know when they were passing!

"Are we going to have the exquisite treat of hearing the great Madame Lydia Knolls?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm too old!" she said. "You don't want me. All these bright young things . . ." and she waved her hands airily. "Mam'zelle Madeline will sing to you."

"I am sure it will be very charming."

"You like the pianist?"

He assumed that special face that he wore for serious criticism.

"I think he is delightful. Not great, you'll understand, but delightful. A pleasant drawing-room exercise."

To herself Madame thought: "Silly old fool! He would have to be pompous about it. Doesn't he know that he is a hack number?"

The large, fat lady with the heavy-lidded eyes and the two large pearls settled down to listen to the girl singing. They were French songs and she didn't understand foreign lingo herself—still she supposed that didn't matter. She would try to laugh when the others did, and like that she couldn't go far wrong.

She had taken a house in Prince's Gate for the season and she had been told musical parties were the thing. She didn't know anything about music. Once she had sung in the choir at church and that was where she had met her husband; he had sung in the choir, too, but he had got chucked out for taking match boxes full of wasps to church and letting them loose during the sermon. He always had been a one!

In those days they were both of them just common people, which was before they had started the pork shop that had done so well in Clapham, and then the branch shops all over the place and the money came rolling in. Most surprising it all was!

Now they were grand, they didn't know what to do with themselves, they went everywhere and did everything and it was all most alarming. A big house and servants wherever you looked, the frightening sort of servants, and sables and diamonds; but she was a brave woman and she wanted to cut a dash for Girle's sake. Girle was eighteen and she'd got to have her chance. There might be a hard-up earl about who would be suitable for Girle, and she was worth it, the pet! Bless her little heart!

Mother had come here to pick a singer or a pianist for a party, a sort of introductory party that would make people want to know her. She supposed it was all very good music. That was the snag about it. It was a great deal too good for her. All this musing and no tune in it. She had liked the old music of their youth, when dad played "Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above" on the American organ and nobody minded your humming a bit. This wasn't like "Pleasant Are Thy Courts," but she supposed she would have to put up with it for Girle's sake.

"A shame that old woman has all that money," thought the hostess, "and she not knowing two notes of music. She'll fidget dreadfully during my sonata. I'm sure of that. Still I had to get her. Must do something to ensure a commission."

MADELAINE'S young man sat there, his chin in his hand. Heavens, this was awful!

Till to-night he had seriously thought of marrying Madeline, but now he couldn't. The whole of his life would be spent in listening to this sort of thing. Sitting in awkwardly

Complete Short Story

By....
URSULA
BLOOM

arranged drawing-rooms and watching silly people with sillier expressions fixed on their silly faces. It couldn't be done. That long, lanky pianist chap who didn't look as though he had had a decent meal for a week, clapping up and down the piano! The hostess wearing an outre costume, an overpowering woman, too large in the chest and too short in the breath. Inadequate refreshments and poor sherry; nothing anywhere to make up for the misery of sitting in this dreadful room and listening to their awful music. He had hoped that Madeline would make up for it, but she didn't. She was singing silly little perky French songs. He did not know what she was talking about and he didn't believe that she did, either. Too much of this "Oh la, la!" business. Far too much!

Please turn to Page 35

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A THREAD OF SCARLET

—By—
J. J. BELL

IN broad daylight the smoke-room of the Old Rainbow Inn, which in these days, twenty years ago, harbored an overnight guest, only once in a while, looked a bare and shabby apartment; but on this black February night, when a bitter wind raged and sleet came in dense bladders against the leaded panes of the window, it offered, with its yellow lamplight and ruddy fire, a snug enough refuge.

Yet while its relative snugness might, and did, encourage customers to sit till the last lawful moment, the weather, violent since nightfall, had deterred a number of Mr. Flett's regular callers from seeking their usual refreshment within its dingy walls, and at twenty minutes before closing time there were but three persons in the room. They sat at a table between the window and the hearth, with tankards before them. The tankards were empty; had been empty for some little time, for a reason which shall shortly be made apparent.

For the moment let us make the acquaintance of the three customers, all respectable, middle-aged tradesmen from the village of Lower Ashley, well known to one another, though on the present occasion, which was certainly an abnormal one, they used the formal "Mister."

They were Migworth, a lanky, clean-shaven man, who fancied himself a bit superior intellectually; Smith, a stumpy person, genial and indiscreet, with a heavy, drooping, ruddy moustache, which gave him a somewhat foolish look; and Butters, bulky of body and grizzled bearded, normally sociable to a moderate degree, but to-night strangely inert and self-absorbed, his occasional glances at the others being those of a half-dazed intelligence.

The door was open, and Migworth and Smith were intent on a little scene being enacted in the passage between Mr. Flett, the landlord, and a tall, spare man of dire and sodden aspect, whose limbs yet bore him steadily enough.

"No, Mr. Breen," the landlord was saying in tones of finality, "I can't serve ye, and my advice to ye is to go home, and to your bed."

"Haven't I told ye, man, ye'll get the money in the mornin'?"

"Quite so! But that's not my point, Mr. Breen. I've got a license to lose. In other words—"

"Come on; gimme a bottle o' whisky."

"No! Ye've had enough—more'n enough, though not in my place. Not another drop do ye get from me. Good night!"

"Damn ye!"

The man called Breen turned abruptly and went down the passage. The landlord watched him go; then, as the outer door slammed, came into the smoke-room, wiping his perspiring face. He was a stoutly-built man, not timid, as a rule.

"Quite right, Mr. Flett," said Migworth. "He'd surely had more'n enough."

"Queer, though, how steady he walks," remarked Smith. "Don't he, Mr. Butters?"

"Who? Butters blinked. "Oh, Breen! I'm sick o' Breen. Never out o' my shop, spyin' and pokin' around, and tryin' to get somethin' for nothin'. Was there to-night when I was closing up. Had to turn him out." So saying, Butters relapsed into himself, huddling in his chair.

"Tis not his head, nor yet his legs, that takes it all," the landlord said. "I never see anything like him. To tell the truth, gentlemen, I'm afeared—not of, but for him. Trade's rotten bad; the Lord knows, but I'd sooner be without Mr. Breen's custom. He's been hard at it for a solid month now, and he's gettin' worse every blessed day! Can't think when, or where, he earns the money. Never heard o' an odd-job man with so much o' the ready. Maybe he buys nothin' but whisky."

The speaker pulled himself up. "But you was ringin', gentlemen?"

"We was, Mr. Flett," Migworth included the three tankards in a graceful wave. "Same again, if you please."

As Mr. Flett proceeded to collect the tankards, Butters, as one waking up, laid a hand on his mothering. "No more for me. Must be gettin' home."

"Tut, Mr. Butters," said Migworth; "ye need another. We all need another, after what we've gone through this day."

Take his tankard, Mr. Flett. And, mind ye, Mr. Flett, I don't wonder at Breen goin' it hard after all he's gone through—Jesin' his only friend. Both shifless chaps; still—"

"True, true, Mr. Migworth. Only I prefer to see a man drownin' his sorrows in moderation," said the landlord, and went out with the tankards.

MIGWORTH laid down his pipe and gave a heavy sigh. "Ah, what a day! Longest and strangest I've ever known!"

"But not," said Smith, with a sagacious wag of the head, "not so long as last night must ha' been to Jacob Forge."

A groan came from Butters. "Last night—oh, my soul!"

The others glanced at him.

"Aye, Butters," said Smith, kindly, "it must ha' been bad for you, too, you havin' been on the jury. Always wondered why ye didn't get out o' that job. I believe ye could—but, then, maybe ye couldn't. Well, well!" With an attempt at cheerfulness: "And yet here's the three o' us, sittin' round this table for close on three hours, chattin' about 'most everything but the thing we're thinkin' on."

"Well, as two single men and a widower without offspring," observed Migworth, "I wouldn't be natural to sit alone in our houses, dumb, and thinkin' o' Jacob Forge, our neighbor—that was. I, for one, couldn't do it."

"Oh, oh!" cried Smith, in a sudden burst of emotion, "to think that, at eight o'clock o' this blessed—I mean cursed—mornin', Jacob Forge was hanged by—the neck—until he—"

Butters made a fluttering gesture of what might have been protest, and Migworth said:

"Hush, Mr. Smith! No need for to go into the painful details. Forge has paid the penalty o' his crime, havin' been found guilty by a jury o' good men and true, includin' our worthy neighbor here, William Butters, who—"

Butters sat up. "I must be gettin' home. Tis on my mind that I left the keys o' my safe on the counter, and didn't lock up anything proper. Was too upset." He made to rise, but Migworth interposed.

"Don't you worry, Mr. Butters. Your safe's all right. And as for Jacob Forge, his awful end was no fault o' yours. He had a fair trial and full justice. We can pity him, though none o' us ever liked him—not that I'd ever ha' dreamed o' him bein' a murder—"

Butters threw out a shaking hand. "Don't be sayin' the word! Tis too dreadful! Jacob was a strange man, and yet—"

"That's it!" cried Smith. "Because o' the evidence! And yet, this mornin', when I see the black flag goin' up—they did hoist it slow!—I says to myself—"

"Was you there?" Migworth exclaimed.

"Aye—walked every step o' them long eight miles! I saw ye, Mr. Migworth, all muffled up. 'Twas a bitter mornin', though. Was muffled up myself. And you, Mr. Butters—I thought I saw ye, too."

The shaggy head of Butters went lower. "I went to pray," he whispered, "to pray that the black flag might—not go up. Oh, my soul!"

"Now that was a strange thing to do," said Migworth, and just then the landlord entered with the tankards. "We're talkin' o' the melancholy episode of this mornin', Mr. Flett."

"Ah, yes, yes. Very shockin', to be sure; very shockin'." Mr. Flett replied, picking up the coins put down by Migworth. "Thank 'ee, sir. I understood from his remarks that Mr. Breen had been there, likewise."

"What? Him?" ejaculated Smith, while Migworth said: "Oh, how could he? His only friend bein' hanged!"

"He was talkin'," the landlord proceeded, "o' puttin' a knife in the judge and poisonin' the jury."

A Long Complete Story

"True, true," assented Smith, and took a long pull. "Maybe there was more real friendship between him and Jacob Forge than we thought. They was both such terrible unsociable chaps. Hullo! That was a horn! Sounds as if a car was goin' to stop here." He got up, went to the window, and peered into the sleety mirk. "My goodness! I don't envy any man his car on a night like this! Black as hell; sleet drivin' well-nigh level! Ugh!" He shivered. "Glad I haven't far to—"

He sprang backwards. The window flared with a throbbing flash of lightning which was swiftly followed by a frightful thunder-crash.

With a wild cry, Butters leapt up and sank back, shaking.

"Bit unexpected at this season," Migworth remarked, first to recover from the scare. "Why, Mr. Butters, ye're lookin' sickish! No danger, ye know."

With emotion Butters said: "Oh, there's somethin' wrong in the world this night—some awful thing is abroad! I'm feared to take the road now."

"Come, come; this won't do at all!" said Smith, returning to the table. "Take a good swig o' your beer. Give ye comfort. Ye should never ha' gone to the hangin' this mornin'!"

Said Butters, still shaking: "I tell ye—in yon flash I saw Jacob Forge, and he was hung—hung on a—thread o' scarlet!"

Migworth and Smith started, and exchanged uneasy glances.

Migworth cleared his throat. "Tut, tut!" he said, and again, "Tut, tut!"

Said Butters, in a low, frantic voice: "Norhin' but a thread o' scarlet—and he was dead, and starin', and his head all sideways—but he was sort o' amilin' to himself as it—"

"Smilin'!" exclaimed Smith, horrified.

"Hush!" said Migworth, as the door opened.

A STRANGER

came in, followed by the landlord, and began to remove his wet wraps.

"Oh, this will do," he said impatiently. "Have a bedroom fired for me, and another for my man. But first let me have a double 'Scotch', some boiling water, sugar, and lemon. He threw his things on a chair, went over to the fire, and stood there, chafing his hands.

"Very good, sir," said the landlord going out.

There was a pause, during which Migworth and Smith glanced at the stranger and at each other. Butters, chin on chest, took no notice.

Suddenly from the night came a scream of wind and a rattling on the window.

Smith leapt, Migworth started, but Butters paid no attention.

"Only hail, the thunder's brought it down," Migworth addressed the remark to the stranger's back.

Said Butters dramatically: "Hung by a thread o' scarlet and smilin'—smilin' the smile—his voice almost failed—o' an innocent man."

"Oh, my!" said Smith, softly, looking at the stranger's back.

Migworth leaned over and patted Butters on the shoulder. "Don't you worry about it, old man," he said soothingly, and winked at Smith. "I'm beginnin' to think he must ha' been loadin' up before he came along to the Rainbow." He cleared his throat and addressed the stranger. "Terrible night, sir."

"The stranger turned. 'Horrible! I trust,' he said with dry courtesy. 'I am not intruding here. Only room with a fire going.'

"Not at all, sir," Migworth replied in his best manner. "Tis a public room, sir, and if 'twas private ye'd be welcome on such a night."

"Much obliged, I'm sure." The stranger's manner seemed to thaw with his hands. He took a chair at the hearth, yawned, produced a silver case and selected a cigarette, watched the while with furtive interest by Migworth and Smith. "There's a village about here, isn't there?" he inquired, as he dropped the match into the fire.

Please turn to Page 30



"What! A woman outside wants to see me, and says she's my wife? Dammit, you know I haven't got a wife!"

"That's what I understood, but she looks so worried and anxious, I thought she might be, Sir!"

Flett," said Migworth, "our moral support in refusin' him refreshment."

"Thank 'ee, sir, thank 'ee! I'm bound to refuse him. There's my conscience to be considered—"

"And your license," said Smith. "Besides, he has, most likely, got no money."

"True, Mr. Smith," said the landlord, and went out.

Smith gave Butters' arm a friendly shake. "Wake up, old man! This is real good beer—comfort ye and make ye sleep sound."

Said Butters, as one suddenly awakened: "I saw Breen there this mornin'. Our muffin's was nothin' to his. But I spied his face—oh, my God, shall I ever forget his face when the flag was goin' up?"

"What was it like?" Smith eagerly asked.

"Hush, Mr. Smith," said Migworth, reprovingly. "It was supposed with grief, no doubt."

"It was like," faltered Butters, "a soul in torment."

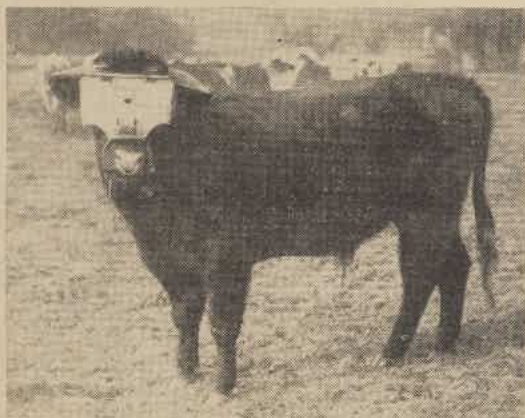
"Ah, well," said Migworth, setting down his tankard, "he seems to ha' got some decent feelin's after all—though I have doubted it when seein' him sittin' in yonder corner, night after night, drinkin' on his own. Shows how careful we should be in judgin' our neighbors."

Hoot! Hoot! says: For the Bridge party prepare a plate of nice dainty sandwiches made with Holbrook's Anchovy Paste. g.g.g.

Penguin Pet : Narrow Escape : Woman 109



THE FISHERGIRL and her Pet Penguin.—A delightful study of a young American girl deep-sea fishing from the stern of a boat. Beside her is a penguin captured and made a pet of when the vessel was down south of Australia.



A STRANGE CONTRAPTION with a very humane purpose. It is unpleasant for the bull, of course, because he can only see the ground immediately below his nose, but it is safer for pedestrians passing through the paddock. There is no such thing as waving a red rag before this bull.



A YOUNG WOMAN with the smallest and largest dog entries at the Westminster Kennel Club's Dog Show at Madison Square, New York. The smallest dog honors went to "Loya Preciosa," a tiny Chihuahua dog, and the giant honors went to the Great Dane, "Tiger King."



MISS MARY DISCA, representing Hungary, exhibits a map made entirely of various stamps, at the National Stamp Exhibition being held at Radio City, New York. Each country represented on the map has its stamp inserted in its position on the map.



THESE BONNY BABIES look as though they are all brothers. They are children of the Collective Farm, "Iskra," near Leningrad. Is Russia rearing people to a pattern?



MISS SHIRLEY RAUNER, of Cincinnati, Ohio, dived from a plane in the "spot" jump contest held at the Pan-American air races at the new airport. Her feet became entangled in the shrouds, and, unable to extricate herself, she landed head first. The timely assistance of a mechanic, who ran out on the field and caught her, saved Miss Rauner from serious injury.



FROG FOOTMEN delivering a letter to the Duchess at "Straw Cottage," by the Watering Can. A scene from the film "Alice in Wonderland" now being shown in Australia.



THE OLDEST woman in the world, Dr. Charlotte de Gollere Davenport, said to be a Tartar princess, who was born in Russia in 1824. She is 109 and claims never to have been sick in her life. She studied music under Liszt and had three husbands, the first of whom she cannot remember.

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait,
sketched by Petrov



THE tailored suit is always useful, but for between-season wear it is almost indispensable to one's wardrobe.

This year, for the first time, it has invaded the realm of evening wear. Dinner and evening suits, about which I've told you previously, have become most popular.

Tailored suits for sport, morning, and afternoon wear are worn as much now as ever.

There seems no end to the occasions for which suits are the correct garb. For all kinds of spectator and active sports, for town and country, travelling, parties, dinners, and pictures, Parisiennes don suits at every hour of the day.

Suits this season will look tailored, even when they're of rich materials and worn for evenings. They will have varied jackets, from hip length to three-quarters, most of them fitted in to the waist,

Dark colors predominate in the new tailored suits. They include greyish-purple, mahogany, dark cypress, bronze and olive greens, navy, raspberry, blackberry, and black.

and some bellies, some hanging straight, and some with belts.

MOST of them have straight skirts, but look out for the suit with its skirt flared to the front (this is a forecast for next spring). Fullness is obtained by placing pleats low down in the skirt, preferably to the back.

The sleeves are plain—the detail comes in welts, tucks, or

The TAILORED SUIT for Mid-Season Wear

stitching—no elaborate fullness. Shoulders are normal and tailored like a man's. No more squared-off, coat-hanger effects.

Suit Fabrics and Colors

SUITS will be made of sheer wools, tweeds, flannel, velvet, silk and satin for formal wear. Real sports suits can be made of striped material, plaid, checks, and so forth.

The sheer wools—angora and similar cloths—make the best between-season suits. Just now they can be worn with their blouses, and later with woollen jumpers. For everyday wear good colors are navy blue with the blouse in red, yellow, pale blue, or white.

The new tobacco browns will make practical suits for town or sports wear. One model of ridged woollen material has the coat made with four patch pockets; it does up at the waist with a brown wooden button. Down the centre back is a five-inch box pleat stitched down on either side as far as the waist, where it is let go. Narrow lapels turn

back to show the blouse of dark red velvet.

A suit of pale grey flannel has for its sole trimming four rows of machine stitching around all the edges of the coat and the hem of the skirt; innumerable blouses may be worn beneath, navy blue foulard spotted in white, yellow jersey, light brown crepe-de-chine, white handkerchief linen. The new forest greens make attractive suits combined with brown accessories.

Different Backs!

THERE are some suits that give on-lookers a great surprise when you turn around; they have different backs!

One model of black wool has the entire back portion of the coat (not the sleeves) made of brilliant green! For the winter, several black and brown suits have leopard-skin backs.

Another two-color scheme shows dif-

ferent sleeves. Just below the sloping shoulder line the color will start and continue to the wrist. Vionnet shows a model of black wool duvetyne with soldier-red sleeves. The buckle on the belt is red, as is the blouse beneath.

Elaborate Blouses

THE contrast to these simple, severe suits comes in the blouses. They are elaborate for formal suits, and gay with sports suits. Their colors are daring and the materials rich.

The story of the blouses would fill a book; they are so varied. They are the controlling factor in deciding whether your suit is dressy or practical. With the simple suit of sleek wool you can wear a lame blouse and make it dressy. You can wear it with a shirtwaist of gaily-striped tie-silk, corded taffeta, or plain satin. For morning wear you will don blouses of pastel jersey, plaid velveteen, bright-colored woollens.

For sports, new blouses are simply cut like a man's sports shirt. They tie with a bow at the neck, or else fasten with a metal clip. Bright colors are used, such as orange, red, emerald, and yellow. They are made of fine jersey, velveteen, or knitted fabric. The necklines of all blouses are high to the throat, and the majority come over the skirt. A great many of the thick blouses button right up the centre front. This particularly applies to the knitted ones.

Scarves Are Dressy

SCARVES are inseparable from the suit mode. Spangled and lame and taffeta scarves are worn a lot for dressy wear in Paris.

One designer puts scarves of pastel pink jersey on rough tweed suits that have pastel pink wool jersey blouses. Printed silk and patterned wool scarves and these plain materials with metal thread pattern in their weaves make scarves for the new suits.

Most of the time the scarf will be of the same shade as the blouse. There are times when a three-color combination is good; a grey angora suit has a black wool jersey and a scarlet crepe scarf; a navy suit has a white velveteen waistcoat-blouse and a red or bright green scarf; a brown suit has a blouse of dirty pink and a scarf of moss green.

THE new scarves are wider, especially at either end, where they may measure 18 inches across. They tie high at the neck with one end just looped over the other. Occasionally they tie in a bow.

Fur scarves will, of course, be worn later in the season, made of flat fur and hanging to just above the chest; made of fox and worn in every conceivable manner. Lapels of fur jut out from the body and look as though a strong wind was blowing them from the back—there is an example sketched on this page.

Paris Snapshots

EVENING slippers made of kid with various patterns stamped in gold or silver.

LONG scarves of taffeta or stiff faille silk with the ends striped in rainbow tones of velvet. They tie in a big bow under the chin.

FLUTED and quilted patent leather for revers and cuffs to replace fur on a black suit.

A FLAT fur "dickie" buttoned at the nape of the neck.

MATCHING stitching for trimming on all types of frocks. Satin evening gowns with the entire bodice stitched in a pattern. Three-color stitching to trim wool day frocks.

WITH sports shirts of dark crepe-de-chine or wool, two short strings of pearls are worn, passing under the collar like a tie, and just showing in front.

MUFFS will be carried with most new winter ensembles. They are of fur or matching fabric.

PATOU has a new color for evening—pale coffee with lots of cream in it. He combines it with a touch of dark coffee-bean brown, or rose pink.



FROM the left: Suit of black sheer wool. The tuck-in blouse, lapels and cuffs are of turquoise blue Ottoman silk, with a tiny black stripe. The buckle is chromium plated. Moss-green Angora cloth is used for the skirt of the next suit. The new waistcoat blouse and loose jacket are made of velveteen in the same shade with a brown pattern. Pencil-striped woollen in dark brown and beige makes the next smart tailored suit. The very latest thing in fur collars is shown, brown fox having the "blown forward" look. The hat, bag, gloves, belt, and shoes are brown suede. A fine grey flannel is used for the next suit. The tight-fitting jacket is stitched all over with darker grey threads. A raspberry-colored velveteen scarf is worn. Navy blue and grey flecked tie-silk is used for the next autumn suit. White silk pique makes the short-sleeved blouse beneath the belt.

● CHANEL has embroidered jewels on to a silk thread lame fabric to achieve this exquisite, scintillating gown. Interest attaches particularly to the very unusual neckline.



● RUFFLING at the neck and short cape sleeves are effectively employed in this attractive evening gown of soft black velvet. The skirt follows the long, slim-fitting line that is so essentially graceful.



Culled from CHANEL'S Collection!



● CLOTH OF GOLD is the rich effect given in this model. Actually it is composed of gold beads separately sewn. An exquisitely draped neck and shoulder line and the barest suggestion of a train make this a very distinguished model.

● LEOPARD SKIN (left) is the favorite fur for 1934. It is skillfully used in a number of ways, either for trimming or for complete garments. This tiny hat and snugly-fitting cape were highlights in Chanel's collection.



● FAMOUS designers are buying their materials for the new season's models from Chanel. This picture shows some of the cloths she has designed and made in her own factories, artistically illustrating the vogue for arresting arrangements of checks and colorful floral motifs.

● Pair of tan Oxfords—over 4 years old. Apart from wearing creases, the uppers are as round as the day they were bought—thanks to regular cleaning with Kiwi. Owner, V. J., St. Kilda.



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- and gives a good shine to boot

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BLACK
POLISH



TAN
POLISH

Chanel... Shows 1934 Creations

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

CHANEL'S collection, which was shown for the Press, was full of new ideas and surprises. Youthful styles held away, black and white and navy and white predominating, with color given by patterned silks and stamped fabrics and plaid and checked taffetas.

No emphasis was placed on sleeve treatment or shoulder, and again there was a decided suggestion of bustle evoked by pleats or loops at the back of the skirt. Often, too, a basque effect was achieved by the short jacket of two-piece frocks. Evening gowns relied much on the richness of their material for effect, wonderful floral designs or tissues embroidered in gold and colored stones. The necklines were simple, practically none of the strapped harness effects, and cut well away from the throat in graceful folds like the drapery of a sculptured bust. Day frocks, chez Chanel, show the popular trend of being cut distinctly high in the front and a trifle lower at the back, often slightly curved out at the nape of the neck. One of the features of the collection was the introduction of diamante embroidery which was used to trim the tailored evening dresses for summer wear made of a particularly heavyweight pique. Some of these very attractive frocks were sewn all over in

diamante, while others had neck and waist trimmed with bands.

All showed great interest in the new designs for stamped silks which Madame Chanel designs for herself instead of buying her materials from the well-known fabricants as the dress houses do. This most enterprising of young couturieres has her own factories and designs and makes up silks, hats, perfumes, bags and jewellery accessories.

Talking of jewellery, as all the world follows Chanel fashions, the mannequins in her show displayed a new idea in ear-clips consisting of large clusters of colored stones set in silver or gold. Two little Mercury wings were another fetching idea, and this especially charming in a Mercury ensemble suitable for race meetings or more spectacular wear. Gold buttons fasten a black-satin suit, clipped at the neck with a Mercury wing brooch, the tiny Mercury wing ear-clips and the cap, Mercury shaped, made of gold-lacquered feathers.

Suits often, had sleeves reaching above the wrist and showing a couple of inches of starched lawn to match white cravats. Sleeves cleverly cut on the bias. Taffeta plaid ribbon having an angora thread running through makes original pussy-cat bows on morning frocks. Neatly severe seven-eighths length coats worn

MURIEL SEGAL, our special representative in Europe, has sent us a series of exclusive illustrations of the very latest fashions from Paris.

Last week we published a group of models sketched by the fashion artist at the Worth-Sport Salon. This week these exquisite gowns have been chosen from the "collection" exhibited by Chanel.

A further selection of gowns from Chanel will appear next week, followed by a fascinating group sketched this time by Marcia Rees, the famous English fashion artist.

This complete series comprises a full range of the most exciting fashions chosen from the world's fashion centre.

over striped, plaid, or stamped silk frocks.

Chanel's design for printed materials, giving the effect of interlaced ribbons, is one of the sensations of the season's fashions. Also the designs, which look like Irish crochet lace on a dark background, are most effective and popular.

With their evening wraps, the mannequins wore various hair ornaments likely to be the most fashionable of the coming season. Besides the Mercury wings and bandeaus there were gold coronets encircling the head all round, which bid fair to oust the overworked Alice bandeau from favor.

Madame Chanel says: "In this, as in all my collections, I have tried to give you something entirely new, without being eccentric. I have designed hats and frocks to suit types of to-day, and have not resorted to historical periods. I have created my fashions to suit one year—this year—and not for last year any more than for next year. They are fashions of to-day."



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MUSIC of the WEEK

By ROBERT McCALL

Opera Season Extended

The fate of the radio opera season has been decided by the Commission's extension of the series to include six further performances. There will be some old favorites and one or two operas which are new to Australians.

Dates fixed for opera broadcasts so far are:

"Lucia di Lammermoor" (Donizetti), April 8.

"Carmen" (Bizet), April 18.

"The Girl of the Golden West" (Puccini), April 26.

The remaining three operas will be Catalani's "Loreley" (repeated), Massenet's "Manon" and Verdi's "Aida" (repeated). Opera listeners, I think, have been very well treated by the A.B.C. Regularly each week for the last six months they have heard splendid performances, and now there is another half-dozen thrown in for good measure.

Old Favorites Welcomed

A good deal of ungrateful criticism has been directed against the commission for the inclusion of so many of the older operas in the repertoire. It should be remembered that, except to the enthusiast who has made it his business to know the operas, most of the works broadcast have been new to listeners.

"Rigoletto," "Trovatore," "Traviata," "Butterfly," "Bohème"—these and others

may be old operatic war-horses, but even they have been trotted out so seldom for radio presentation as to be substantially unfamiliar to the bulk of people on the receiver's end.

In any case there should not be much grumble against a season which introduced such radio novelties as Mascagni's "Iris," Catalani's "Loreley," Bolto's "Meistofele," and Verdi's "Force of Destiny."

"Lucia" Next

The season certainly would have been incomplete without "Lucia di Lammermoor."

Composed by the Scottish-Italian, Donizetti, this coloratura opera was first produced in Naples in 1835, so that it is almost a centenarian. It is founded on Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Bride of Lammermoor."

The title role is exacting. It calls for brilliant coloratura singing, and, moreover, Lucy is given the lion's share of the score.

Story in Brief

Lord Henry Ashton, Lucy's brother, knowing nothing of her attachment to his enemy, Edgar of Ravenswood, has arranged a marriage between Lucy and the wealthy Lord Arthur, in order to retrieve his fallen fortunes. Learning that Lucy is in love with Edgar, he intercepts her lover's letters and executes a forged paper which convinces Lucy that Edgar is false to her.

Convinced of her lover's perfidy, and urged by the necessities of her brother, she unwillingly consents to wed Sir Arthur. The guests are assembled for the ceremony and Lucy has just signed the contract when Edgar appears and denounces Lucy for her fickleness. Edgar is driven from the castle, and the shock being too much for the gentle mind of Lucy, she becomes insane, kills her husband, and dies.

Edgar, overcome by these tragic happenings, visits the churchyard of Ravenswood, and stabs himself.

CAST FOR "LUCIA"

Lord Henry Ashton . . . Franco Izal
Lucy, his sister Nora Hill
Sir Edgar Ravenswood Lionello Cecil
and others.

A Charming Concerto

Before Lucia begins her vocal fireworks on Sunday evening, April 8, there is another of those interesting sessions arranged for the A.B.C. by the N.S.W. Musical Association. Cyril Monk is scheduled to play (with a string quartet accompaniment) the Tartini violin concerto. The great classic school of Italian fiddlers died with Tartini. This was in 1770, the year of Beethoven's birth. The concerto is simple, transparent music, but this very quality makes it the more difficult to play. We may rely upon Mr. Monk for a musical reading.

Alexander Sverjensky

Some time ago when Alexander Sverjensky played the free transcriptions of "Cradle Song" and "Wandering" by Schubert, and arranged by Godowsky (who, by the way, is reported to be possibly coming to Australia shortly to establish master classes), someone in the audience remarked that there was so much new material in them that it was necessary to light a match to verify in the programme that the composer actually was Schubert.

These sophisticated transcriptions are included in the artist's programme from 2FC on Thursday night, April 12. Here is Godowsky's own excuse:

"My aim in transcribing these twelve songs of Schubert was not merely to transplant them from the voice to the piano. It was to create piano compositions out of vocal material; to comment upon and interpret the songs as a composer would treat a theme when writing free variations."

On the same programme Mr. Sverjensky will play, "The Dew Fairy," by Frank Bridge, "A Filtration in a Chinese Garden," by the young American writer, Abram Chasins, and the brilliant Moskowski concert study in double notes.

Musical Association

What promises to be a busy year for the Musical Association of N.S.W. began this week with an "At Home," at which the guests were the delegates to the Easter conference of the Music Council of Australia.

A second "At Home" has been arranged for June 5, when the guests will be Sir Hamilton Harty and Mr. Edgar Bainton, the newly-appointed director of the State Conservatorium.

It is intended to hold the seventh



LIONELLO CECIL, who, as Sir Edgar Ravenswood, will carry the tenor part in "Lucia di Lammermoor" to be broadcast on Sunday next.

annual conference of the music teachers of N.S.W. during the May vacation.

The first of the monthly student broadcast recitals for this year is to take place this month. Teachers are able to nominate only specially talented students, and should send in their nominations for auditions by the 25th of each month.

Music Clubs Active

The Rose Bay Club's second musicale this year was held last week. Miasha Dobrinski (violinist), Madame Dobrinski (pianist), and Jules van der Klei (cellist) contributed several items, notably the Rachmaninoff "Elegiac" Trio, Grieg's second violin and piano sonata, and the finale from an Arensky trio. Gwladys Evans (soprano), and Oliver King (bass), collaborated artistically in excerpts from "La Forza del Destino," the accompanist being Teodora Stephens.

A musicale held by the Lindfield Club brought forward Connie Stuart (pianist), Ronald Wilkinson (violinist), Ann Mills (soprano), and Walter Kingsley (baritone).

At the Strathfield Club's first meeting of the year, the president, Mr. G. H. Turner, was re-elected. The artists were Robert Scott (tenor), Heather Kinnaird (contralto), and Isador Goodman (pianist).

Wahroonga's second musicale was made successful by the artistic contributions of Marjorie Hesse (pianist), Stanley Clarkson (bass), and Ernest Llewellyn (violinist). At the next evening on April 17, the featured vocalist will be Elsa Corry, the talented young soprano, who shortly expects to go overseas to study.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater"

A successful venture last week was the performance by a new organisation, "The Chorists," of Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Conducted by Miss Ruby McDonald, and appearing in the Town Hall, the singers gave a very creditable reading of this tuneful and somewhat operatic "Stabat Mater." Soloists who did noteworthy work were Maud Telfer (soprano), Edna McClelland (mezzo), Neville Beavis (baritone), and Robert Scott (tenor).

Another "Iris"

"IRIS" was repeated from 2BL on Thursday night. Walter Kingsley (Cicco), Evelyn Lynch (Iris), Lionello Cecil (Osaka), Franco Izal (Kyoto), and Evelyn Hall (Duchess), were the principals. The performance was under the baton of Maestro Wando Aldrovandi.

Little Theatres

"Springtime for Henry"

IN spite of the counter attraction of the "Whitehorse Inn" premiere, the Savoy Theatre on Saturday was crowded for the Independent Theatre's "Springtime for Henry." This farce, by Benn Levy, is thoroughly diverting throughout, with a strong "modern" spice, which kept the country cousins in an almost constant roar of laughter. Although definitely not one of the Independent Theatre's first rank productions, the actors got every possible laugh. The roles were played on correctly farcical lines throughout by everybody, except for a few moments when Mimi Spaul, otherwise satisfactory, jarred with taking hers seriously, interrogating Albert Collins as if she were a collector ruthlessly pinning down a struggling specimen. Albert Collins was effectively humorous as Henry, if, strictly speaking, rather chubbily inspiring of the maternal instinct than a Don Juan; Rosalind Page contrived to look at once angelic and capable of shooting a husband if necessary, and Edward Howell's farcical role suited him better than any he has played for some time.

Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

A DOUBLE PANG

RE letter headed: "Bad Manners Cure" (10/3/34). Is it not also essential for parents to observe politeness one to the other, as well as to their children?

I have known an instance where the husband has habitually addressed his wife so rudely that the children, unconsciously, have followed suit. Imagine the result to a sensitive woman.

Should not every wife, therefore, not only for her own sake, but for the sake of the children, demand from her husband the courtesy to which she is surely entitled?

Mrs. A. E. Casley, 218 Lyons St. N., Ballarat, Vic.
£1 for this letter.

ROAD WAR

THE return of accidents shows that motorists were responsible for 77 per cent. of killed and injured last year. This adds another page to the grim record of traffic perils. What is the remedy?

I suggest that any motorist who has two accidents in a year involving bodily injury or death should be compelled to carry a special mark on his or her car in the form of a yellow star. The driver should be subject, while carrying that star, to a speed limit. If that motorist had a further accident within the year then I should make the driver carry a big red star, and subject him to a further reduction in speed limit.

Drivers once branded with the yellow star would take extra precautions to avoid the red star of danger. What do readers think?

Mrs. J. Allardice, Welwyn Crescent, Coorparoo, Qld.

THE ENGLISH PROBLEM

I READ with interest two letters concerning the incorrect English used by the modern child, in the last issue of The Australian Women's Weekly. Would the remedy for this state of affairs be the compulsory subject of elocution on our secondary school timetables? Isn't it more necessary for our children to be able to speak properly and in a modulated tone than, say, know the dates of all the past wars. The past is dead, but their future is going to be a strenuous struggle, and keen business men know a person directly they have spoken a dozen words, the tone, the words they use, and correct English.

I think the Australian child speaks worse than children of other English-speaking countries; the reason I don't know, but although I have never used the word "ain't," or said "I seen" in my life, my girl of thirteen sometimes does. I put it down to the children she associates with at school, as she never hears it at home.

Are we going to let the art of correct speaking die? Or is it already dead in this otherwise wonderful country?

N. Boswell, 6 Palace St., Petersham, N.S.W.

OVERWORKED TEACHERS

I WAS rather amused at the expression "overworked and underpaid school teachers," which occurred in Miss J. Wright's letter (24/3/34).

May I say that if I and thousands of others like me had a minimum of eight weeks' holiday on full pay every year—with an extra day to enable us to travel in comfort back to our positions at the end of our vacation, in addition—we would think we were in a Socialist's Heaven.

As regards finding your patience tried when in charge of 50 children (from 9.30 a.m. to 3.30 p.m., which is rather shorter than office hours)—well, if Miss Wright (who, I suspect, is one of the "overworked, etc., etc."), imagines that it does not try your patience to humor an irascible and exacting employer, who, by the way, is your boss, not you his, which rather alters the situation, she is perfectly free to take a clerical position at any time and judge for herself. I don't somehow seem to hear of any of these poor unfortunate school teachers doing any such thing. Most of them probably know when they are well off.

Miss I. Dallas, 1 Bartlett St., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

So they say

Mothers-in-Law Defended... And Attacked

REFERRING to the poem entitled "Mothers-in-law," by "T.S.," which was published in The Australian Women's Weekly of 3/3/34, and also to Miss M. Mountjoy's letter of 17/3/34, congratulating "T.S." on her poem, I conclude that the writers were referring to the husband's mother-in-law, as, generally speaking, it seems the average wife gets a fairly rough spin in the hands of her mother-in-law, because the girl is yet to be born who is good enough for the average woman's son.

Although not married myself, I have seen the attitude adopted by a number of mothers-in-law, and so far have not seen too much of the poem carried out in reality.

Miss Maia Saunders, 33 Shellcove Rd., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

His Mother

I HEARTILY agree with Miss M. Mountjoy's par. re mothers-in-law (The Australian Women's Weekly, 17/3/34). Why don't the men stop and think that, maybe, there is something in their own mothers that could be better? One will often notice how jealous the husband's mother can be, and, if she happens to be staying with the couple, how she can make the wife's life a living hell when he is away. Even when he is home, lots of little things occur that can cut the wife to the quick, and yet he does not notice it. She does not carry tales for fear of rows, so has to bear it in silence.

Some men's mothers don't seem to believe in fair play. They (the mothers) have had the boys all their lives, and when they have married why can't they realise that it is only right for the wife to come first in his considerations? They'll find the wife does not try to monopolise him altogether, and will usually be willing to be companionable.

Miss K. Fendley, Marine Drive, Oatley, N.S.W.

Not Appreciated

RE Miss Mountjoy's letter on "mothers-in-law." I want to say a word in her defence also. Why is she generally given the cold shoulder and a cool welcome? It is true, after all, her motives are only to give a helping hand, and her advice; no matter how well learned we may think we are, we are never too old to learn and heed the well-meant advice of one who has reared her family and been through the mill herself.

C. E. Kelly, "Compton," Narramine, N.S.W.

Silver Cups or Cash Prizes for Tennis Trophies

IN most cases it would be more advisable to give cash prizes to the winners of competitions, but silver cups may at least be used for decorative purposes, and can be handed down to succeeding generations. When I was presented with my third miniature set I heaved a sigh of disappointment. There were so many other things I needed, and longed for, and elaborate miniature sets are not really necessary to keep one's hands in good order. From my experience I would say that the winner of a competition should be given a choice of prize.

J. G. Paynton, 3 Garden St., Hawthorn, E. Vic.

Let 'Em Choose

I QUITE agree with Miss Strahan in one respect, about giving money instead of cups for trophies, for I know from personal experience how disappointed some people are when they find themselves recipients of cups instead of the more welcome £ s d. But I really don't think that all people would rather have money for their achievements, and I am of opinion that no set rule should be made in any club, but that the winner of a competition should be given a choice between the two.

Miss N. Ross, 15 Wattle Ave., Manly, N.S.W.

Cups Last

MY reason why I think it is better to be presented with silver cups than money prizes for the winning of competitions is this: If you are presented with a cash prize you will probably spend it on something that you may consider at the time is of more use to you than a silver cup, but you will realise afterwards, in the years to come, that you have nothing to show for your win.

Miss D. Bayford, 65 Carlisle St., St. Kilda, S. Vic.

What an Idea

WHAT! No tennis cups. Miss Strahan? Nothing to place on the mantelpiece to figuratively hit out guests in the eye while we throw out our chests, smile, look coy, and say, "Oh, it's nothing really—just something I picked up playing tennis!" We all have a love to indulge in little vanities, so let's have cups and more cups, at least until I can bear one home in glorious triumph.

Mrs. Olga Franks, "Zeitoun," 22 Albion St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

RUTH. ROLAND.
WHO IS MARRIED TO BEN BARD,
HIRES HER FORMER HUSBAND TO
MANAGE HER \$5,000,000 REAL
ESTATE BUSINESS.



JOHN BARRYMORE—IT TOOK AN EARTHQUAKE TO PUT HIM TO WORK! THIS GAG ORIGINATED WHEN MARTIAL LAW COMPELLED HIM TO CLEAR DEBRIS FOR FORTY-EIGHT HOURS AFTER THE SAN FRANCISCO QUAKE.



CHAMPAGNE PARTIES
IN THE MOVIES USE GINGER
ALE, WHICH SOON GETS
STALE AND WARM.



Is It Out of Date? Wearing of Mourning Dress

IN reply to Miss Perrett's letter re throwing out mourning dress. This is a subject which must be decided by the individual. To the superficial person it might be easy, but to one who has lost a much-loved relative, colors are an impossibility, and grate on one's feelings horribly. I tried it when a member of my family passed on, but always felt uncomfortable, and was glad after a few weeks to adopt a black and white ensemble. After all, it is the outward and visible sign of our respect; surely we can put self aside on such occasions.

R. Lockhead, 126 Forest Rd., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

Out of Date

SURELY as a fashion mourning, except for the timidly conservative, went out during the world war, when to add to the general gloom by any parade of private bereavement, when to recall to others, by wearing mourning dress, losses they too had suffered and were bravely trying to bear, was recognised as cruelly selfish, quite apart from its being unnecessary.

The expense of new black clothes did not count so much then; to-day it is often an unjustifiable extravagance. And deep sincere grief is ever indifferent to externals. The outside of the platter, the clothes we wear, cannot assuage the heart's sense of loss. I still mourn.

A QUANDARY?

I AM a married woman with a husband out of work. For six months I answered advertisements, and as my husband's name appeared in my testimonials I explained my reason for seeking employment. I did not receive one reply to my applications. At last I answered an advertisement in my maiden name, and received a reply, making an appointment for an interview. I slipped my wedding ring into my purse, interviewed the director, and obtained the position as his private secretary. I have held this position for over a year now, and no one in the firm knows that I am married.

I have frequently had a guilty conscience, as my employer trusts me. The question is, "Is my deception justified?" (For obvious reasons this writer must remain anonymous.)

an only brother, fallen in France late in 1918, yet neither for him nor for my mother, dead last year, did I don black. Both of them scorned such unnecessary outward show.

Mary L. Lane, Quantong, Vic.

Black Dullness

IN regards Eleanor Perrett's "Mourning dress" view. I uphold her, and think that mourning clothes are really a farce, and one can show they respect their lost ones without wearing them. Mourning clothes seem to make one dull, especially the younger generation that wear them, so why not cut them out, more especially these depression times. Is it not bad enough with the "black depression" without wearing black to make it look worse still?

Mrs. J. Hicks, 33 Manilla St., Bathurst, N.S.W.

Public Opinion

OF course we can feel the same in red. Eleanor Perrett (The Australian Women's Weekly, 17/3/34). We must try and please the public. Sometimes it is the wish of the departed one that we refrain from wearing black, but who is going to believe that? Unless the fact is advertised, the relatives are spoken of as callous, thoughtless, and lots of other things, and very few people care to be talked about like that.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Academy St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

Compromise

IT is entirely a question for the mourner herself to decide whether she will wear mourning or not. Mourning has a spiritual significance, and is in no way connected with dress. A Sydney business woman, an advertising expert, lost her 18-year-old sister, and for the mourning period wore all white ensembles, and very charming and dignified she looked, too.

Mrs. Healey, "Gulera," via Dalby, Qld.

SPARE THE ROD

CAN the saying, "Spare the rod and spoil the child" be carried too far? In these enlightened days the rod is more often spared than not. One will often find different temperaments in a single family. For instance, one child will be of a sulky nature, another selfish, another inclined to be a bully. How can one rear these children to be good men and women without the use of the "rod"? Have any readers suggestions on the successful upbringing of a large family?

Mrs. Hilda Kirkwood, Curdievale, via Allanford, Vic.

THE MODERN WOMAN

THE modern woman is coming out strongly. She plays tennis, hockey, golf—I am not sure if she plays bowls. But they are playing cricket as well as many men. They look far nicer in a shirt and pants than a man, and now,

ETIQUETTE



BEING obsequious or overbearing towards others denotes lack of culture. Dignity and self-respect are best maintained by observing a kindly, sympathetic attitude to all people, whatever their station in life may be.

bless them, they are topping off with a military band.

Now I am an old woman and never expected to live to see all this come to pass. Now I hope to see these fine women go one step further and go in for military training—get to their guns, and shoulder to shoulder fight for our country if the need arises. I am sure they will not think it fair to carry on all these sports and leave the poor little men to go out and fight for them.

Mrs. J. A. Godber, Kilkivan, Kingaroy Line, Qld.

WOMEN DOCTORS

HAVE women more confidence in surgeons and doctors of their own sex? My contention is that they have. But I have been contradicted on this point by several women, who contend that the majority of women prefer male surgeons, that they create a feeling of complete confidence. Women doctors, they say, are less sympathetic towards their own sex. Complete confidence is, of course, a big factor in the assured success of any critical illness, or operation. And any adverse dislike is apt to create fear. But there are just as clever women doctors and surgeons as men, whose fame alone should be sufficient evidence to create confidence.

Mrs. Ridley, 44 Church St., Toowoomba, Brisbane.

LOWER AND "WEP"

SEEING in The Australian Women's Weekly, of 17/3/34, Miss Joan Henry's praise of Boothroyd's work, I was moved to express my appreciation of the amusing work of Lower and "Wep." Lower always sees something ludicrous in the most serious of matters, and he makes us see the amusing side of things, too. In his apparently artless remarks, there lies a whole wealth of keen and humorous insight.

J. V. Boyle, Perry St., Nth. Bundaberg, Qld.

BRIGHTER SUNDAYS

NOW that the head of the English Church has given his sanction to Sunday sports, including dancing, it should do much to make a brighter and happier day of Sunday, and the Church should gain a more sympathetic understanding from the younger generation who are rapidly drifting away from religion.

D. Sent, Hanging Rock, via Nundle, N.S.W.

Who is the SCREEN'S Greatest Character Actor?



(Above): CONRAD VEIDT in the title role of "Jew Suss." This film is scheduled among the releases for 1934.

(At Right): CHARLES LAUGHTON as the trader who is King of the River in "White Woman."

He depicts here a man who, through his own astuteness, has risen from slum surroundings.



CEDRIC HARDWICKE, as the millionaire art collector in "Rome Express."

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

ACCORDING to your fancy, you may answer this or that. But remember that a character actor, strictly speaking, is a creator of diverse and separate characters, not an actor who, in essentials, repeats himself under different guises.

In the latter class there are many accomplished and justly celebrated actors, like George Arliss, Clive Brook, and John Barrymore. These and others appear in different roles, but they are always recognisably themselves.

AGAIN, there are other eminent actors who certainly do not represent in films or on the stage their natural selves. One has only to think of Charlie Chaplin, who, it is said, is a gentleman of wide reading and cultivated taste when you meet him face to face. But he, and many another, has a definite film personality within whose limits he always keeps in his work.

There are, however, a few outstanding players whom, as genuine character actors, knowledgeable people would put in the first flight.

Charles Laughton's career, both on stage and screen, has not been long, for he is still a comparatively young man. Nobody who had seen him only as the frivolous Nero of "The Sign of the Cross," pre-occupied with his "delicious debaucheries," could have imagined his presentation of the miserable clerk in

"Payment Deferred," his half-maniac scientist in "The Island of Lost Souls," or his genially sinister Cockney trader in "White Woman." Australian audiences have yet to see his masterly Henry VIII, the much-married Tudor King of England.

Edmund Gwenn, another English actor, has been seen here in a greater number of parts to date. Ardent picture-goers will remember his Hornblower, the self-made business man in Galsworthy's "Skin Game," an early talking picture. Pretty well everybody must have seen him in the comedy role of the fussy mayor in "Tell Me To-Night" and as Oakroyd, the Yorkshire ironworker, in "The Good Companions."

He appears as the Lancashire mill foreman in "Hindle Wakes," and is to be seen shortly as a commercial traveller in "Friday the Thirteenth," and in a variety of other parts. He owes very little to make-up. The expression of these sharply differentiated characters is largely from within the man himself.



LIONEL BARRYMORE in "Rasputin and the Empress."



(Above): WALLACE BEERY, creator of many strong character parts. He does not vary his appearance much.



EDMUND GWENN as the valiant burgomaster of "I Was a Spy."

Lionel Barrymore also leaps to the mind. There is his grisly Rasputin, his pathetic, large-hearted little Kringelein of "Grand Hotel," his country doctor of "Her Sweetheart," and, somewhat on similar lines, the doctor of "One Man's Journey."

Conrad Veidt has long been famous in Germany, and was seen here occasionally in silent films. His Kommandant in "I Was a Spy" is a salient figure. He takes a leading part in "Rome Express," dominates "P.P.I.," and is to be seen later in "Jew Suss."

Cedric Hardwicke is not as yet so well known to audiences in Australia, though some of them may remember in the days of silent films his Nelson, and, in talking pictures, his Dreyfus. He is very well known on the English stage. Recently he has been seen in "The Ghoul," and he appears in "Rome Express."

And, of course, we must include Wallace Beery, originator of so many strong characterisations. Perhaps the best remembered is his role of brutal, arrogant, sensual financier in "Grand Hotel." He, too, owes little to make-up.

This is a short list, inevitably, and can be added to. But take your choice.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★★ ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Charlotte Henry, Gary Cooper, Alison Skipworth (Paramount).

THIS adaptation of passages from "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking Glass" has been accomplished with exact care and skill. It will introduce the characters of those immortal classics to numbers of people who no doubt would not otherwise have met them. That is all to the good. If it induces some to turn to the books themselves, that is better still. In any case it is a matter for congratulation that we have here a film that does not fall into one of the usual categories. From those brought up on the "Alice" books praise will be qualified on account of certain liberties quite naturally taken. To begin with, just for the sake of appropriateness, should not Alice and the rest speak in the accent of the author's country? Then, Uncle Gilbert jars us slightly. He is a gratuitous invention. Again, if the whole thing is too long for complete presentation, why not cut the verses spoken by Tweedledum and Tweedledee in favor of the Knave of Hearts' trial on the charge of stealing the tarts? Or is that not sufficiently funny after all the trials we have seen in films? And we missed the pregnant comment of the Red Queen at the place where the landscape ought to have rushed ahead instead of past and behind them that they had to run as hard as they could to keep in the same place. This is one of those very wise remarks of modern application to be found in this pair of profoundly wise, as well as witty, fantasies.—Plaza.

★★ I BELIEVED IN YOU

John Boles, Rosemary Ames, Victor Jory. (Fox.)

FROM beginning to end this is a film of unusual interest. The story of a girl who leaves her life of quiet seclusion and joyfully identifies herself with a crowd of Bohemians, only to find in the end that they are charlatans, has the ring of truth. This is largely because both in direction and in acting it is conveyed with firm realism and many subtle touches. The cast has been admirably selected. Victor Jory puts just the right explosive force into the part of the Communist agitator who uses stump oratory in private life and cynically lives on the game. And the denizens of Greenwich Village, to whom he introduces Rosemary Ames, have their exact counterparts in Chelsea and the Quarter Latin. John Boles shows a nice judgment in his rendering of the dilettante who has inherited great wealth and employs it to gratify good-humored caprices. And he has one opportunity to sing, too. But the chief credit must go to the newcomer to films, Miss Ames, who, like Tallulah Bankhead, has returned to her native country after making her mark on the London stage. Every inflection of her voice, every gesture or expression is natural and right. She has no facile prettiness, but her face reminds one now and then of Garbo and Dietrich. She is a charming and most intelligent actress. We hope to see much more of her.

★ DAMAGED LIVES

Diane Sinclair, Lyman Williams. (Canadian Instructional Film.)

THIS film, released in Australia through the Racial Hygiene Association of New South Wales, conveys an eloquent warning to ignorant and heedless people against the dangers of venereal diseases. The casual way in which these dread scourges of society are frequently passed on, and the misery that results, are shown in dramatic form. Afterwards the Canadian specialist, Dr. Gordon Bates, under whose direction the film was made, explains with illustrations the scientific and sociological aspects.—Lyric.

★ HELL AND HIGH WATER

Richard Arlen, Judith Allen. (Paramount.)

A TITLE as provocative as this needs to be backed up. By contrast the film itself seems mild and slow-going. It concerns a thrifty ex-captain (Richard Arlen) of a barge used to dump garbage. One day he finds entangled in his salvage net Judith Allen, who had been brought up on a racing-track and had recently been left an orphan with no weapons against the world except tips about the horses her father had trained. Naturally she is rather desperate, and she goes on to do other reckless things, like getting a job as entertainer in a cabaret frequented by a prominent business man who gives talks on commercial success over the wireless. We noted that after a second immersion in the harbor this untutored girl came up with the same delicately pencilled, faked eyebrows.

The hero and his friend go tuna fishing down south, but lose their catch and

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars . . . no good.

nearly their lives through being run down in a fog by the United States navy returning from manoeuvres. Arlen does passably with his part, and the story certainly breaks new ground. But it is unconvincing.—Capitol.

★★ THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM

Lionel Atwill, Glenda Farrell, Fay Wray. (Warner Bros.)

DO you wish to have your blood curdled? If so, here is your opportunity. If not, then be warned in time. This is a very capable essay in the gruesome-fantastic. It is done, all in technical color, too, which, though it is not an adequate representation of natural color, does help perspective. The color is also a very suitable medium for the waxen figures among which the drama is played.

The plot involves body-snatching (and not only dead bodies), and a sculptor in wax, who is driven half-demented by his partner's deliberate firing of the show in London to get the insurance. The part of the sculptor is excellently played by Lionel Atwill. We are doubtful whether a Hansom cab survived in the London of 1821, but it strikes the right note at the start. When the reconstructed museum moves to New York in 1933 a most effective contrast with its old world atmosphere is supplied by Glenda Farrell as the jaunty, wise-cracking news reporter of a daily which is out for scoops.

Frank McHugh, as editor of the same lively journal, is unlike any editor of our acquaintance, and Fay Wray seems to us to have no great resemblance to the ill-fated Queen Marie Antoinette. But let that pass. As the mystery deepened and the horror mounted, we assure you that at times we were all of a dither.

★ EVER SINCE EVE

George O'Brien, Mary Brian, Herbert Mundin. (Fox.)

WE cannot help feeling that the elements are too mixed in this film. There is the rather burlesque part about the gold mining camp, where George O'Brien has been brought up under the tender guardianship of three elderly woman-haters, one of whom sports a patriarchal beard, another a walrus moustache, and the third (Mundin) owns, as we know, a very mobile pair of eyebrows. Then we are introduced to New York society, graced by O'Brien in a dress suit. Later comes an obstinate misunderstanding between him and Mary Brian as ever occurred in a musical comedy. Eventually there are droves of perambulators, and finally the hero and heroine are flung into one another's arms by a ruse. It is a little difficult to get one's bearings. Still, Betty Blythe makes an attractive reappearance on the screen as a surprisingly unmercenary mother. And the film, whether melodrama or comedy, does very well as "a source of innocent merriment."—Capitol.

★ SITTING PRETTY

Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Ginger Rogers. (Paramount.)

WE know at once that a film in which Jack Oakie appears will be a musical piece. Here he is seconded by another crooner, Jack Haley, who has really the better voice. The two migrate hopefully from New York to Hollywood, meeting all sorts of discouragements on their way, and also after they arrive, their affairs being complicated by the presence of the reliable home-girl, Ginger Rogers, and the flamboyant film star, Thelma Todd. Chances are, of course, for the misunderstandings that sever for a time this pair of friends. But they seem unusually obtuse. Can it be that crooning adds the wits?

However, eventually they drown their sorrows in drink, and, after breaking into a sedate party of Hollywood notables they are wafted together straight to success, carrying Miss Rogers with them. Personally, we do not think so highly of her as a song bird. There are amusing episodes in this film, and some catchy numbers. One of them is sung to the evolutions of a chorus of very shapely damsels, who wear less than we should have thought possible. (New supporting feature: at Prince Edward)

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



SMART RACEGOERS (from the left): Miss Nancy Stewart, daughter of Professor J. D. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart, of Strathfield, chose an effective outfit of chevron stripes in ochre and china brown tones, and a halo hat. Miss Phyl Maginnis (Yass) was one of the well-known country visitors. She was "snapped" while discussing winners with Mrs. Ken McCallie and Mrs. Gordon Ross. Miss Frances Stephen came down from her home in Orange for the Easter festivities; with her is Mrs. Keith Fisher, who motored from the extreme north-west of New South Wales and is staying at the Australia. Mrs. John Collins, formerly Miss Margaret Hagon, was a conspicuously beautiful figure. She and her husband are down from Beaudesert, Queensland, for the festivities, and will fly back next week.

—Women's Weekly photos.



WEEK of gaieties has auspiciously ushered in a social season which promises to eclipse in brilliance any Sydney has enjoyed for the past half-dozen years.

Record crowds at the races, theatres, and show all presented a well-dressed air to the world which told a cheering tale of prosperity.

RARELY has Randwick provided so many fashion thrills as at this Easter meeting. On the opening day the crowd was so dense that the lawns were packed and every seat in the members' stand was occupied, a sight which has not gladdened the eyes of officials for a number of years. Monday's meeting was an equal success from the attendance viewpoint.

SO often, Randwick confounds the fashion prophets, but, this time, all forecasts proved correct. Rough tweeds, angora weaves and windswept, blistered and tree-bark fabrics all basked in the sunshine of Monday or dodged the showers of Saturday. The lame lalson was well in the picture. Gold or silver lame scintillated on frocks innumerable. It made yokes and cuffs and bows and prosperous-looking trimming motifs galore.

HATS went their own wilful way. Some kept well off the face and were medium as to brim. Others were Mae West-y and still others went Tyrolean or clung faithfully to the beret influence. Most of them liked a "fever" and quills were stuck at jaunty angles through the many vivacious little lids.

ONE of the sartorial successes of the day was undoubtedly Enid Hull's smart grey coat, lined and collared with the softest of furs in golden-syrupy and ginger tones.

I heard considerable speculation as to what kind of fur it was and Enid settled the matter by telling that a friend had sent her some bunny fells from the Upper Murray and she had designed the coat forthwith. They must have been very aristocratic bunnies, the kind you usually hear referred to as coney, or lapin, my dear!

OF all the off-the-face hats, I liked Enid Bayly's best. It was black and worn with a black tailleur, which admirably suited her particular style. Chrome beads added the requisite touch of metal. All the regular punters were present and shined of country people. Among the latter, I noted Mrs. Hugh Main, Agnes and Lorna Bragg, and Mrs. Matt Sawyer, whose duties as State President of the C.W.A. Conference are keeping her busy this week. Mrs. John Collins, who was Margaret Hagon, looking radiantly happy, and lovelier than ever, was down from Beaudesert for the occasion.

By Jane Anne Seymour

THE Governor-General and Lady Isaacs attended Monday's meeting. Lady Isaacs was most elegantly gowned in beige angel-skin, which featured wide sleeves edged with sable, and was very intricately and cleverly cut. Her hat was of brown velvet, worn with a stiffened eye veil. Their Excellencies entertained a large party at luncheon, including Sir Kelson and Lady King, Sir Mark and Lady Sheldon, Mr. J. A. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Sefton Cullen, Mr. and Mrs. James Burns, Squadron Leader Bostock and Mrs. Bostock, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Stephen, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brunton, Mrs. P. H. Osborne, Dr. John Power, Mr. S. P. Hunt, Lieut. Colonel McFarlane, and Mr. G. T. Rowe.

SIR PHILIP AND LADY GAME also entertained a number of guests at the official luncheon on Monday. Lady Game was very elegant in black with a touch of parchment and a shoulder posy of lily-of-the-valley. Vice-Royal guests included Mr. and Mrs. Brunner, Brigadier-General and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hordern, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayores (Aid, and Mrs. Parker), Capt. and Mrs. A. Foot, Sir George and Lady Fuller, Sir Montague and Lady Barlow, and Miss Barlow (who are guests at Government House), Mr. and Mrs. Bridge and Lady Murray.

FIRST of two first nights to be put on for Easter by "The Firm" was "Fresh Fields," and though it had a mid-week premiere it drew a crowded house.

The highlight of the frocking was the prevalence of tiaras. These pretty hair ornaments are the sophisticated sisters of the simple little Alice-in-Wonderland and run to many fancies. Some were starchy and some had the fleur-de-lis as motif. Some were plain, and some were gemmed, but almost all were becoming.

ONE of the successful frockers of the night was Miss Ruby Morris, whose filmy frock of two blues was cloaked in white. Miss Morris is the clever girl who is both actress and assistant-producer of "White Horse Inn," and other elaborate shows. Another fascinating fashion note was the lily-of-the-valley green mandarin coat which was worn by one of the Buley girls. As I can never tell which is pretty Judy, and which is her equally pretty sister, I'm not sure who was the enviable owner of the Schiaparelli coat.

THE Theatre Royal has been "all dressed up" in lovely soft shades of beige, and blue, and grey, and the warts are now a joy to the eye, as well as a rest to the body. At the premiere of "White Horse Inn," however, there were so many extra attractions that, beyond a passing sigh of appreciation, few women had time to concentrate on the new modern frocking of the theatre.

One of the boxes was transformed into an "annexe" of the "White Horse Inn," and the others were suitably en suite.

Also there was the revolving stage. There were Stella Wilson, Arthur Stigant, a fine supporting cast and ballet which provided the most wonderful feast of color and charm in its varied costuming.

Well-known first-nighters turned up in full force, and the glitter of gold and silver lame and the gleam of tiaras gave a most opulent air to the whole assembly. Several luxurious ermine and sable wraps added their prosperity note to the holiday-hearted audience. Thunderous applause, tons of flowers, happy speeches, and, after the curtain dropped, the unusual sounds of repeated bursts of cheering from back stage brought the notable night to a close.

STELLA WILSON, Arthur Stigant, and Producer Albert Locke all answered the audience's insistent demand for "Speech." Ruby Morris, who did, indeed, "a wonderful job of work" with the ballets and ensembles as well as taking an important part in the play, was also much applauded. Mrs. Spencer Brunton, Mrs. Roy Buckland, Mrs. Edmund Playfair, Mrs. Alexis Albert, Miss Margaret Allen, Mrs. W. K. McKay, and hundreds of other socially prominent people were present. The show was packed to the doors on Monday also. Her Excellency Lady Isaacs was present on Monday, attended by Major Royce Shannon and Captain Pinsky. Her Excellency wore a dull gold lace coat over a black frock. Miss Sadie Budge accompanied Her Excellency.

SYDNEY Town Hall has seen many spectacular social events, but the Governors' ball on Tuesday night eclipsed them all for brilliance.

Many weeks of hard, painstaking work went to the organising of the function, and those responsible for the preparation of sets and the decorations spared no pain to make every detail historically correct.

The result was that the procession of Governors and their retinues and associated sets was not only wonderfully picturesque but of unique historic interest.

THE stage of the Town Hall was appropriately transformed into a replica of the first Government House at Parramatta, and through its doors the sets swept on to the stage and proceeded with slow and stately tread across the stage and down the central aisle of the hall to the aisle on the eastern side, where his Excellency Sir Philip Game and Lady Game were waiting to receive them. Our Governor and his lady, as you know, were representing Governor Macquarie and Mrs. Macquarie, and as each of the score of groups came to them the leaders curtsied and passed on.

TO add to the effectiveness of the pageant, each group preserved a diamond-shaped formation, the beautiful Old World dresses of the women, the colorful uniforms and elaborate suitings

of the men, the heraldic devices and other decorative effects in the settings combining to make an unforgettable spectacle.

The funds of the District Nursing Association will benefit by the proceeds. The successful children's party held the next night in the Town Hall was for the same good cause.

NUMEROUS cocktail parties have been arranged for the week. On Saturday Kathleen Cobcroft was hostess at one held at the Macquarie Club as a farewell to her friends before she departed with her mother—Mrs. A. Cobcroft—for America.

Mrs. Ellis Fielding Jones held a party at her home, "Eastbourne," Bellevue Hill, and the members of the Macquarie Club were well to her friends before she departed with her mother—Mrs. A. Cobcroft—for America.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Lyons, and Miss Barbara Warray all entertained at Randwick.

Janet Thatcher and Margaret Burns gave a dance at the Royal Sydney Golf

Club on Monday; the Anthony Horderns are giving a dance; the Rodney Dangars a cocktail party on Saturday; and Mrs. Christian Rothe's party is fixed for April 10.

THE two most important events of Saturday night were the dance given by Dr. and Mrs. Nigel Smith at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, at which their niece, Miss Alwyn Margh, made her debut, and the premiere of "White Horse Inn" at the Theatre Royal.

SOME time ago Veda and Helen Campbell, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Campbell, Rose Bay, announced their engagements simultaneously, while on a visit to the East. Veda, now Mrs. John Hope, subsequently married in Hong-kong, and has now returned home with her husband to accompany sister Helen to London, where her marriage with Mr. H. R. Prior will be celebrated. Helen will live in Gibraltar, where her husband's regiment is stationed.

Mrs. Hubert Fairfax's party at "Elaine" on April 6, in honor of Helen, was one of the important fixtures in the social programme of Easter Week.



The last 20 minutes...

Enjoy the full luxury of those last stolen minutes... sleep under downy-soft Challenge Blankets. The deep fleece makes them extra cosy. Pull them up to your chin... tuck them in all round... Challenge Blankets have ample length and width. They shut out the cold. Challenge Blankets are guaranteed by the retailers who sell them. They are odourless... free from filling.

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IN ALL NEEDED SIZES AND QUALITIES

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Inflamed finger-nails
are DANGEROUS!
MELASOL
is your best safeguard

Pus formation under the finger nails is known as Paronychia. Apart from being extremely painful, that condition may result in the disfiguring loss of the finger nails and is a menace to the general health.

Although obstinate to ordinary methods of treatment, inflamed finger nails respond readily and heal rapidly under treatment with Melasol, without the necessity for removing them.

Melasol is very penetrating. It contains 40% Tri-tol, the new Australian germicide, extremely powerful but definitely non-poisonous and non-irritant.

Doctors recommend Melasol for both children and adults because it is a safe, certain germicide and deodorant.

Get it from your Chemist today. A 2oz. bottle can be had for only 2/6. Larger sizes at 4/6 and 9/6 are more economical.

MELASOL is also unequalled for:
Poisoned wounds;
cuts, sores, surface's
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valuable for personal
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Contains 40% Tri-tol, the new Australian Germicide. Eleven times as strong as carbolic but non-poisonous and non-irritant.

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SOUP
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THE PICK-UP CONDIMENT CO. LTD.
ALICE STREET, NEWTOWN, SYDNEY.

Housewives in the County of Cumberland, Newcastle and District, Wyong, Gosford and Wollongong, who comply with the conditions, may participate in this free gift offer on

Thursday ... April 19

Friday April 20

Saturday ... April 21

Full particulars will be found in a full page advertisement to appear in the Sydney "Sun," Wednesday, April 18, and Newcastle "Morning Herald," Thursday, April 19.

Read details carefully if you live in any of the districts indicated, cut out and fill in the coupon and take it along to your grocer.

DEFEATING Physical HANDICAPS

Society for Crippled Children

The annual meeting of the New South Wales Society for Crippled Children will be held in Farmer's Blaxland Galleries on April 10. The Governor and Lady Game will be present. No society makes a stronger appeal to every heart than this one, and a brief outline of the magnificent work being done by the twenty-three auxiliaries of the society will be of general interest.

THERE are 956 maimed or crippled children recorded in the annals of the society. They live in the metropolitan area, within such a wide radius as Manly to Parramatta.

Within two months 517 visits were made to these children by different auxiliaries, which are also in close touch with the remaining 400-odd.

Visits in this instance do not mean pleasant social calls, with polite in-

quiries and the bestowal of dainty gifts. They embrace these graces of casual friendship, but there is a watchdog quality about them as well. Auxiliary members visit with deep purpose, and when causes of disease cannot be removed they do the next best thing, relieve the effect of physical handicaps or suffering.

flowers are being taught the art of making bouquets, wreaths, and poses by a florist in the city. Auxiliary members drive them in and out to their lessons.

In the short time of their tuition they have learnt sufficient to bring them in remunerative orders.



THE SHOP established by the society at Circular Quay, where crippled boys are taught boat repairing. On left is shown a young collier at his craft, which, although he is physically handicapped, is one quite within his compass.

quies and the bestowal of dainty gifts. They embrace these graces of casual friendship, but there is a watchdog quality about them as well. Auxiliary members visit with deep purpose, and when causes of disease cannot be removed they do the next best thing, relieve the effect of physical handicaps or suffering.

NEEDS of the crippled children are widespread and diversified. One may need educational facilities; another wishes to learn a trade in order to be self-supporting. Some need food, some need clothes; others require medical or dental attention, or surgical appliances. All, with few exceptions, need occasional change of environment, and the stimulation that comes from brightness and cheery company.

It is in supplying the many and varied wants of the crippled and maimed that this fine body of women, comprised in 23 auxiliaries, is doing such noble work.

There is a vocational guidance committee, with Mr. J. Nangle as president, to which cases are referred before training is given.

The welfare committee deals with applications for surgical appliances, and carries out investigation work in that connection.

Several doctors are included in the surgical and curative committee, while the placement group helps children to find employment.

THE auxiliaries are most businesslike, for they do not leave it to the central council or society to solve all troubles.

Far from it. Each branch pays its own way by means of organised entertainments, such as fairs, card parties, bazaars, dances, and such-like.

With part of their money the Strathfield auxiliary, with the aid of the Parents and Citizens' Association, provides a taxi to take crippled children to the school at the Children's Hospital each day.

Four other auxiliaries have provided dental attention for children, and 14 have supplied surgical appliances.

One young lad, who had little conception of country life, was sent to Cooma to spend five weeks on a farm. As a result of the change, his health was improved, and he gained more than a stone in weight.

THE central council realises that these handicapped youngsters wish to earn their living and at present 103 boys are being trained in occupations.

Arrangements were made for returned soldiers to teach two children raffia and basket work, with the result that the pupils are already supporting themselves, one being almost unable to cope with the number of orders he receives.

Three girls with a great love of

Interesting Y.W.C.A. Programmes

THE Combined Youth Movement, in conjunction with the Girls' Department of the Y.W.C.A., has arranged for a 10 weeks' introductory course, which will be held every Thursday night at the Y.W.C.A., commencing on April 5.

The object of holding these classes is to train people in leadership. With women holding so many important positions these days, lectures of this kind should be widely popular.

Miss Zoe Benjamin, acting-principal of the Kindergarten Training College, will lecture on "The Psychology of the Adolescent," "The Psychology of a Planned Programme," and "The Psychology of Group Work." Mrs. Linda Littlejohn has chosen "Meetings and How to Conduct Them" for the title of her lecture, and Miss Irene Vera Young will give an "Explanation and Demonstration of the German School of Dancing." Miss Ella Massey will lecture on the "Art of Speaking," "Cultural Value of Handicrafts," and the "Possibilities of Raffia" are subjects on which Miss Lake, of the Teachers' College, will lecture, while Miss Elizabeth Skillen, B.A., also of the Teachers' College, will lecture on "Story-Telling and Story-Reading."

"Club Management" will be the subject of Mr. R. H. Swainson's, O.B.E., lecture. Dr. G. Mackness, M.A., will speak on "Dramatics in the Club Programme." These are only some of the lectures which will be given over a period of 10 weeks.

DON'T... FORGET

An address will be given by Sir Henry Braden, K.B.E., to the members of the English Speaking Union, at the club rooms, on April 12. Mrs. Ernest Sutton will be Entertainer.

An Autumn frolic, organised by the Rosemary Club, will be held at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, on April 14. Half of the proceeds will go to the Far West Children's Fund, and the remainder to other charities.

The New Zealand Younger Set are calling a meeting on April 9, at 5 p.m., at the Bank of New Zealand Chambers, George Street, to make arrangements for their dance to be held on April 15.

The Women's Union of Service will meet in the Lower Adyar Hall on April 9, at 3 p.m., when Miss Marjorie Swain, B.Sc., will speak on "Problems of the Pacific and Australia's Position." Representatives from other organisations will be present, and the meeting is open to all. Discussion is invited.

Mrs. G. F. Earp and Mrs. Austin have made their homes available for a bridge evening on April 18, to be organised by the Edgely-Woodliff centre of the Women's Hospital, Crown St. As the committee is continuing the supper there will be no expenses. Other activities of this centre include a tennis tournament, to be arranged by Mrs. Ewan Gore, and a golf competition by Mrs. Thane.

This is Brasso



One bright thing after another—that is the Brasso way. Brasso Liquid Metal Polish sold only in the blue and white striped tin.

BRASSO LIQUID METAL POLISH
Sold only in the blue and white striped tin.
RECKITT'S PRODUCT — MADE IN AUSTRALIA

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

When she might have been at the races, Jean Anderson preferred to spend Saturday afternoon at the show—most of it among the dogs?

About one hundred friends saw Mrs. Phil Yates off in the "Eridan" last week?

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Biggs won on all the seven races at Randwick on Saturday?

Leaving for Bathurst

REV. TERENCE NAUGHTON has accepted a call from the Bishop of Bathurst (Dr. Crotty) to take up permanent work in the Diocese of Bathurst. At the moment he is in charge of the parish of O'Connell, acting as locum until the new rector arrives on May 1. After that, Mr. Naughton will become rector of Hill End.

Popular Guest

MR. and Mrs. Harold Bell's home at Clifton Gardens has been quite gay this Easter with the coming and going of all the family. Mrs. Bruce Webb, elder daughter of Mr. Bell, came to stay with them from her home at "Copper Top," Molong, for the Eastertide doings, and there has been much entertaining of the guest by her sister and brother-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Stuart Studdy.

Fay Fuller's Romance

FAY FULLER met her bridegroom-elect, Mr. Joseph Berckmanne Darby, at the wedding of her sister, Joan. Lady Fuller and Mr. Darby's mother have been friends since their school days. Fay's sister, Mrs. A. Rainbow, is to be her matron of honor, and Heather Arnott her only bridesmaid.

The nuptial mass is to be celebrated at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, Rose Bay, on Saturday, and the reception held at the home of Fay's parents, Sir Benjamin and Lady Fuller. The bridal veil of Brussels lace is a thing of rare beauty. It was worn by Fay for her presentation at Court.

Original Wedding Gift

A VERY intriguing wedding present was given last week by Mr. Crowhurst, of Chartres Ltd., to the bride of a member of his staff. It consisted of an oblong box, with compartments, into which

coins are to be inserted, marked "Rent," "Insurance," "Hospital," and such. The only flaw is that in opening the box to extract the rent one would meet the horrible temptation to play ducks and drakes with the insurance and the hospital, too.

Motored All Night

ALTHOUGH it meant motoring all night, the roads were good, and Ian Heath, of Melbourne, took the opportunity of visiting Sydney for a couple of the Easter holidays. Hence Mimi Healy's absence from the races on Saturday. The wedding date is not fixed yet, but it is to be some time this year. Mimi will probably return the visit by going to Melbourne for the Hayne-Syme and Hordern-Baillieu weddings.

Vive les Edwardians!

OP-HATS have been having a gala time this week. At Monday's race meeting, practically every male member of the Vice-Regal party was "high-hatted" and every man of them wore a single red rosebud in the lapel—thus ousting from favor the red carnation of yesteryear.

To Tour Abroad

EVERYONE has long admired the way Mrs. A. D. Gregory has kept on holding her own in successive mannequin seasons in spite of Sydney's ever-increasing crop of lovely girls. She will, however, be missed from the winter fashion shows, for on Saturday she left for Europe.

Mrs. Gregory will meet her two sisters in London, and the three of them will fly around together. Her sisters are Mrs. C. Rhodes-Smith, of "Villa d'Este," Victoria Rd., Bellevue Hill, and Mrs. Walte, of Vancluse.

An Envious Tiara

MISS AGNES WILLIAMSON'S numerous friends are glad to welcome her and her brother, Mr. Percy Williamson, back again after their absence on a visit to America. Miss Williamson had not time to do all her unpacking at "Denholm," Fullerton St., before she was drawn into the whirl of races and Show time. She is one of the few Sydney women who is the envious owner of a real diamond tiara.

Devoted Service

FOR many years Mrs. Baxter Bruce and Mrs. A. E. Phillips have been towers of strength to the Darling Point branch of the District Nursing Association, to which they have acted as honorary secretary and treasurer respectively, so their resignations from office was very regretfully accepted. Now the president, Mrs. J. J. Rouse, and vice-president, Mrs. Charles Rundle, and members of the committee are arranging a party in their honor at the Royal Sydney Golf Club on April 12.

In and Out of Society .: By WEP



From U.S.A.

CAPTAIN and Mrs. Chester Wells, who arrived recently from America, have taken a flat at the Astor, where they have an entrancing view of the harbor. Captain Chester Wells has retired from the U.S.A. navy.

Her First Guest

MRS. TOM ROLIN has just returned from Bowral, where she was one of the first guests whom Mrs. Sefton Cullen (the Governor-General's daughter) has entertained in the charming new house which Mr. Sefton Cullen has built at Bowral.

The Banana Kings

SOLOMON in all his glory was not more proud than Mr. Scullin, of Coff's Harbor, and Mr. Anthony, of Murwillumbah, at the Show. These two (Mr. Scullin is nephew of the Leader of the Opposition) are known as the Banana Kings, and had much to do with the fruit section of the winning North Coast exhibit which Mr. Harry Pritchard (Lismore) organised.

All the afternoon on the opening day they were introducing friends behind the scenes to strange fruits, such as rosella, corilla, and monstera deliciosa. The last is a long fruit with prickly pear covering, and one goes a long way. Sir Philip Game was among those who fell for the monster. He had several bites.

Historic Grounds

ONE of the historic estates of North Sydney which it was feared would go the way of many other old estates, into small allotments, is to remain intact after all. The home of the late Mr. Harrington Palmer, for many years Official Assignee, it has been bought by Dr. Erasmus Bligh.

The doctor is a descendant of Governor Bligh, and his daughter, Elizabeth, was a much-admired figure at the Governors' Ball, when she was dressed as one of her ancestresses of that period.

Melbourne Punters

NUMBERS of well-known Melbourne people were over for the races. Eleanor Wills, of Malvern, was with Joan Rundle, whose guest she is at present. Cella Foggarty, of Kew, a friend of Eleanor's, is staying at "Hampton Court." Mrs. J. Purves and Valerie, and Margot Rosenthal and Mrs. T. Browne, of Toorak, were all among the Melbourne visitors at the meeting.

From the South

MR. and Mrs. Jack Armstrong, of "Caldwell," Edgecliff Rd., are entertaining two Melbourne visitors, Mrs. I. Bligh, of Toorak, and her sister, "Teddy."

From the North-West

NORTH-WEST squatting interests were well represented at the bright morning tea-party given at the Australia a few days ago.

Hostesses were Mrs. Leslie McLeod, of "Bunna Bunna," Mrs. Keith Fisher, of Burren Junction, and Mrs. Brian Crowley, of Merrywinebone. All three and their husbands are staying at the Australia.

The party was in honor of the twin sisters, Misses Stephen, of Orange.

All Aboard!

AN out-of-town party that was one of the great social successes of the week was that which Marjorie Luscombe Newman hosted aboard her father's yacht at Broken Bay. Guests came by car and in large numbers, so it was well that Mrs. Luscombe Newman had provisioned the yacht so bountifully before her husband and family went a'voyaging. She herself decided to be a landlubber for the holidays, and was one of the smart figures at the races.

Varied Interests

IN between producing and rehearsing for "The Unknown Warrior" and producing a play which Mrs. George Dale has written for presentation at the Savoy in a couple of months in aid of the new rooms of the Lyceum Club, Mrs. Bell Allen has some interesting horticultural duties to attend to. She recently put in a little plantation of pineapples at "Whitehaven," Bellevue Hill, and so well are they coming along that her gardener tells her that if they spread much further she will have hardly any flower space left.

Seeking New Fields

YOUNG Mungo MacCallum, grandson of the Deputy Chancellor of the Varsity, has decided against an academic career and has accepted a position in the city. This makes a break in a long tradition, for Mungo's father, as well as his grandfather, was a wonderfully keen student, and it seemed inevitable that the young man's brilliant career at "Grammar" would be followed by an equally brilliant Varsity record.

However, he will enrich the family history, doubtless, with a story of laurels won in other fields. Meantime, his sister is keeping alight the family torch at the Varsity.





BABY BUNTING'S outdoor suit will be ideal as the weather grows cooler. There will be no colds this winter for the sturdy babe in this trim and cosy outfit.

Cosy OUTDOOR SUIT For a Sturdy Fellow

Here's an outfit for the tiny folk that will make them impervious to the coldest winds.
The laddie will look very manly, too, in these practical garments that can be very simply knitted.

FOLLOW these directions for the leggings, and write in enclosing 3d. in stamps and addressed envelope for directions for the coat and cap.

Our model is knitted in soft Vivia yarn. If you use the same brand, remember it does not shrink, and knit the stitches firmly.

Materials required—100z. for complete suit, 60z. for coat and 4 oz. for leggings and cap, 4-ply "Vivia" yarn, 11 buttons, 1 press stud, 1 medium crochet hook, 1 pair No. 12 needles.

Measurements: Coat—Length from shoulder, 13½ inches. Round bottom (fastened) 25 inches. Sleeve seam (cuff turned back), 8½ inches. Leggings: Front seam, 9½ inches. Back seam, 10½ inches. Foot, 5½ inches. Length at side from waist to ankle, 18½ inches. Cap: Round head (unstretched) 13 inches. Depth (bottom turned up) 6½ inches. Tension: 8 stitches to 1 inch, 10 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; m, make; tog, together; s, slip; p.s.o., pass slipped st. over.

Do this for
Your Child in

TWO WEEKS

How to rid any boy or girl of sluggishness or constipation and build a big appetite.

The trouble with children who will not eat is usually stasis. The symptoms are a tongue that's always coated, bad breath, poor color, dull eyes that are often a bilious yellow. No appetite, no ambition—even for play. Hard to get to sleep, hard to wake in the morning. There's an absolute remedy for this condition. It gives lifeless youngsters the appetite and energies of a young animal! They eat! They grow! They keep well!

The Califig Treatment conquers Sluggishness

It's not the stomach, but the bowel condition that keeps children from eating. But the trouble is in the lower bowel—the colon. California Syrup of Figs is the only "medicine" needed to stimulate the colon muscles. The very next day, your child is eating better and feeling better. Keep on with the Syrup of Figs a few days and you will see amazing improvement in appetite, color, weight and spirits.

Any chemist has the real California Syrup of Figs, all bottled, with directions. Nature never made a nicer, safer or nicer tasting laxative. (It is purely vegetable.) Remember California Syrup of Figs when sickness, a cold or any upset has clogged a child's bowels.

WARNING

Even when it's something to give children, some stores will try to substitute. So be sure to say "CALIFORNIA" and see that the bottle says "CALIFIG."

"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 24 times the quantity for 2/11.

NO Complications ... in OUR £250 COMPETITION!

DIRECTIONS for cast and rap to be complete outfit on this page may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated at—
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 221 Pitt St.
MELBOURNE: The Arts Chambers, 239 Collins St.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
ADELAIDE: 2nd Floor, Shell House, North Terrace.

LEGGINGS (right leg)

Commence at the top by casting on 88 sts. Rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 5 rows. Make elastic holes next row.
K. 2, m. 1, p. 2 tog., * k. 2, p. 2, m. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 2, k. 2, m. 1, p. 2 tog., * repeat * to end.
Rib k. 2, p. 2 for 6 rows, increasing 1 st. each end of the 6th row (90 sts.).
The remainder of the work is in stocking st. with 1 garter st. each end. Commence shaping the top: K. 12, turn.

P. 11, k. 1.
K. 24, turn.
P. 23, k. 1.
Continue knitting 12 more sts. every knit row and purl back, knitting 1 st. at the end, until 72 sts. are knitted.
P. to last st., k. 1.
K. 1, k. twice in next st., k. to end.
Stocking st. 11 rows.

Repeat the last 12 rows until there are 96 sts. on the needle, working 5 rows only after the last increase. The garter st. at each end is worked until the ankle is reached.
Decreasing for leg begins on a knit row. K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1.
K. 1, p. 2 tog., p. to last 3 sts., p. 2 tog., k. 1.

Repeat the last 2 rows until there are 88 sts.
Decrease 1 st. at each end of every 2nd row until 80 sts. remain.
Decrease 1 st. at each end of every 3rd row until 78 sts. remain.
Decrease 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 76 sts. remain.

Decrease 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 70 sts. remain.
Decrease 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 60 sts. remain.

The last decrease should be on a k. row.
P. one row.
Work ribbon holes on the next row.
K. 1, k. 2 tog., * m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog., * repeat to end.

P. one row.
There are now 59 sts. Work the toe flap on the next row.
K. 59, turn.

P. 18.
Stocking st. on these 18 for 20 rows; break off yarn. Join the yarn to the end of the 35 sts. left unworked with the right side of the work facing you.

K. 35, pick up and k. 20 sts. on the side of the toe flap, k. 18 across the toe, pick up and k. 20 sts. on the opposite side of the flap; k. the 6 sts. left unworked.

Stocking st. on these 99 sts. for 7 rows, ending on a purl row. Shape for bottom: K. 12, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 38, k. 2 tog., k. 14, k. 2 tog., k. 26.

P. 1 row between each knit row.
K. 11, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 37, k. 2 tog., k. 12, k. 2 tog., k. 26.

K. 10, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 36, k. 2 tog., k. 10, k. 2 tog., k. 26.
K. 9, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 35, k. 2 tog., k. 8, k. 2 tog., k. 26.

K. 8, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 34, k. 2 tog., k. 6, k. 2 tog., k. 26.
K. 7, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 33, k. 2 tog., k. 4, k. 2 tog., k. 26.

K. 6, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 32, k. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 26.
Cast off, taking the 3 sts. tog. at the heel and 2 centre sts. tog. at the toe.

LEGGINGS (left leg)

Work as for right leg, but commence shaping the top on a purl row, i.e.—
K. 1, p. 11, turn.

K. 12.
Increase for the back edge at the end of the knit rows.

Decrease for leg exactly as for right leg until the ribbon hole is reached, then—
K. 2 tog., k. 1 * m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1 * repeat to end of row (59 sts.).

P. one row.
Toe flap: K. 24, turn.
P. 18.

Work 20 rows on these 18 sts. Join yarn to the 6 sts. left unworked. Pick up the 59 sts.

After working the 7 rows, commence shaping from the end of each row to the beginning, i.e.—
K. 26, k. 2 tog., k. 14, k. 2 tog., k. 38, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 12, etc.

TO MAKE UP

Leggings: Press both legs. Sew the two straight edges together from the top of the ribbing to the first decrease of the legs. Join the two back-shaped edges together in the same way. Join each leg from the sole of the foot to the top, keeping the ribbon holes even at the ankle. Join the soles from the heel to the toe.

Press all seams.
Using the yarn double crochet a chain long enough to thread through the holes at the waist, and tie in a bow at the front. With single yarn, crochet two lengths of chain for the ankles, unless ribbon is preferred.

Many queries have been received in regard to the finer points of the sections into which this competition has been divided.
There are no complications, however, no entrance fee and no tiresome conditions.

THE sections in our competition have been drafted with a view to making the method of entering as simple as possible and yet giving entrants the very widest scope.

First of all there is no entrance fee. Entrants are merely required to attach four successively dated coupons from The Australian Women's Weekly as earnest that they are regular readers.

Secondly, the actual design of garments in all sections has been left to the good judgment of entrants. It is anticipated that this will result in a widely diversified and really exciting display of artistic garments.

Color schemes, finishings, touches of hand embroidery, and details of this nature are a matter for the entrant to decide. Just buy and use the wool to best possible advantage.

Remember, there is no limit to the number of garments one entrant may submit, but each one must be accompanied by four coupons.

Start knitting straight away, and give yourself more than one chance to see your name among the 157 prize winners.

SECTION 1.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize ... £30
2nd Prize ... £15 10 Prizes of ... 10/-
3rd Prize ... £5 20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 35 Prizes valued at £205.

This section will be open to all entrants. Each garment must comprise a color scheme of not less than four distinct shades. Schemes in man wool will not be considered as constituting a color scheme. Knitting, design, originality, and general effect will all be taken into account in the judging.

SECTION 2.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize ... £30
2nd Prize ... £15 10 Prizes of ... 10/-
3rd Prize ... £5 20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 35 Prizes valued at £205.

This section will be open only to those who have not previously won a prize in any knitting competition. Any design may be used, and entrants' attention is directed to the book published by The Australian Women's Weekly featuring, with directions, the latest designs from overseas.

SECTION 3.

Man's Cardigan or Pull-over

1st Prize ... £30 2nd Prize ... £15 10 Prizes of ... 10/-
3rd Prize ... £5 20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 35 Prizes valued at £205.

SECTION 4.

Baby's Outfit

1st Prize ... £10
2nd Prize ... £5 20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 25 Prizes valued at £25.

To comprise not less than three garments, including a frock or coat.

SECTION 5.

Pull-over or Cardigan for Children

Between 8 and 14 Years of Age
1st Prize ... £30
2nd Prize ... £15 10 Prizes of ... 10/-
3rd Prize ... £5 20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 35 Prizes valued at £205.

These garments will be designed mainly for school wear, and entrants can evolve attractive garments by using school colors, badges, etc.

SECTION 6.

Best Outfit of 5/-

1st Prize ... £15
2nd Prize ... £5 20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 25 Prizes valued at £25.

Best Outfit of approximately 5/-: The Judges will award the prizes in this section to the garment or garments which, made from the stipulated outfit, represent, in their finished state, the best value for the money. Any garment or garments, will be eligible for entry in this section. Sets of vests and scarves, ladies' lingerie, men's socks and ties, rug-mats, or dressing jackets; an endless variety of garments may be evolved by the enterprising knitter for 5/-. The market value of the garments, together with the standard of the knitting, will be the guiding factor in judging this section.

SECTION 7.

Lady's Singlet

1st Prize ... £15
2nd Prize ... £5 20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 25 Prizes valued at £25.

Artistry of design will be regarded as a special feature in this section. Fine lace stitches, touches of hand embroidery, or applique can be used.

The Australian Women's Weekly knitting book contains twenty exclusive designs for 6d. Buy your copy now, or write to this office enclosing 8d. in stamps to cover postage.

Conditions

1. A dated entry coupon will be published weekly in The Australian Women's Weekly during the progress of the competition, and each entry must be accompanied by four coupons of successive dates.

2. The name and full address of competitor and the number of the section in which the exhibit is to be judged must be printed in ink on calico and sewn firmly to the garment.

3. Each entry must be entirely the work of the competitor, but any number of entries may be sent in by one competitor. Each entry must comply with condition 1.

4. Entries must be handed in or posted to the head office of The Australian Women's Weekly in the competitor's State, namely—
N.E.W.: Macdonell House, 221 Pitt St., Sydney.

Queensland: Shell House, 301 Ann St., Brisbane.
South Australia: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.
Victoria: Arts Chambers, 239 Collins St., Melbourne.

Entries close on June 15.
Insufficiently stamped entries will not be accepted. If an exhibit is to be returned by post, the competitor must send sufficient postage to cover cost.

6. An official receipt for each exhibit will be supplied to each competitor, and must be produced when application is made for the return of the garment at the close of the competition.

7. Every care will be taken of the entries, but The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept any responsibility for goods lost or stolen in transit. Entrants are advised to send parcels either by rail or by registered post.

8. Entries may be pressed, but must not be washed or cleaned.

9. Judging will be done by experts, and the results will be announced as soon as possible after the closing of the competition. The Judges' decisions will be absolutely final.

Entry Coupon on inside back cover.



wet feet
lead to..
INFLUENZA!

'Tis wise to act quickly and prevent an ordinary COLD developing its worse symptoms. Bonnington's Irish Moss abates any feverishness, stops a COUGH in no time, relieves the head of throbbing heaviness!



**BONNINGTON'S
IRISH MOSS**
FOR COUGHS & COLDS

Our FASHION Service & Free Pattern



WW509.—Evening or Dinner Frock, with drop shoulder effect. The high neck extends round the back, where material is cut away with a deep V. Skirt features a low flare. Material for 36-inch bust, seven yards, 36 inches wide. Sizes available, 32 to 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 2/-.

WW503.—Tweed Frock relieved with touch of color on collar. Skirt features two narrow panels back and front. Unusual sleeve trimming is new. Material for 36-inch bust, four yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, half a yard 36 inches wide. Available for 32 to 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW503

WW508.—Matron's Frock in wool marocain with contrast collar forming jabot. Piece skirt slightly flared at base. Material for 36-inch bust, four yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, half a yard 36 inches wide. Sizes available, 34 to 48-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW506.—This Frock adopts a clever contrast with the pleated frilling at the neck, by Raglan sleeves shaped to widen the shoulders. Skirt panels give a slimming effect. Material for 36-inch bust, four yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, quarter of a yard 36 inches wide. Sizes available, 32 to 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW510.—Cosy Winter Frock with bloomers to match. Front is smocked under the white collar. Patch pockets are useful and effective. Fastening provided at the back. Patterns for 1 to 3 years. Material, one and a half yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, quarter yard 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

WW507.—Up to the neck in smartness is this youthful Costume in the new season's tweed, with double-breasted fastening. Skirt features an inverted pleat back and front. Pattern in maid's size. 32-inch bust only. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

All these patterns may be obtained on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated from:
—The Australian Women's Weekly—
ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 230 Collins St.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Wall Street.
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 223 Pitt St.



WW508

WW504.—A comfortable Coat of fancy tweed for sports wear. Front seam continues to the sides, forming pockets. Sleeves terminate with shaped cuffs. Material for 36-inch bust, three and a quarter yards 54 inches wide. Sizes available, 32 to 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW511.—Small boy's smart tunic Suit of brown tweed with double-breasted front. Pattern to fit a boy 2 to 4 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.



WW511



WW510



Here is a splendid design for our free pattern this week, presented in two entirely different guises. The first is a tweed front of tailored aspect, and the second has a daring bow across the front and a general suggestion of party wear.

A wide range of frocks includes also an evening frock, a selection of early winter models, a striking little street suit for "Miss Sixteen," and two cosy designs for kindergarten folk.

Our Free Pattern is cut to fit a 36in. bust measurement. Material required, 3yds. 36in. wide. All turnings must be allowed for when cutting out.

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon, free patterns are available for one month from day of issue at the following addresses:
The Australian Women's Weekly—
ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 230 Collins St.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Ch., Wall St.
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 223 Pitt St.
When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and id. stamp for postage to:
Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at the above address.
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name: _____
Address: _____
State: _____
Pattern Coupon, 1/4/34.



Schumann's Salts are the extracts of mineral spas renowned throughout Europe for their marvellous curative powers. Enjoy good health and abundance of energy and charm by keeping your system clean.



Give me one look at any woman-

and I'll tell you if she has P.B.S.

—says a leading practitioner

"The signs are unmistakable—dullness of the eyes—a pasty unhealthy tinge in the skin, and a general run-down appearance."
P.B.S. (Poisoned Blood Stream) is a woman's worst enemy because it distributes deadly health-wrecking poisons to every organ of the body, bringing loss of vitality and charm, LITTLENESS, NERVOUS HEADACHES, BAD BREATH, INSOMNIA, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, STOMACH DISORDERS.
P.B.S. is the outcome of the faulty and incomplete functioning of the bowels, liver and kidneys. Many medical authorities assert that P.B.S. causes chronic constipation and some of the most terrible human ailments.
The cure for the unclean system is a small dose of Schumann's Salts in a long glass of warm water every morning. The first dose will prove this.

There is no substitute for Schumann's Salts.
Any Chemist or good Store stocks Schumann's, so buy a jar to-day.

Schumann's

MINERAL SPRING

Salts

Purifies but does not Purge

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

High Blood Pressure Every Year Kills More People Than Does Cancer, for High Blood Pressure Destroys the Arteries and Heart.

SYMPTOMS OF HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE.—The most frequent symptoms of High Blood pressure are as follows:—

1. Chronic headaches.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness, and heaviness of the head.
4. Flashes to head and throat.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Insomnia and nervousness.
7. Failing eyesight.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE ATTACKS YOUR HEART



If you suffer in this way at quickly and at once, because High Blood Pressure gradually gets worse and worse, attacking and weakening your heart and hardening and thickening your arteries so that you are never quite well at any time, and you must die before your time unless you get attention quickly to keep the pressure down to a safe level. Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholids occasionally after meals. Mentholids, being a most powerful herbal antispasmodic medicine, in convenient form, which neutralises and expels the toxins and poisons from the blood stream and relieves the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal.

For the average case a three months' treatment with Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholids is sufficient for this purpose.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY

Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholids are Nature's own remedy for High Blood Pressure. For Mentholids sweep your blood stream free of poisons, keep your arteries youthful, and tone up your stomach, liver, and kidneys and make you feel young and vigorous.

If you suffer from any of these symptoms go to your chemist to-day and get a box of Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholids and take one Mentholid at meal time. You can get large boxes of Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholids containing enough for one month's continuous treatment for 6/6, or smaller boxes for 3/6, from any up-to-date chemist in the Commonwealth.

FREE DIET CHART

In every box of Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholids is included a copy of the diet chart, which will tell you what is best to eat when suffering from High Blood Pressure. If you are far from a chemist or store, just pin a postal note to this paper, with your name and address along the margin, and send it to MENTHOLID LABORATORIES, Dept. A, Box 38177, G.P.O., Sydney; your Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholids will reach you by return mail, complete with Diet Chart enclosed.

Be sure and get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholids in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine, which contains no drugs***



A Beauty Method for WOMEN OVER 30

B, KATHLEEN COURT

CHEEKS, forehead, nose and chin—all flawless, with the smooth perfection of a fresh flower petal... lips captivating as the Coral of Capri... lashes and brows, rich, dark and glamorous... How different it is with so many women who have left age 30 behind! Yet, vast as is the difference, it swiftly, surely comes about by means of the following Method:

AT NIGHT—before going to bed, wash the face with Paris Facial Treatment Soap and warm water. Dry, and apply Facial Youth-Cleansing Cream to face and neck. Wipe off, and if the skin is dry, lined or thin, apply my Night Cream, leaving it on during sleep. If this is oily, put in my Antiseptic Skin Tonic for a few minutes.

NEXT MORNING—with the face, using Paris Soap, Dry, Apply Facial Youth Day Cream, following with Golden Youth, Rare Talc or Sun-proof Face Powder, according to shade and weight of powder desired. Then a touch of Rose Petal or Paris Rouge and a flick of one of the smart Kathleen Court Lipsticks. For the eyelashes and brows, a little of my Lash-and-Brow Cosmetics will positively work wonders.

WAVES

To set beautiful waves into your hair at home, get a 2/6 bottle of Hennafloom Wave-Set, use as directed, and await the compliments. Also ideal for prolonging the life of a professional Permanent Wave. Saves its cost many times!



Cream of Yeast is LIFE!

All Chemists and Stores
24 Tablets, 1/11, 48 for 3/6.

LOUISE MACK ADVISES

Should doctors tell? ... Louise Mack, noted Australian author, discusses a vital problem from an unusual angle, in her article this week. ...

Should relations be told? ... Should the doctor tell us plainly and unmistakably when our dear ones are about to die? ... Two people have written me lately about this subject.

THIS is a problem that concerns us all, every man and woman who draws breath.

Should we be told the truth?

As "Ena," writing from Rockhampton, puts it: "How can we know the worst when the doctors and nurses put us off with vague sayings? Don't you think it would be better to tell us the truth? My husband's death was a terrible shock to me because I never understood that he was dying. If I had only known, I could have done so much more for him; I could have shown him so much more love and devotion at the last."

A cry from a bleeding heart, that is. Alas, it is a cry that many utter some time or other.

If we had only known!

Oh, what we would have done and said in those last hours if we had only known.

A great many people have discussed this subject with me at various times, and many are agreed that most doctors and nurses need a different method when the end is inevitable and they know it, yet they fail to make it understood.

The trouble is that the doctor fears to too greatly upset the wife, or husband, or father, or mother, by saying quite plainly, "This is death coming to your beloved."

Instead, the doctor does what is called softening the blow.

But often he is not understood because the whole heart and soul of the person he is breaking the news to are set on a desperate, colossal effort to hope for the best.

In millions of cases the doctor's words are taken to mean only "There is danger." And against that we poor humans pit all the tremendous human forces of our will, and hope, and courage, and love, and optimism, blending them all together in one gigantic attempt to get the better of the danger and steer the patient back to safety.

There is a saying "Where there is life there is hope," and it is on that saying that people rely, even in the face of the doctor's warnings.

And then the blow falls, and finds them amazingly unprepared, feeling them to the earth sometimes, crushing them utterly, and blaming the doctor for not letting them know.

And yet the doctor, if you asked him, would tell you that he thought he had let them know there was no hope at all.

THERE are two aspects to this situation that need consideration.

One is, if the relatives are told quite plainly, quite unmistakably, "Death is coming," will they not be terribly upset, and will the sick man or woman not notice their grief and be perturbed thereby?

They must remain hovering about the sick bed, and how are they to disguise the agony in their hearts as they bend over their beloved?

How are they to look as if nothing frightening had happened?

Somehow, it seems to me too hard for mortals that way. It puts too great a strain on them. To smile, to be cheerful and bright, to keep back the choking

tears, and the agony of rebellion in your heart, and look just pleasant and tender and hopeful, with the doctor's words echoing through your brain, "Death is coming," is more than most of us can achieve. We are only finite, after all, only human, only men and women, not gods.

So perhaps the other way is the best; the veiled way of warning us, yet not taking from us our last poor shred of hope.

MY other correspondent who writes about this subject is a man who has just lost his wife.

"If I had only understood that she was going," he writes, "Talking to the nurse I said, 'When the weather gets better



DOCTOR: The best I can do is to put you on a diet of lettuce, pineapple, toast melba, and grapefruit. PATIENT: Before or after meals, Doctor?

I'll take her up the mountains," and the nurse nodded and added, "Of course she may never leave the hospital, many don't you know," but even that meant nothing more to me than to provoke me to reply, "Oh, I'm not going to think that, I'm going to be sure she will get well." Next day she died.

And now I can see that both doctor and nurse were warning me, but I couldn't see it then, and the blow found me utterly unprepared."

MY advice is that if you feel strong enough to bear the truth, strong enough to hide your feelings, then you should make the doctor tell you so that you can do your utmost for those last hours.

But if you are not strong enough for that, then the veiled warnings, and the shred of hope, will be best for you, and I think they are best for most people.



BRAINWAVES!

Conducted by L. W. LOWER
A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

CANVASSER: Here's a book to interest you, ma'am—"A Hundred Excuses For Coming Home Late!" it's called. Lady: Why should it interest me? Canvasser: I just told your husband a copy.

MCHAGGIES: Why is Angus returning to Scotland? I thought he liked Australia?

McSPORRAN: Weel, he does a lot o' readin' o' nights, and the twilights here are too short!

CHARITABLE LADY: The last time I gave you money, you promised you wouldn't walk straight into a public house and spend it.

TRAMP: That's right, lady.

C.L.: Yes, but as soon as you got the money, you did.

TRAMP: Say, lady, don't you know the difference between a walk and a sprint?

For MARRIED Happiness...

Watch the VOICE

Angry wives should take deep breaths, else their tones become strident and they wear down their own nerves as well as those of their husbands. This is the advice of an Australian elocutionist, who has taught thousands of people to speak properly, and who said last week that in many cases success or failure in life depended on the voice. About 5 per cent. of unhappy marriages could be definitely traced to an unsympathetic voice in husband or wife.

TENDENCY in Australia, according to the expert, is to produce an average voice of a tenor pitch. This is due to wrong breathing. Deep breaths cause deep voices. In England among the cultured classes, the deep voice is more common than the tenor. But in America, the tenor has become so general that theatrical producers are experiencing difficulty in obtaining bases for operatic and chorus work.

"An unsympathetic voice," said he, "does not necessarily denote an unsympathetic character. It is a voice which is toneless by lack of development, and it leads to innumerable misunderstandings. A person with a voice like this does not know how to express in sound what he or she feels in the heart. Inside, such a person may, for example, wish to show gratitude; but the voice will be just as matter-of-fact as usual. Just as there is a poker face, there is also a poker voice."

Angry wives should take deep breaths, else their tones become strident and they wear down their own nerves as well as those of their husbands. This is the advice of an Australian elocutionist, who has taught thousands of people to speak properly, and who said last week that in many cases success or failure depended on the voice. About 5 per cent. of unhappy marriages could be definitely traced to an unsympathetic voice in husband or wife.



Don't Let

Kidney Trouble

Ruin Your Health!

NOTHING is more destructive to good health than Kidney Trouble—and if neglected often results in a life of misery. Backache, Rheumatism, Swollen Aching Joints, Nervous, Depressed and Worn-Out Feeling are all signs that you should at once begin taking Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills—the ever-reliable Kidney Tonic, which has brought relief to thousands of Australians during the past 25 years.

Gin Pills are sure to help you.

DR. SHELDON'S GIN PILLS

NEW CLYDE LAWN MOWER
AN ALL AUSTRALIAN PRODUCT
MADE BY THE CLYDE ENGINEERING CO. LTD.
CLYDE, N.S.W.
FREE DELIVERY
FREE REPAIRS
FREE GUARANTEE
FREE DELIVERY
FREE REPAIRS
FREE GUARANTEE

"WHITE HORSE INN" and "FRESH FIELDS"

MANY points of interest attach to the presentation of "White Horse Inn," which opened at the Royal on Saturday night. Strella Wilson, whom Australian audiences remember so happily in Gilbertian roles, makes a reappearance after some years abroad. The show is proudly claimed to be the theatre's reply to the talkies. A revolving stage is a feature of the production, as are the Tyrolean dancers, who were imported from their native haunts.

To attempt reply to the silver sheet on so limited an area as the stage at the Royal bespeaks a glorious confidence on the part of the producer, but the superb dancing of the ballet, and their picturesque and colorful costumes achieve actual effects that would leave a talkie director aghast with envy.

"White Horse Inn" is not an answer to the talkies. It is the old-time legitimate show, gorgeously staged with extravagant settings, wonderful ballets and riotous humor.

Strella Wilson in the lead gave the impression of being definitely miscast, for her entrances were, for the most

part, unostentatious and her opportunities to sing so limited as to leave the audience longing for a number in which her glorious voice would be heard to full advantage.

Conversely, Myra Morris compensated for singing that left much to be desired by a charming personality, exquisite dressing and the skilful effects she has achieved with the ballets.

Charles Norman infused the maximum of humor into a curious role, while Sydney Burchall has again one of those roles which suit him so perfectly. In fact, his suits include a dazzling sartorial array, one that gives full scope for his singing and general bonhomie.

Arthur Stigant, in a part notable for its robust humor, rather than wit; Jack

A DAILY service of women's news supplied by The Australian Women's Weekly is broadcast from 2UW every afternoon at 2 o'clock. Listen-in to Dorothea Vautier's Women's Hour for this feature.

and Sylvia Kellaway in characteristic buoyancy; and Leslie Victor completed the cast.

"Fresh Fields"

WHETHER Ivor Novello has laughed with us or at us is not quite clear in "Fresh Fields," at the Criterion; the impression is rather that wanting a vulgarism from lands unknown he, not unnaturally, chose the Antipodes as the location.

In spite of its occasional smut-tiness, "Fresh Fields" is a thoroughly entertaining comedy, and most amusing throughout. This in spite of the fact that one feels it is sacrilege to compare Ivor Novello with Noel Coward. Where Coward's comedies are genuine studies, brilliantly conceived and written, Novello has just strung together a number of situations one has repeatedly met before and, for their dialogue, collected a number of time-honored jokes and witticisms. In one place, indeed, one of the characters has the grace to remark, "but that is an old one," or words to that effect.

The cast, too, with the exception of Katie Towers, Agnes Doyle, and Gerald Savory, may appear unsuited to their parts, yet that does not matter from an amusement point of view. Harvey Adams is not in the least like the vulgarian brother he is supposed to represent, and Jane Wood, in spite of her dainty duck air, is more like a beautiful mannequin than a woman left on the shelf. Grace Lane never "barks," and the pretence of stepping her sister, instead of really doing so, at the curtain of Act 2, is unconvincing.

But, just the same, there is not a dull moment in the show.

Things that HAPPEN

EXCITING or humorous incidents noticed by you may be of interest to others. Tell them in The Australian Women's Weekly and mark the envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true and original. Payment will be remitted immediately after publication.

Dog and the Puffs

VISITORS were expected, and the daughter of the house decided to make cream puffs for afternoon tea. Something went wrong, however, and instead of being light and puffy, they were decidedly heavy and could not be eaten. Every day her pet dog used to come to the back door and beg, and so, for some days, was given the puffs, which he seemed to enjoy. A few days after he was digging in the garden when she came face to face with her puffs again. The dog had taken them each day and buried them all in the same place. He had evidently decided that they would be bad for his digestion!—J.L.

State Lore

ONE wet night, having retired early, and not being sleepy, I entered into a discussion upon schoolwork with my niece, aged 9 years, who occupied the same room. On inquiring into the day's study I was informed that she had learned the different States of the Commonwealth and was questioning her, when her brother, aged eight years, called out from an adjoining room. "I know what a State is. It's a place where you go when you ain't got no mother or father."—H.B.

Embarrassing!

A FRIEND came out of his club the other afternoon to find that his motor car had been removed. He immediately rang the police and gave the description and number. A few minutes later he found the car back in the same position as he had left it. As it was late he decided to drive home, and notify the police from his telephone at home.



PROMISING YOUNG WIFE: I firmly resolve never again to peel potatoes with my husband's razor.

Before he had driven half a mile he was stopped by a constable on point duty and told that the car he was driving was stolen. He had some difficulty in satisfying the officer of the law as to his ownership of the car before he was allowed to proceed.—A.J.R.

Awkward Situation

A FRIEND was travelling recently from Melbourne to Sydney by boat. The first night on board, being alone she thought she would have a bath and go to bed. She had the bath, put on her nightclothes and dressing-gown in the bathroom, and went off. She went into a cabin, but couldn't find the switch so she just pushed her case and clothes under a bunk and was about to get in when a voice called out: "Shall I put the light on for you, old chap?" She was in a man's cabin.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I have come to the wrong cabin. If I leave anything behind I can get it in the morning." So saying she gathered up her clothes found her own cabin, and put her clothes down. To her amazement she found she had picked up a man's boot.

The next morning she eventually found the owner of the boot, who smiled and said: "That was not the only mistake you made last night. You also had your bath in the men's bathroom, for your handkerchief was on the floor!"—M.M.S.

HOST Hollbrook says: I brew my Pure Malt Vinegar from Australian barley and malted it for one year.***

THE HUB'S 16th Anniversary SALE

The Hub's Anniversary Sale brings to you a series of wool bargains that cannot be equalled in Sydney. Compare quality for quality, and price for price, and you'll be convinced that The Hub's wool values are unbeatable. This is due to The Hub's buying-alertness and the friendly co-operation of manufacturers who offered to us their surplus stocks at a big discount for cash.



5-inch Machine-knitted Jumper Basques FREE!

This offer is definitely limited to "Women's Weekly" readers only—for one week only. Every purchaser of wool at The Hub who mentions the "Women's Weekly" when purchasing will be entitled to receive a machine-knitted 5-inch Jumper basque free of charge. Apart from saving you money on your wool, this offer means a very definite saving to you. This "Birthday Gift" offer ends Thursday next. Shop early!

6d Value 4-Ply Wool

A genuine 6d. value wool for 4½d. per skein! "Jaythorn" 4-ply Fingering wool is made exclusively for The Hub by one of the leading Australian Mills. Its soft texture and washing and wearing abilities are the equal of much higher-priced wools. Offered in a range that includes every possible shade, as well as many appealing fancy Heather mixtures. Usually, 6d. ANNIVERSARY SALE Per 1oz. Skein ... 4½d

2-Ply Silk and Wool

It's great fun to knit your own undies and little things for baby (and very economical, too). Here's the ideal material—2-ply Silk and Wool in a range of pretty pastel shades—at Sydney's lowest price. Salmon, Shell Pink, Eau-de-Nil, Lemon, Sage, Sky, and White. ANNIVERSARY SALE 5d Skein ... 5d

4-Ply Scotch Fingering

A New Season's product AT LAST YEAR'S LOW PRICE! We are not allowed to use the maker's name in this advertisement, but you will recognize the quality as being identical with one of Australia's best 4-ply Scotch Fingering Wools. A quality that is renowned for its fine texture and long-wearing ability. Available in shades of Scarlet, Salmon, Sage, Orange, Peacock Blue, Marine, Maroon, Royal, Fawn, Brown, Lemon, Gold, Navy and White, as well as a wide range of Heather Marls. Don't miss this! Usually 6d. ANNIVERSARY SALE ... 6d Per 1oz. Skein ... Or 2/11 per lb.

"X" (?) Brand Super Wools

Here's another thrilling value from the "X" (?) Australian Knitting Mills (we are not allowed to mention the name, but you'll recognize the quality as one that sells at a slightly higher standard price). 2, 3, and 4-ply Best Super Quality Knitting Wool, suitable for all types of garments. ANNIVERSARY SALE 8d 1oz. Skein ...

FIXED PRICE KNITTING WOOLS

Golden Wattle

Lineal Mills 4-ply Golden Wattle wool in a full range of plain shades and Heather mixtures. Full range of colours always in stock. SALE—1oz. skein ... 7d

Paton & Baldwin's

Paton and Baldwin's 2, 3, and 4-ply Super Wool in every shade and Heather mixtures. This wool is renowned for its soft finish, and wonderful wearing and washing qualities. SALE—1oz. skein ... 10d

Rose Fingering

Paton and Baldwin's 4-ply Rose Fingering wool. One of the most popular wools ever offered. Full range of plain shades and Vandy mixtures. SALE—1oz. skein ... 11/3 Per lb.

4-Ply Wendy Wool

Something different in knitting wools is the Wendy Harmony and Random Marls in 4-ply. These wools knit up into wonderful garments. You'll be pleased at the finished effect. All colorings. 1oz. Skein SALE ... 11½d

The HUB Limited
393-5-7 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

HOUSEWIVES

A Perfect and Economical Baking Yeast for You

A Yeast which is Guaranteed for 12 Months CENOVIS

A small packet of Cenovis Baking Yeast will make 30 large loaves for 1/8 and if directions are followed, as many as 50 large loaves are obtainable from one packet. Larger sizes give even more economical results. It is a granulated dehydrated German yeast of great fermentative power, excellent flavor and economy. There is no better baking yeast in the world. All that is necessary is to soak a teaspoonful in a little warm water and sugar for a few minutes, and use as any other yeast. It starts fermentation in TWO MINUTES. The quickest ferment ever known.

Put up in 1½oz. packets at 1/8, 4oz. at 2/6, 8oz. at 4/6, and 16oz. at 7/6. The larger sizes are suitable for farm and station use. Why be without yeast in the house? It is a wonderful medicine and pick-me-up also, and a great preventive of disease.

Ask your local storekeeper to stock Cenovis Yeast for you, or write direct to us and we will send you a sample.

Beauty Yeast Facial Pack

Ladies—The Cenovis translated Beauty Yeast Face Pack will delight you. Sold at 1/6, it gives results which are described as "wonderful," "delightful," and "irresistible" by ladies who are using them. Ask your chemist or storekeeper to get them for you and have postage.

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Fink's Buildings
6 Elizabeth St., Melb., C.L.
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Make Going to Business a Pleasure LIVE AT MANLY

Travel to and from town in fast, comfortable, roomy, glassed-in Balcon Steamers. Enjoy twice daily the most delightful Harbour Trip in the world.

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FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT

A magnificent Dressing Pavilion and Tea Rooms situated right at the end of the Pool provide the same of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Room is also available for supper parties, dances, bridge, etc.

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SEASON TICKETS COST PER DAY: GENT'S 4½d., LADIES' 3½d., CHILD'S 1½d.

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HEADACHES



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If you suffer from headaches, or pain in the eyes, you may save yourself further suffering by consulting us. You can rely on our most conscientious service, and moderate charges.

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C. A. GIBB Optometrists. And at NEWCASTLE
J. W. BEEMAN

Many persons who suffer constant headaches, never think of ascribing the trouble to the right cause, and take all kinds of drugs without more than temporary relief, when all they require are properly adapted glasses. We have had great success in relieving many such cases.

£100 in prizes for Australia's Jolliest BABY



The quest is on. A £100 Quest for Australia's Jolliest Baby. Your baby may win it; any baby may win it; it hasn't got to be a beautiful baby, or even good looking. The competition will be judged purely on the jolliness of a snapshot taken by yourself or a friend. Any baby at all may enter, as long as it is two years or less at 17th May, 1934. And look at the prizes. £50 for Australia's Jolliest Baby, £25 for second, £10 for third, and 100 consolation prizes of handsome baby gift boxes, sold everywhere for 4/6 each.

THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE

There is no entrance fee. All you need do is to take a jolly snapshot of your baby, fill in an entry form obtainable at your chemist and post the two to Johnson and Johnson Ltd., 517 Dowling Street, Moore Park, Sydney, to arrive before May 17th, 1934.

It's quite simple, and there is an excellent chance that your baby may prove Australia's jolliest and so win a big cash prize.

Johnson and Johnson believe that Australia has the jolliest babies in the world, and this quest is an endeavour to determine who has Australia's Jolliest Baby.

Ask your chemist to tell you more about it. Your chemist will tell you, too, why Johnson's Baby Powder, superlatively soft and pure, is so much better for your baby.

Johnson's baby powder

"Best for Baby—Best for You."

● A product of Johnson and Johnson—world's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modest, etc.

Q.D.1

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in our big
Knitting
COMPETITION

For Young WIVES & MOTHERS

Preventing and Treating
Breast Abscesses

By MARY
TRUBY KING
Daughter of Sir
Truby King,
Authority on
Baby Welfare.

A mother has written asking for some guidance as to the prevention of breast abscesses, which, with her last baby, caused much complication in the management of its natural feeding, and eventually led to early weaning.

If mothers would only pay due attention to the proper pre-natal and post-natal care of the breasts, as taught in all baby welfare centres, a breast abscess would be a very rare thing.

ONE of the things the skilled nurse attends to when a woman presents herself at an Ante-Natal Clinic for examination is the condition of the breasts. It is impressed upon her that the wearing of tight garments over these organs of the body is prejudicial to their later perfect functioning. She should also be instructed gradually to accustom the breasts to sun-bathing, by stripping to the waist in some secluded spot, and letting the sun's rays shine first on her chest and then on her back. Care must be taken in the case of very fair people that this exposure is not too sudden, or continued for too long. The sun, besides being a great healer, is a great preventive of all ills.

If the mother gives a history of difficult lactation (natural feeding) with previous babies, she will be instructed to bathe the breasts daily with hot and cold water alternately—the one as hot and the other as cold as can be comfortably borne. This should be done every day, regularly, to obtain the best results.

Where the mother can obtain sea-bathing, this is also advocated. Where this is impossible, the mother is advised to douche the breasts daily in water to

Mothers should make an absolute point of refusing to allow the matron or sisters of the maternity hospital in which they are confined to give baby a dummy during the night (or at any other time).

Such an ignorant custom (unfortunately prevalent in many maternity homes and hospitals of to-day) causes the baby to get into the habit of chewing on the breast, thus giving rise to cracked nipples. Once the crack appears there is every chance of an infection working its way down to the deeper tissues.

Sister Jacob, Sister-in-Charge of the Australian Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth St., Sydney, to whom many of The Australian Women's Weekly readers have turned for advice, writes as follows on the subject of breast abscesses: "The importance of avoiding a chill is not sufficiently explained to young mothers. A chill is often responsible for much trouble—especially in the first two or three weeks after baby's birth. The mother must keep her breasts warm, and not allow any portion of her body to become chilled."

DURING the first few weeks, Nature is endeavoring to adjust the supply of milk to baby's needs. There is often too much milk for baby at first; the remainder is not expressed by hand; the milk-ducts become blocked, and the breasts become knotty and engorged.

When this condition is present, the breasts should be firmly supported with a tight binder; the intake of fluids restricted temporarily; the bowels kept well opened, and the breasts gently but firmly massaged with warm olive oil from the base of the breast towards the nipple. Three hot horacic fomentations, applied in fairly quick succession every four hours, relieve the congestion. These should be applied after baby has been fed, and when the breasts are more or less empty.

Prepare several thicknesses of old linen to cover the whole breast, leaving a hole in the centre, so that the pack does not cover the nipple. Put 1 teaspoon of boracic into 1 pint of water and bring to the boil. Then dip pack into the boiling water, and apply to the breast as hot as can be borne. Over this place a round of oiled silk, and then cotton wool—both with holes in the centre, so that the nipple is not covered. Then use a breast binder to keep the pack in position.

As soon as the packs are removed, place a pad of wool in two or three thicknesses, or flannel, over the breasts, to prevent chill until the next lot of fomentations is due.

When baby takes bigger feeds the condition will be relieved. Though engorgement of the breasts occurs quite frequently in the first week of natural feeding, it tends to last but a few days.



"MORNING, KOOKAS! Going to laugh for me to-day?" Ross Shaddock, a real Truby King child, goes the rounds of his playmates.

which a little common salt has been added.

The mother is impressed with the importance of drying the nipples thoroughly, so that they will not become cracked; cracked nipples pave the way for infection leading to breast abscesses.

Sometimes abscesses occur because the new-born baby is left at the breast for far too long at a time. There is no point in urging baby to drink for more than two or three minutes at first, at regular three or four-hourly intervals. If baby is allowed to stay over-long, the nipples may crack, in spite of the best pre-natal preparation.

PALESTINE Transformed

By Our Clerical Observer.

With the migration of large numbers of Jews to the Holy Land, a wonderful transformation is taking place.

JERUSALEM, the old historic capital, still retains its old-world character. The Temple Area, the Dome of the Rock, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Pool of Bethesda, and the Jews' Walling Place still remain, within the walls of the original city.

But beyond these there has recently sprung up a modern city with its 80 miles of streets, the most recent of which are spacious thoroughfares—in contrast with the narrow lanes of the old city—lined with handsome stone buildings in true modern style.

There are up-to-date hotels, restaurants, colleges, schools, churches of various denominations, fine shops, and motor garages. A modern cinema, with talkies, bears the name of Zion Hall. The locality is known as the Piccadilly of the Holy City. Off the Jaffa Rd.—with its modern motor bus service—are superlatively comprising the "Bond-street of the East."

For a bus fare of 2/6 return one may go from Jerusalem, a run of 23 miles, to the new pleasure resort at the

northern end of the Dead Sea. Passing the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, and Bethany—places where the most sacred incidents in all history centre—the route runs down through the Judean Hills, past the Good Samaritan's Inn, to the Sea.

Within the last two years the desolation here has been replaced by life and stir. Restaurants, cafes, bathing-sheds and boatsheds have sprung up. Visitors from London and other parts of the world may be seen bathing by moonlight, following this by motor-boat trips on the lake, unique in the composition of its water, which is heavily charged with mineral substance.

Further east is the moabite country, with the sites of the ancient Sodom and Gomorrah, with their sinister associations with the affairs of Lot and the fate of his ill-starred wife, as told in the Bible story.

Bethlehem, some five or six miles from Jerusalem, has so far been left practically undisturbed by this modern rush, as befits the birthplace of the world's Redeemer, and the same may be said of Nazareth, to the north, where His youth and portions of His ministry were spent. Will these centres remain immune? Or will the Lake of Galilee become as the Dead Sea? Perhaps they will remember, and preserve its holy calm inviolate.

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Chemist Tells Recipe for Family Cough Remedy

HELP PEOPLE SAVE MONEY

Here's a recipe, given by a leading chemist, that will enable people to make the best family cough remedy, and at the same time save much money. Everybody knows that a good cough and influenza remedy consists of two main sections:

The first section is the undiluted medicinal ingredients; and the second is, of course, the necessary water and sweetening. The preparation of the medicinal ingredients requires trained knowledge, but the water and sweetening can be added in the home just as easily as in the pharmacy. And you save a lot of money by doing so. Now, prove these facts by trying this HEENZO recipe: into a jug put four tablespoonfuls of sugar, three of either treacle or honey, two of vinegar, and a large breakfastcupful of warm water. Stir till dissolved, and when the syrup is quite cold pour into a large bottle, and then add a two-shilling bottle of concentrated HEENZO, obtained from your chemist or store. By doing this you will have a family supply equal in quantity and superior in quality to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the best ready-mixed cough remedy that, if purchased in the usual way, would cost up to £1. An outstanding feature about HEENZO is the fact that it is a safe remedy for babies as well as adults, and over 12,000 people have written letters proclaiming it the best remedy they have ever used for quickly banishing coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and influenza.***

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Dept. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth St., Melbourne. Established 22 years.***

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Kill this disgusting pest with

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'Solvento' kills the cockroaches and destroys the eggs. Sold under our

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TIGER SALVE

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

OPEN Your WINDOWS Wide

By Evelyn ... and BREATHE!

Breathe Deeply for Health ... and For Beauty!

NOT only are we dependent upon breath for life—we are largely dependent upon correct habits of breathing for continued vitality, and freedom from disease.

This article shows the way to renewed life and loveliness, sparkling vitality, for those who will practise deep, directed breathing.

A GREAT man in medical circles has said: "One generation of correct breathers would regenerate the race, and disease would be so rare as to be looked upon as a curiosity."

This appears a rather sweeping statement to make, but one, I am sure, that will make you stop and think a while, and then—perhaps—do your bit!

To the Oriental, air has a "soul." To him, there is an added force or quality—a mystical something—a live force about it.

In India, they say, men become gods by deep breathing.

You have perhaps read books in which deep, directed breathing is advocated as part of the religious training.

This may or may not be of interest to you. But you can, if you will, breathe out fear and regret, ill-will and fret, and breathe in new courage and new resolutions, the will "to do"—say a final good-bye to the water that has passed beneath the bridge.

HOW TO BREATHE

NOW, here is the first lesson in correct breathing:

- (1) Stand or sit erect,
- (2) Breathing through the nostrils, inhale steadily, first filling the lower part of the lungs, pushing forward the front walls of the abdomen. Then up—fill the middle part of the lungs, expanding the lower ribs, and chest. Now, up, up, still further—breathe in right up to your

chin, while expanding the upper chest.

This seems to be a three-part movement, but it really is a continuous flow.

(3) Retain the breath a few seconds.

(4) Exhale slowly, holding the chest in a firm position, drawing the abdomen in a little, and lifting it upwards slowly as the air leaves the lungs.

Do this five times. And when your lungs have become used to this—when the "burning" sensation will have lessened, do it ten times—night and morning—and once through the day, if you can.

Try it, and see what a revivifying

effect—what a beautifying effect—it has upon you.

Most of us only use the tops of our lungs to breathe—we seem to think that the lungs end at the diaphragm. But they don't. They go clear down to the waistline on either side of the ribs.

BREATHE FOR REJUVENATION

A STALWART man of the sea who admits to forty, and looks twelve years younger, breathes deeply—time and time again—as he paces up and down the "bridge," as he walks on land.

He counts eight slowly (this has become automatic), while breathing in; holds it for three seconds, and expels the air, counting eight.

Of course, you don't need to be told that you must never breathe through

the mouth. Even the savage mother knows this, and tips her baby's head in sleep so that it can't breathe through its mouth. Nostrils were made to breathe through.

AND FINALLY...

Breathe deeply when you are "nervous," when you feel like a failure, when you have a weak digestion, when your hair and eyes and skin are dull, lifeless.

Breathe deeply when you get up in the morning—breathe in life and beauty, courage and good resolutions. At night, breathe again deeply, expel fear, unkind thoughts... and so happily to bed.



...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Is it advisable to wear a scarf or muffler round the neck in the cold weather?

I NEVER allow any of my own family to wear scarves or mufflers; they merely weaken the throat and chest, and make one more liable to coughs and sore throats.

It is a great mistake to make a general rule of wrapping your neck up too thoroughly, just as it is stupid to wear too many and too thick clothes. They hamper your movements and tire you unnecessarily and may prevent you holding yourself upright and breathing naturally. And if you get into the habit of wearing too much you feel cold and catch cold when you begin leaving them off. But, on the other hand, if you have not been well, or have got a cold, or if the day is unusually chilly, the wearing of a heavy coat and scarf is not only comforting, but also a great protection. But do not make a fad of wearing a scarf round your neck in all weathers.

PATIENT: I want you to look at my finger, Doctor, it is very much swollen and terribly tender. It started about a week ago, and I don't know what to do about it. To-day it started to throb, and I thought I had better come to you about it.

I CAN see at once that you have a septic finger, Madam. I will have to lance it and put on a hot fomentation, and you will have to go home and remain quiet. You must renew the fomentations every hour or so. You should have seen a doctor immediately the trouble started. Remember to keep your arm in a sling, otherwise you are sure to use it without thinking and cause more pain and suffering to yourself.

PATIENT: I am suffering from much discomfort and fullness in the stomach and shortness of breath. I am losing weight, and am greatly troubled with wind.

I NOTICED while you were speaking that you were making curious movements with your head and neck as though you were trying to bring up wind but could not do so. Each time you do this you gulp down more air, and it is clear that a great part of your trouble is due to the habit of swallowing air into the stomach.

I noticed when you stood up that your head and chest sank in while your abdomen protruded, and instead of moving your chest to breathe you simply blow your stomach in and out. Thus you suck air into your stomach as a result of incorrect breathing.

You should get into the habit of hold-

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



THIS EXERCISE will help to strengthen the muscles of the back as well as develop and shape the legs. A firm, erect back, ensuring a good carriage, is as necessary to the perfect figure as any slenderness or smoothness of curves.

ing yourself properly, head up, chest out, stomach in; and practice breathing deeply with the chest several times a day. Then you must try and break yourself of the habit of swallowing wind; whenever you feel a desire to bring it up, make up your mind not to do so.

PATIENT: My mother is a chronic invalid; how can I prevent her getting bedsores?

BEDSORES over the sacrum, the hips, the heels, the elbows, or on the lower part of the body where the bones are

prominent, are very apt to occur unless bedridden patients are given unremitting attention. Even with the greatest care it is difficult to prevent them, especially in those too weak to move in bed. The parts most likely to become affected should be washed thoroughly, daily, preferably with your hand well lathered with a pure soap. The gentle massage and friction helps the circulation. After drying, rub with methylated spirit and then dust with talcum powder.

The position of the patient should be changed frequently, not less than three or four times, daily. This not only prevents bedsores, but also assists in warding off hyperstatic pneumonia, a condition which frequently occurs in bedridden people, especially if aged.

PATIENT: What is the correct treatment for the bite of a spider?

THE treatment for spider bites is the same as for snakebites. The wound should be scathed, the poison removed if possible, and permanganate of potash rubbed into the wound. At the same time a ligature should be affixed between the wound and the heart. In eastern and southern Australia there are only two notably poisonous breeds of spiders, the "Red Back" and the "Trapdoor," but precautions should be taken in the case of the bite of any spider.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Worried Mother": In order to answer your question fully, will you please forward full postal address?

B.T.C. (North Coast): Your letter will be fully dealt with in a later issue.

E.J. (S.A.): Simply beat the white of egg together with a teaspoon good tale and apply. Leave on for 10 minutes. Remove with cotton wool dipped in lukewarm water.

S.T. (St. Kilda, Vic.): A special article dealing with the matter appeared in our issue of March 17.

Mrs. R. (Campsie): Your letter will be answered personally within the next few days.

"Poor Sufferer": Your idea is a good one. A machine was invented in America some months ago by a renowned beauty specialist for this purpose, but no more has been heard of it.

—EVELYN

HOST Bother—says: My Worcestershire Sauce is tempting to the appetite. Ah! it is the world's appetizer.***



—Lapten photo.

MISS NORA MACK

The Brilliant Concert Artist and Radio Star, is another of the lovely women who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

The Loveliest use it!

THE loveliest use Mercolized Wax to clear the skin, and to keep it clear. They prefer it to greasy creams, for these are liable to clog the pores and merely mask blemishes which should be removed. Mercolized Wax absorbs impurities, and thus removes all defects, such as freckles, moth-patches, roughness, and accumulated waste matter; it clears the skin thoroughly, leaves the pores free to breathe.

Follow the example of those lovely clear-skinned girls who succeed in keeping a clear, fresh skin always in spite of summer sun and winter wind. Begin to-night to use Mercolized Wax. Watch the rapid improvement in the health and beauty of your skin. This new beauty will have come to stay if you protect it always with daily use of Mercolized Wax. It is undoubtedly the perfect powder base, and stops powder from clogging the pores.



AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Mercolized Wax

The Modern Skin Beautifier.

THE NEW DEARBORN LIP STICKS ARE JUST THE SMARTEST SHADES OUT.

A THREAD OF SCARLET

Continued from
Page 14

"TWO, sir," answered Migworth. "Lower Ashley and Upper Ashley. This inn is midway betwixt them."

"I see! If you reside here, perhaps you can tell me whether the population includes a tall man who is stone-deaf—possibly dumb also?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir," replied Migworth. "But," put in Smith hopefully, "we've got a paralytic, sir."

"H'm! This man was apparently bound for one or other of the Ashleys—at least, we encountered him not far from this inn—and he gave my chauffeur and myself the shock of our lives." "How was that, sir?" Migworth asked respectfully.

Here Mr. Flett entered with a tray, which he set on a small table at the new customer's elbow.

"Thanks," said the stranger, and proceeded to mix his toddy. "Well, in the midst of a blizzard, our lamps showed him walking in the middle of the road. We kept sounding the horn, a pretty powerful one, and the wind was on his back, but he took no notice. We slowed, and my man was going to risk the ditch when the fellow stepped aside, and we carried on. Next moment he was back in the middle of the road." The speaker paused and took a cautious sip of the steaming mixture.

The landlord, who had moved to the door, halted there, listening for the rest of the story.

"It was the nearest thing!" the stranger resumed. "Of course, we braked hard, but I swear the bonnet touched him, when the car stopped with a jerk that I really thought, had finished her. And the fellow walked on, without so much as turning his head."

"My gracious!" cried Migworth. "Did anyone ever hear the like? What did you do, sir?"

"Shouted to him to stop, but again he paid no attention. I think he must have left the road soon after, for when we got going once more—the car had suffered, you understand, that's why I'm here—there was no further sign of him. But"—grimly—"I'd like very much to meet him again."

"Sounds like a loony, sir," said Migworth. "And ye never saw his face?"

"Nothing, but his back." The stranger sipped his toddy. "A tall man, as I've said, in a long, black tarpaulin coat and soft felt hat."

"Plenty o' tarpaulins and soft felts—old ones—hereabouts," observed Smith, seizing the chance of getting in a word.

"He had a heavy muffler coming above his coat collar, as though to shield the back of his head from the blast. I noted it in the lamplight—a scarlet muffler."

At the utterance of the last two words Smith started as though knifed, while Migworth screeched. "A what?"

"A scarlet muffler!" shouted the landlord, clutching at the edge of the door, and Butters moved as one in a daze.

The stranger stared. "Yes, a scarlet muffler. Odd taste, no doubt. Still—"

But, I say, what's the matter with your friend? His gaze was on Butters.

Said Butters, hazily: "Hung on a thread o' scarlet, he was, and smilin'—"

"Kindly excuse him, sir," said Migworth. "Unknown to us he has got rather too much."

"Smilin' the smile of an—"

"Come, come, old man!" Migworth murmured anxiously.

As though hearing him not, Butters turned slowly to the stranger, and extended a quivering forefinger. "Was a ghost ye saw this night," he mumbled; "the ghost o' Jacob Forge, who was hung for murder this mornin' in Lakeford Gaol. And he was hung on a thread o' that same scarlet muffler—God rest his soul!"

Having said this, Mr. Butters relapsed into his inert condition.

The stranger addressed Migworth. "This is rather beyond me," he said. "Incidentally, I should say that your friend is suffering, not from any over-indulgence, but from some severe mental and nervous strain."

Smith managed to anticipate Migworth.

"Is like enough ye're right, sir. William Butters is a sober man, and as honest as any grocer could be. In these hard times, has had his difficulties. But he should never have gone through them, the black flag being gone to see see, sir, he had the ill-luck to be one o' the jury that sent Jacob Forge, our neighbor—though not our friend—to the gallows, and he don't seem to get over the idea. To-night he has started sayin' to himself: 'What if me and the Judge was wrong?'"

The stranger nodded sympathetically. "And this Jacob Forge—and the scarlet muffler?"

"Why, sir," began Smith—

"In the winter-time," Migworth firmly interposed, "Jacob Forge always

wore the scarlet muffler—he was known by it, there being nothin' like it in the neighborhood. And on a dark winter's night, on the high road, he murdered an old farmer comin' home from market wi' a bag o' money—near four hundred pound. Beat in the old man's head wi' a hammer, so he did!"

"I knew that money-bag," said Smith. "Seen it often in my shop. Made o' blue canvas—"

"Same here," said the landlord. "Farmer Jukes never passed my door."

"And," hastened Smith, "they found the hammer hid in Forge's tool-shed, wi' blood and a grey hair or so on it. And they found three cheques belongin' to the farmer there also. But the bag o' notes and cash they never found; Forge must ha' hid it too safe, or destroyed it. And 'twas proved that Forge was needin' money at the time. We all was, for that matter. Of course, at the trial he denied everything; swore he was sleepin' in his bed when it happened."

THE speaker paused for refreshment, and Migworth took up the tale.

"But, sir, it was the scarlet muffler that did for him in the end! He must ha' hid it, or burned it, for 'twas never found. He declared he had lost it; thought he had dropped it in one o' the village shops, but couldn't say which—"

"But in the farmer's talk," Smith interposed, wiping his moustache, "they found a thread o' it!"

So 'tis true enough, sir, that Jacob Forge was hung on a thread o' scarlet!"

The landlord, with an apologetic cough, took a step forward.

"It should be told, sir, that, even after he was condemned, Forge always believed—or pretended to believe—that somethin' would happen to save him. But"—a headshake—"the black flag went up, sure enough, at eight o'clock this mornin'! I didn't know Forge—he never was in the Rainbow—but I allow it has been a sorrowful day."

Out in the passage a clock heavily and solemnly struck ten.

"Bound to cast a gloom over the place," the stranger remarked. "Was this Jacob Forge married?"

Migworth, on the alert, replied: "No, sir. He had no friends exceptin' a man called Breen—a solitudinarian like himself, who has, unfortunately, been tryin' to drown his grief ever since, as Mr. Flett there will confirm."

"Too true, sir, though I ha' done my best to check it," Mr. Flett took out his watch. "Well, gentlemen, I'm real sorry, but the Law must be obeyed."

Migworth sighed and emptied his tankard.

"Your clock's fast, Mr. Flett," said Smith, who had already drained his. "Considerin' the day it has been, and considerin' the night it is—hark to that blast!—Mr. Migworth and me ought to have just one more. We'll take it standin' if ye like."

The landlord held up the stout and ancient silver watch. "Correct time's here, gentlemen; very sorry indeed."

They rose reluctantly, and Migworth was about to arouse Butters, now in a sort of lethargy, when the stranger spoke.

"Perhaps you gentlemen will give me your company, as my guests, a little longer." Their smiles were sufficient acceptance. "Right! Two plants, landlord."

"Very good, sir. But if ye'll excuse me, I'll lock up first," said Mr. Flett, and retired.

"Be seated, gentlemen."

"Tis too kind," murmured Smith, while Migworth, in his best manner, declared that he was deeply obliged.

"Not at all," said the stranger, politely. "But what about your friend? It's looking worse than ever."

"Best not disturb him, sir. Mr. Smith and me will see him home in due season. He should never ha' been on the jury."

Lighting a fresh cigarette, the stranger asked: "What do you gentlemen think about your friend's ghost theory?"



"Violet, did I not tell you to put your hand over your mouth when you yawn?"

"Yes, mum, but when I did I nearly bit me 'and off."

"Well, sir," answered Migworth, "I don't believe in ghosts as a general rule—"

"Nor me—ever!" said Smith.

"But, nevertheless, I'd swear there's not a livin' man within twenty miles o' the Ashleys would wear a scarlet muffler."

"Haden't thought o' that," remarked Smith. Then, abruptly, he put up his hand. "I say, there's somethin' comin' in! Listen!"

From the passage came the sounds of altercation, and presently the landlord's voice was heard, saying: "No, no; I can't have it. After ten, you know!"



ON THE CRUISE

"Are you married, Doris?"

"How did you know my name was Doris?"

"Guessed it!"

"Well, guess if I'm married!"

"Oh, Lord," muttered Migworth, "if it isn't Breen come back!"

"Breen?" said the stranger quickly. "The friend of the murdered man?"

"Yes, sir, and I'm afraid it means trouble for Mr. Flett. Of course, Mr. Flett can't serve him now."

The noise came nearer. Breen was cursing; the landlord protesting and imploring.

"Oh, damn it all, he's comin' in!" exclaimed Smith. "Hope he won't be unpleasant, sir."

"Now, Mr. Breen," they heard the landlord say, "don't ye be so unfair. Surely ye wouldn't like me to lose my license. 'Tis after hours, and if anybody saw ye comin' into the Rainbow, . . . Oh, damn, why didn't I lock the door on the stroke?"

"Lemme pass!" stormed a hoarse voice. "Gimme a bottle of whiskey. Got the money. Hear that? I've got the money, curse ye! Ye hear? All right, then; fetch the whiskey!"

"Stop, Mr. Breen, stop, for God's sake!"

The sound of a struggle; then—

"Well, well, if I let ye in for just a minute, will ye promise not to—oh, dear, dear!"

The door flew in. Breen, followed by the dismayed and dishevelled Mr. Flett, entered. He wore a long tarpaulin coat buttoned to the chin, and streaming wet. He was hatless. His face was chalky, his eyes glazed and staring. He walked in a stiff mechanical fashion to a chair in the corner farthest from the company—his usual place.

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LONDON Style

Continued
from
Page 8

"Do you really mean that, or are you only being—Londonish?"

"I mean it." She turned to look at him and her mouth softened at the corners. One eyebrow puckered up a little in a quizzical inspection of him. Then in the voice that was so nearly "county" and yet ingeniously confidential she said:

"Well, in that case . . . we'll see."

That evening while Nigel was at work with the gloves, Mr. Gray, who had returned, faced an audience consisting of his wife and Wanda.

"The whole thing," he explained, "is even more romantic than we thought. Gubb has been telling me about Lucas and it seems that he is doing all this because of a girl, a girl in London whom he wanted to marry and who said he had never done a day's work."

Mrs. Gray sat forward.

"Surely no girl would suggest that a gentleman took up professional boxing—"

"No, that was an idea put forward by a man who overheard the argument. Lucas swung round and took it. The girl tried to stop him, but he stuck out. I've a good mind to go to town and see the fight, and from what Nick Gubb says, this girl's worth seeing, too. Lucas, it seems, is something of a lady's man."

No one noticed Wanda's expression. Even she did not know she had changed outwardly; but, of all men, she most looked down upon those who, in love with one girl, fill in their time by flirting with another.

The car in which Wanda was being driven to the station stopped by the caravan next day, and Wanda looked out. Nigel was finishing a run, and came up warm and panting. He rested his hands on the car.

"Driving to church?"

"I'm going back to town."

Words failed Nigel. He looked literally shaken.

"I understood . . ."

"I'm sorry," Wanda said. "Still . . . good-bye. I hope you'll win."

She was in that clinging, slinky coat and skirt. Her hat concealed one ear. Her stockings were translucent amber.

She did not hurry. She had nothing more to say, and yet it was as though she had expected something more from him. But he seemed speechless. Her hand came out. Her fingers rested in his for a moment—cool, firm, understanding. "Good-bye."

Then words broke from Nigel as though forced out by some internal explosion.

"If you go now," he said, "you understand it will lose me this fight? I shall get beaten—hopelessly. I mean it."

She looked away.

"I don't think it's as bad as that."

Nigel was left alone when the car had gone out of sight, and Nick approached, bringing him his coat.

"Was that the dame?"

Nigel pushed past him without a word, went back into the caravan and slammed the door.

NIGEL had never in his life fought in the ring as amateur or as professional. Had he been a small man that would have handicapped him out of any sporting chance whatever, but with the heaviest it is not quite so serious. The big professionals of to-day are not so wonderfully good, and Nigel was only booked to meet a second-rater.

He had this much, also, in his favor. He was finely built, he was an all-round athlete; he was physically fit, he had brains, and he had been remarkably well coached. And it had been incessantly drummed into him that all he had to do was to attack, to punch hard from the outset.

It was a big night, and the Albert Hall was packed. Dotted about in this row and in that would be his friends, some who had never credited that he would take this wager on, others who had believed he would, and who accordingly had booked their seats a long time back. By influence Nigel had secured this fight. There had been some misgivings about the show he would put up; but strings had been pulled and he had got it.

He had had a frightful week. Heavy of heart he had been, and edgy.

He and Nick had shifted from their ante and hit the road again, Nigel striding sullenly along beside the caravan, with hands in pockets and eyes down, and Nick seated on the box and watching Nigel's shoulders with a contemplative pessimism.

Nigel wished he had never taken on this fight. Often he wondered how, with honor, he could even now abandon it; but still that quality known as "guts" had kept him to his bond. He was not frightened. He was merely stale and miserable—because he was in love.

What had Madge meant to him?

Little, indeed. He had lost even admiration for her from the time when she had talked that rot about his never having worked. Not only was that flagrantly untrue, but it was stupidly annoying. It had not even hurt his pride. It had simply made him want to show her her peculiar stupidity. Bombastic and hot-headed he had been perhaps, but anyway he had carried out his undertaking. He was here now, entering the ring in a wicked temper, and Madge was there to see him, with a rather awed look for once in her cold, calm eyes.

Under the ropes, across the ring, so to his stool, Nick came, with other satellites who carried towels and sponges, a bucket and a bottle. Then his opponent. A big man, who looked ignorant of anything but fist-cuffs, and merciless.

Oh, well, the hotter the fight, the sooner over.

He sat down, and people came and inspected his hands. They helped him don the gloves. He went to the centre of the ring and met the referee and McGinty, whom he was going to fight.

He looked about him. Upstairs and downstairs a sea of faces, row upon row of them, thousands and thousands, misting back in a cloud of tobacco smoke. Searching the seats close to him he looked for faces that he knew, and here and there he spotted one and smiled sardonically, thinking all the time about that faintly contemptuous phrase of "London Style." Modern Society. Well, there was plenty of it here. They had come to see him. He was a novelty—like a fighting baronet, or a fighting parson. And Madge was the centre of attraction, because she had incited him to do this thing. Where she was concerned he was emotionally dead. She was surrounded by young men in evening clothes, and he supposed she was content. And he hated her hair dragged back like that behind her ears. It might be fashionable, but to him it looked merely flimsy. He hoped that after to-night he would never see her again.

Why had Wanda gone, so suddenly, after their talk? A mystery . . .

Suddenly he was jerked back to the present. The ring was being cleared. Voices were stilling into pregnant silence. Then came the final cautious and the bell. He had already felt Nick's hand upon his shoulder. Now he could hear Nick's hated breath.

"Fight him, sir. Don't forget. Force him, sir, all the time."

TALL, fair-haired, broad of shoulder, clean-cut, outdoor-looking, Nigel, in a white costume, rose and obeyed. To people in far-off seats his gloves looked small upon his big arms, but with them tight shut and hard as stones, he started his attack. He had a fine chin, and it was set; his eyebrows seemed to protrude a little, and to protect his eyes; his nose was straight and on the broad side; his mouth, good-humored as a rule, had straightened and tightened, and he was breathing in through his nostrils. Nigel, experience or no, had definitely a fighting face to-night.

The other man, McGinty, had a trick which he displayed at once by touching his nose with the thumb of one glove; he also had a habit of dropping his hands when he retreated as though inviting Nigel to hit out at him; he fought altogether in a teasing, tormenting way, objectionably calm and cynical, proud of his superior knowledge, letting Nigel do the work whilst he got the applause for slipping him, and only hitting Nigel when he had got him in the right position to use a left hook viciously.

When the first round ended, Nick, sponging Nigel one moment, slapping at him the next and scrambling back to wave a towel whilst with one prodding foot he goaded his assistants to make greater efforts at resuscitation, whispered:

"NOW keep him fightin', sir. You trained for six weeks for this moment; don't do nothin' wrong. Think quick, hit hard, hit often. Don't let him bait you, sir. He's acting saucy, but acting saucy don't win fights."

Up got Nigel, out went his seconds. He felt uncomfortable at first with water trickling down the back of his neck, and McGinty "acted saucy" again at once. Once or twice he trapped Nigel and hit him; and this is where the pupil who goes out into the world first learns that his instructor had never really tried to knock him out. Nick had hit him hard at times, of course, but these blows launched by McGinty now were murderously meant. If one met him squarely on the point he would be done for, he supposed. But he ducked and dodged and kept his elbows busy, and his left shot out time and again, particularly straight.

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ADVENTURES in MY KITCHEN

By MARGARET
SHEPHERD
Instructor to Leading
Hospitals.

Here are some new and attractive ways... of preparing and serving wholesome foods!

Life is made up of adventure one way and another—so it is said! And even if we cannot travel into realms unknown these days, we can at least adventure in foods—give a new and delicious flavor to our everyday dishes to delight the eye and tempt the appetite.

FRANGIPANNI POTATOES
One cup of cooked and mashed sweet potatoes, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon butter, grated lemon rind, 2 drops almond essence, small squares short crust.
Mash the sweet potato in the saucepan, add the butter, well-beaten egg, and return to the fire to cook, beating well. Then add the essence, lemon rind, and a little lemon juice. Mix together. Pile on small squares of pastry. Garnish each with half a cherry.

STUFFED PEPPERS.
Three peppers, 1 onion, finely chopped, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 4 tablespoons finely-chopped ham, 4 tablespoons chopped mushrooms, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste.
Cut a slice from the stem end of peppers, remove the seeds and cook in boiling salted water 15 minutes. Drain. Sprinkle inside with salt. Cook the finely-chopped onion in butter 3 minutes; add the mushrooms, ham, and 3 tablespoons brown gravy. Cook 1 minute, and add the breadcrumbs. Fill the peppers with the mixture, cover the top with breadcrumbs with a dot of butter on top, and bake in a hot oven 10 minutes. Serve with or without a brown sauce.

APPLES IN BLOOM
Choose 4 or 5 firm red apples, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1/2 inch cinnamon stick, 1 lemon, cream, preserved ginger.
Wash, dry, and polish the apples. Scoop out the centres, removing the cores, and refill with the chopped ginger. Make a syrup with 3 cups water, 1 cup sugar boiled together with the cinnamon stick and the rind of half a lemon. When the syrup is boiling, put in the apples; allow to simmer slowly with lid on. Soak the gelatine in the juice of the lemon. Rinse some cups or mould (large enough to hold the apples) in cold water. When the apples are soft, not broken, carefully lift one into each cup. Dissolve the gelatine in the boiling apple syrup. Strain, and pour over the apples in the cups. Stand aside to set. Pour the remainder of the syrup into another dish and add sufficient cochineal to make a pale pink. When cold, put on ice. When apples are thoroughly chilled turn on to a dish and garnish with chopped pink jelly and whipped cream.

STUFFED HEARTS with vegetables.
Tasty and tender—you'll like this novel dish very much.
celery, and onion into pieces. Roughly fry in butter or dripping. When browned, lift out, and fry the hearts in the fat until browned all over. Return the vegetables to the saucepan, place the hearts on top, adding 1 cup stock, and allow to simmer gently for 1 hour. Turn the hearts occasionally. When cooked lift on to a hot dish. Strain the liquid, rub the vegetables through a sieve, and add to the remainder of the stock. Thicken with a dessertspoon flour which has been blended with cold water, or stock. Return to the fire. Stir while cooking, for four minutes.
Pour the gravy around the hearts, serve with carrots, turnips and peas, cut into dice, and cook in boiling, salted water until tender.

NORWEGIAN PRUNES.
Half pound prunes, 2 cups cold water, 1 cup sugar, 1 inch cinnamon stick, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon corn-flour.
Wash the prunes and soak in cold water for 2 hours. Put on the stove and simmer until soft in the same water. Strain into another saucepan, stone, and return prunes to liquid; add sugar, cin-

SPINACH RING FILLED WITH MUSHROOMS
Two bunches of spinach well washed, cooked, and finely chopped. Grate one small onion and fry in butter until brown; season with salt, paprika, and black pepper. Add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Mix the spinach with the above sauce and fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Place in a well-greased ring-mould and dust with breadcrumbs. Stand the ring in a dish of hot water in a moderate oven and bake for 20 minutes. Run a knife around the sides of the mould and turn spinach on a hot dish. Fill the centre with creamed mushrooms. Garnish with strips of red chilli and thin slices of lemon.

COOKED AND MASHED POTATO, flour, butter, oysters, seasonings.
Mash the potato, adding butter and seasonings. Mix in the flour and milk to make the right consistency for rolling. Turn on to a floured board and roll out to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Cut into oval-shaped pieces. Roll an oyster in each piece, press the edges together, and bake in a hot oven for a few minutes. Garnish with parsley and lemon.

is Nature's own beauty trade-mark
—and olive oil makes Palmolive green

In Cleopatra's day beauty was worshipped. And women who sought beauty sought the aid of olive oil. For nothing in the realm of beauty aids has ever been found to equal the precious, soothing olive oil that keeps skin lovely and alluring.

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PALMOLIVE SOAP
Faithfully shown by the size of the container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive.
Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. V. Hobbs, 422 Forest Rd., Bexley, N.S.W.

batter and fry in a large quantity of fat. When a golden brown, lift out and drain on paper. Sprinkle with castor sugar. Serve hot.

SPINACH RING FILLED WITH MUSHROOMS

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• HERE is an adventure in novelty—Stuffed Peppers. This would make a tempting entree dish.

• APPLES in Bloom—a quaint and pretty name for this attractive and wholesome sweet, don't you think?

• STUFFED Hearts with vegetables. Tasty and tender—you'll like this novel dish very much.

POTATOES prepared in various ways are a pleasant change from bread and pastry—even if they do play havoc with one's waistline!

The oyster, synonymous of sea breezes to those who can't go there, makes a delicious savory cake for supper or afternoon tea—try it. The heart of a lamb, which is purchased with a liver, does not react satisfactorily to the same process of cooking, becoming tough and dry. If cooked as directed in the recipe, as given on this page, you will consider it worthy of repetition ever so often.

STUFFED HEARTS with VEGETABLES.

Two or 3 hearts, 1 carrot, 1 small onion, 2 cups stock, 1 stick celery, slices fat bacon, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped mint, salt, pepper, paprika, grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Wash the hearts well, remove the arteries and clot blood; drain and dry. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the onion, cook lightly, then add crumbs, mint, salt, pepper, lemon rind, and mix well. Fill the cavities of the heart. Sew together or secure with a skewer. Cover with slices of fat bacon. Cut the carrot,

You'll Like These!

RECIPES for filling, icing, and frosting cakes—also a delicious recipe for peanut brittle.

COFFEE CREAM
1 tablespoon butter, 4 tablespoons icing sugar, 2 teaspoons coffee essence. Cream the butter and sugar till as white as possible. Add the essence and use as a filling for sponge sandwich.

CINNAMON ICING
Put three dessertspoons boiling water and 1 dessertspoon strong coffee essence into a basin. Add sifted icing sugar until the mixture is the right consistency for spreading. Then add 1 teaspoon cinnamon, and mix well. Spread on cakes with the broad blade of a knife. Garnish with pieces of orange rind.

PEANUT BRITTLE
One and a half pounds sugar, 1/2 lb. glucose, 2 tablespoons carbonate soda, 1/2 pint water, 1/2 teaspoon salt, peanuts or other nuts. Boil water, sugar, and glucose until a small piece hardens quickly in cold water. Add peanuts or other nuts chopped into small pieces. Stir, and boil again. Cool slightly; add salt and soda. Pour thinly on to an oiled tin. Cool quickly, and break in pieces.

ALMOND FROSTING FOR PETITS FOURS

One cup sugar, cup cold water, 1 egg-white, 1/2 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons blanched and finely chopped almonds.

Put sugar and water into a saucepan, and stir to prevent sugar adhering to saucepan. Heat gradually to boiling point, and boil until the syrup forms threads when dropped from a fork. Pour gradually on to the stiffly beaten egg-white, and continue beating until of a consistency to spread. Add lemon-juice and 3 tablespoons of blanched and fine-chopped almonds. Spread on cakes very quickly. The above icing may be used for large cakes also. If not beaten sufficiently, the icing will run. If beaten too long, it will not be smooth. If the latter should occur, add a few drops of boiling water. If decorating with nuts or cherries have them in readiness to place on cake as soon as mixture is spread. Cream into sections with a knife when icing is firm.

BEST RECIPES

Have You Competed For £1 Prize?

Readers no doubt have recipes that have delighted their families and their guests. They may do even more than that by winning the £1 prize offered weekly. Send them in and try.

This week's winners are:—

CHEESE CAKES.
Take half a pint of good curds well drained from the whey (hang the curd in fine butter muslin for some hours), beat it up with four eggs, 3 teaspoons thick cream, half a nutmeg, 1 spoonful ratafia, rose or orange flower water; add 1 lb. castor sugar, 1 lb. currants. Mix well, and bake in patty pans lined with a good short crust or puff pastry.
First prize of £1 to Mrs. Hilda Kirkwood, Cardlevale, via Allansford, Vic.

BUTTERLESS LEMON CHEESE.
Boil together 1 cup water, 4 tablespoons sugar, and juice of one large lemon. Blend 1 heaped teaspoon corn-flour with a beaten egg, and a little milk if needed. Pour the boiling liquid over it, mix and return to pan, and boil 5 minutes.
Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Thomson, George St., Moonta, S.A.

EVERTON TOFFEE IN VERSE (Original.)
One pound and a half of sugar brown, nine ounces, too, of butter—Mum makes toffee of renown that puts me in a flutter. A teacupful of water clear, one lemon... Now she's ready... Come, half the rind, the butter, dear, the

water, sugar, steady. We'll boil them altogether, girl, ten minutes... Now bring quickly the lemon juice... a twisty-twirl to make your palate tickle. Hustle now, a buttered plate, we'll pour it out to harden... "Oh, my! Look out, the gate, the gate, the goat is in the garden."
Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mariel Purdon (12), Elimbah, North Coast Line (Q'ld).

GINGER CHOPS (FOR 6 PEOPLE).
Six medium-sized tomatoes, 6 lean middle loin chops (cut thick), 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, no water whatever.
Method.—Cut tomatoes in halves and put in saucepan with vinegar, pepper, salt, and ginger. Well flour chops and place on top. Stir occasionally and, lastly, thicken with stock or thin corn-flour. Time, 1 1/2 to 2 hours, over slow gas. Serve with the following: Peas are delicious cooked this way. Shell and wash peas; while wet put in saucepan with 1 tablespoon water, no more, 1 saltspoon carb soda, teaspoon sugar, sprig of mint, small nut of butter. Shake occasionally; cook with lid on for 15 minutes only, on low gas.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. V. Hobbs, 422 Forest Rd., Bexley, N.S.W.

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RAIN

Continued from Page 11

"MARGARET dear-
est!" In a flash he had dropped
to his knees beside her, then
lifted and carried her gently to
a couch. His face was grim, tense,
and gloved. Running inside, he returned
with a wicker-covered bottle of eau de
cologne, then kneeling by the couch
poured it lavishly on her wrists, cupped
the palms of her hands and filled them;
soaked the handkerchief and bathed
her forehead. The cologne ran down to
the little hollow in her neck, and
across the pulse so faintly moving. He
picked up a magazine and fanned al-
most frantically.

"My dearest, I am here. Open your
eyes. Oh, Margaret—don't you hear?"
The lids moved almost imperceptibly,
slowly lifted. Presently she turned to
look at him; two eyes deep and dark
which lit a little when she smiled
weakly, and murmured:

"Yes, I hear you now, dear. But oh!
it was so hot. I think I've been a long,
long way."

The relief! Just to hear her speak.
He dropped his head in his hands to
hide the tears. She might be ashamed
for him—to see tears in his eyes. But
she did see, and put out a hand to
stroke his hair.

And that time, too, the rain came in
the night, but with growl of thunder
and lightning flash. She laughed with
joy as the big drops came plumping
down on the dusty earth, and stabled
on the dry verandah boards. Little
spumes of dust danced in the air, then,
as the downpour grew in volume,
changed to soft red mud. Squelchy
wet mud. The air lightened and fresh-
ened as Margaret stood at the door
breathing it deeply. There was a
musical cadence as water ran into the
empty tanks, and when a leak de-
veloped in the roof Margaret stood
under it and let the water drip on her
hair, run down her face and arms,
laughing happily as she watched it.

Morning dawned, and still the rain
came steadily. A morning of color—
grey sky, red earth, wet fences that
looked black, and the gently swaying
green of the pepper trees.

Ah, beautiful, wonderful, life-giving
rain, quenching the thirst of that
drought-stricken land.

BUT all that was
years ago, when he and she were young.
His thoughts came back to the present.
Outside, the steady stillness of rain
continued, as pain-free yet weary, he
lay back among the pillows, happy that
the hour had come. Margaret had gone
a year ago, and he was glad that so
soon now he would follow.

The night passed softly. He did not
stir. Then there was a hush as the
rain ceased for a moment.

"Margaret." The name was but a
breath upon the air. A breeze stirred
the curtains at the window as though
something had passed through. Before
the earliest light of dawn had touched
the sky, the rain, in a silver curtain,
drew slowly back across the hills, like
one retiring when a task is done. The
sun rose to glint on the laurel leaves
by the window, where the slow drops
slept and fell.

(Copyright)

A THREAD of SCARLET

Continued from
Page 30

THE stranger drew in his breath.
"Good God, what a case!" he mut-
tered, and beckoned to the landlord,
who had halted helplessly near the
door.

The landlord came on tiptoe.
"Whatever it may cost you," whis-
pered the stranger, "not a drop!"

"Oh, never, sir! But—but is he—
he drunk?"

"Past drunk! He's on the verge of
a— But never mind that now. Go
back to the door. Wait there! Be
ready!"

Like a dreadful image Breen for a
while sat motionless in the corner.
Then in a toneless voice he spoke.
"Poison for the daft jury, and a
bottle o' whisky for me."

The stranger, gripping the arms of
his chair, leaned forward, watchful.
Smith was gaping stupidly behind his
foolish moustache. Butters, though
not apparently interested, seemed to
be coming out of his lethargy.

Migsworth cleared his throat, and
behind his hand addressed the
stranger. "What about givin' him
some strong coffee, sir?"

With some impatience the stranger
made a sign for silence.

It was very still in the room, but
outside the wind screamed again and
a great gust of hail bombarded the
window.

"Bottle o' whisky!" said Breen.
Now Butters seemed to realise his
presence, for he sat up slowly and
gazed in his direction.

A flare of lightning, a crackle of
thunder. All the occupants of the
smoke-room, save Butters and Breen,
started violently. Then, with a sob, the
wind died, and there was complete
silence till—

"Bottle o' whisky!" said Breen. Pre-
sently his expression changed slightly,
as though another idea had stirred in
his clogged intelligence. "Money! Ye
want the money!" Like an automaton,
he stood up. The two lowest buttons
of the tarpaulin were missing, and
drawing aside and upwards the skirt,
he got at a pocket. His actions were
slow, but not uncertain, the actions of
a man under hypnotic rather than or-
dinary alcoholic influence—so, at
least, it appeared.

Breen withdrew his fist, and for a
moment or two stood rigid. Suddenly—
"Money!" He flung a handful of
coins on the floor. "Money! Whisky!"

No one stirred.

Breen's gaze never shifted, but he
stood as one listening intently. At
last—

"Not enough money? Eh?" Once
more his hand went under the tar-
paulin.

This time he fetched forth a large
object.

"Bottle o' whisky! Money! . . . Take
it!"

At the landlord's feet the blue can-
vas bag fell with a crash.

And, recoiling a step in sheer hor-

ror, as from a viper, the landlord
cried:

"Oh, my good God, the farmer's
money bag!"

Smith, clutching Migsworth's arm,
made inarticulate sounds and pointed
at the bag. Butters, eyes starting, rose
heavily to his feet and stood swaying
and clutching the back of his chair,
while his lips moved speechlessly.

Breen was speaking again, but his
voice had changed. It wavered.

"Bottle o'— A pause. "Bottle of
whi—" A longer pause. "Black
flag—black flag—black—" His mouth
began to open and shut like that of a
gasping fish.

The stranger, rising softly, signalled
to the landlord.

Abruptly the gasping action ceased,
the mouth remaining wide. Breen took
two mechanical steps forward.

The stranger and the landlord stole
nearer.

Breen rose on his toes.

"Look out!" snapped the stranger—
none too soon—at the landlord.

Something seemed to give and Breen
pitched forward, to be caught by ready
arms.

"Quick! Into the chair!" said the
stranger. "Now off with his coat!"

He proceeded to undo the buttons,
and threw it open, exposing a scarlet
muffler drawn across the breast.

"Why, it's the man I nearly—well,
I'm—"

The landlord with a gurgling noise
staggered backwards, and while Mig-
sworth's hands went to his face, from
Smith came the words, in a high fal-
setto:

"Oh, oh, oh!—the farmer's money-
bag—and the scarlet muffler, too!"

"Quiet!" commanded the stranger,
and, dropping on his knees, laid his
ear to Breen's chest.

After a while he lifted a grave
countenance and rose, shaking his
head.

In the silence Migsworth uncovered
his face. "So Butters' idea was right
after all," he said, in a soft, awed
voice, and turned to the man he had
named, saying:

"This is a terrible thing for you, But-
ters, but not a soul could blame ye,
and—here's my hand."

Butters neither heard nor saw the
kindly offer. For a moment or two he
stood rigid, his countenance con-
gested. Then, of a sudden, he reeled
forward three paces and stopped, one
hand to his head, the other pointing
shakily, accusingly, down at the still
figure with the scarlet muffler.

"Breen, ye blasted thief," he croaked,
"ye've been burglin' my safe!"

Now all was still, even Nature. Then
slowly, on tiptoe, with fearful coun-
tenances, Migsworth, Smith, and the
landlord drew away from Butters.

Only the stranger held his ground
and, at last, spoke: "You double-mur-
derer!"

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LONDON Style

Continued
from
Page 30

HE, too, felt strange, because he had never before tried to hit anyone so hard as he was trying now to hit McGinty. His fists were feeling bruised already by collision with all parts of the other's body; he had punched him on the ribs, on the head, and he had connected more than once with his elbows or his arms and felt exasperated. And the sensation when he had hit McGinty hard and straight and had realised he must have hurt, was odder one of satisfaction he had never felt before; primaevial lust, perhaps; he didn't know. But he disliked McGinty's face; no punching could make his nose a nastier shape, or make his mouth more of a cruel slit; McGinty, too, seemed one of those men who do not bleed.

In the third round he found McGinty was saucing less and slogging more; by ceaseless onslaught, in accordance with instructions, he was running into left hook after left hook, and he began to feel anxious. Once he observed Nick signalling from a corner, but, somewhat flustered and out of breath, he didn't know what Nick was wanting to convey, and got savagely hit on the chin whilst he was wondering.

He was angrier now than ever. He didn't like boxing. He was here only from a sense of pride. He didn't mind a hammering; he was game enough to fight anybody; but he did not want to be made to look ridiculous. That wouldn't help anyone; rather ungenerously, he supposed Madge would be amused if he was beaten.

Nick became urgent in the interval. "One round's yours, one's his, and one was level. You're all-square. It all depends on these next rounds who wins. You got to go all out. Aint no use saving nothin' for a last round which may never come. Put in all you know and get your lead and stick to it until the finish. See?"

Nigel had never lacked lion-heartedness.

His face was marked a good deal now, and his body showed red patches where he had wrestled in holds or had been pummelled; and though his eyes were swollen and were watery, he could still see McGinty's hairy chest, his broad face and his low brow, and he could see the solar plexus waiting for his shot.

McGinty swayed and stepped about the ring, and Nigel kept hard after him, loosing his punches with little grunts as he fought for more breath and strength, feeling a shock along his arm as his tight fist struck home on breaking teeth or leathery flesh.

The end had been already summed up, had he but known it, by the crowd: "McGinty's going to get him. See, he keeps walking into it. McGinty's waiting. He'll have him out next round."

But there is this about such heavies as McGinty. Where a good man will make a clean, crisp job of knocking out his man, McGinty would take several stabs at it like an inept executioner. He slogged and slogged without much skill or accuracy but with a great deal of intent, and Nigel, protecting himself when he could, was tiring under it. Every blow now was landing somewhere and hurting or inconveniencing him in some degree. He was getting short of breath, his eye was closing, and his mouth seemed full of blood. Why did he bleed so much more than McGinty? And Madge was in the audience, and her attendants no doubt would be making sallies at his expense for her amusement. Nigel fought like an impassioned schoolboy with a sob behind every punch; and Nick said in another interval, speaking

moreover for the first time, so Nigel thought, with real emotion:

"There's such a lot I never showed you, see? He's pulling all the rough stuff on you, and I never had no time to get you ready. Taint your fault, sir. Don't you mind what he does; you keep on hitting at him."

Fifth round, and Nigel trying still. His teeth were gritting and his jaw was still grim, but the first punch McGinty landed shook him. It didn't rob him of heart, but it took all remaining judgment from him. He could never, after that, size up McGinty properly nor get his punches travelling in time. The oldest axiom of the ring is that, other things being equal, a professional will always beat an amateur. To all intents and purposes Nigel was an amateur. McGinty knew too much. He held Nigel off with an unkind left and hit him on the chin with his unkind right.

Nigel shivered from the heels and heard a gasp from seats close to the ring. He pulled himself together, looked for his man, and kept his arms up. McGinty shifted his position; his eyebrows grew more bushy, more pug-nacious, and his lips seemed to be drawn in with intensity of purpose; he feinted and shot home his left to the body. Nigel grunted as his breath was battered out. His head came forward and McGinty hit him on the chin again.

Nigel wavered, then felt his knees sag. He tried, by getting his feet apart, to stand up, but the boards were like waves to him. He fell. He fell, as do all heavy men, with a resounding, sickening crash. More gasps came from the ringside where women sat in cloaks. A Roman holiday. Vaguely, almost tearfully, he hoped in a sort of

Song

Sun falls astant the brambled hills,
The wind is a gust of laughter;
Better to rest with the crippled and lame
Than cease from racing after.
Pan has for pipes a withered reed,
Calling holla! holla!
Better to lie in a winding sheet,
Than cease to follow, follow.
—Ann Martin.

muddled dream as he lay on the boards that Madge thought this was worth it.

Then he began to realise he wasn't quite out yet. Sense was returning. He heard Nick thumping on the boards and whispering: "Now, Mr. Lucas. . . One more effort. . ."

Mr. Lucas found the floor with one hand, stopped it billowing, then, feeling sick and faint, hating the taste of blood and knowing that all his life this taste would linger with him as a beastly memory, not at all certain where McGinty was or what would happen if and when McGinty hit him again, he forced his legs into a sort of wobbling balance and he heaved his body up.

This was mere sacrifice. No sense. No need. Only, it was the proper thing to do. He didn't know it, but as he stood there waiting for the death-knell his face was rather fine; blood-streaked and battered, there was yet in every drawn line of it challenge.

He saw the shadow of McGinty's bulk come nearer; he tried to paw it off, like some invading terror, with his listless arms. No good. With everything upon his side McGinty took his time; he shot his right fist in its small, black, blood-soaked glove across and hit Nigel once more on the chin. He followed through and almost took that chin away; it was a sweeping, wicked blow, and Nigel felt the impact and no more. He dropped where he stood. One girl at least was taken out.

NIGEL had only had to spend one day upon his task. He had motored down to call on Mr. Gray, had managed to get Wanda's address, and now he had called on Wanda and found her in. They looked at one another for a time. Then Nigel, unsteadily, spoke:

"I make apologies for what has happened to my face. Try not to notice it."

"I was there," she said, "when it happened."

"Were you?" He was astonished.

"I'd never seen a fight. I got a man to take me, but after yours I couldn't stand it, so I came out."

"Didn't you stay, then, for the other better fights that followed?"

"No, and I wished I'd never gone. I didn't sleep all night."

"That's how I felt," he said, "the day you left me. I didn't sleep that night. I wanted to know why you'd gone."

"I went," said she, "because I don't encourage men to pay attention to me when they are really fond of someone somewhere else."

"What do you mean?"

She told him; and Nigel, when she had sat down, seated himself beside her and began his explanations. He talked insistently for quite a while, and Wanda's eyes kept wandering from his bruised face to his hands and back again. He spoke with plain sincerity and feeling.

"I warned you," he said, "that if you went I should get beaten. And that's all it was. I always thought that when a man was in love and fought, he did so urged on and supported by his lady. I was in love, and you just left me to it. You got that hiding for me. Nick admits it. I never boxed with spirit, once you'd gone. And I think it was scarcely kind of you."

"I know," said she. "I kept on thinking that myself when I was watching you. I'm sorry."

"How sorry?"

"Well, I was there. That ought to tell you."

"I'm quitting the ring, you may be pleased to hear," he said at last, "as something of a failure in it. I shall go into hiding from the public eye. Have you your private car?"

She offered it.

He looked with rather tired eyes at her tawny hair, her mouth, her rounded chin, her grace of limb. He said emotionally:

"I want to kiss you."

After a certain time, Nigel, with both arms limp, sat back.

"Say something, please," he said.

"Break the spell, do."

"I was reflecting," Wanda answered in a small voice, very husky, very confidential and a bit up-stage, "about that kiss. I should call it distinctly London Style."

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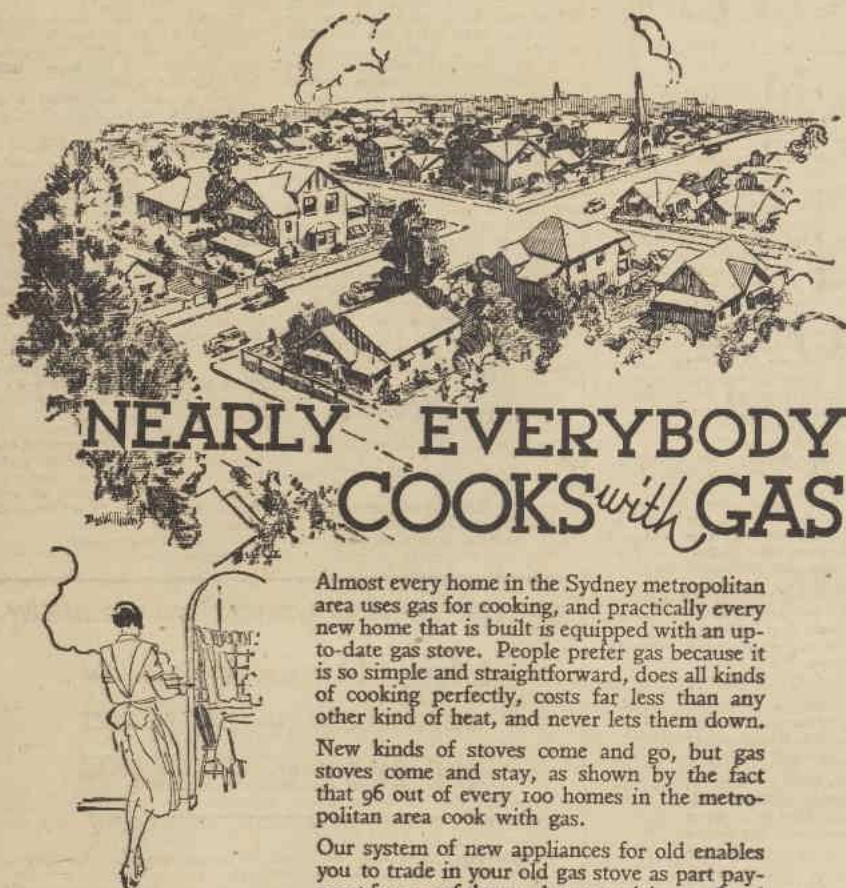
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A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 5

AT seven, Madame
sent her out for half an hour to get
something to eat, and when she came
back Pam had news of yet another row
for her.

"You're missing all the fun to-day,
Madame's on her game. We've had
another scene. Yvonne used three
yards of ribbon where two and a half
would have sufficed, and there have
been fireworks."

"Glad I wasn't there."
"What's it all about, anyway?
Madame's not a bad sort otherwise.
Why the money complex? When
she's amassed it what's she going to
spend it on? Her only relaxation is
reading the French newspapers. Can
you imagine her making whoopee?"

"No," said Jenny, thoughtfully, re-
membering the bracelet, "but she's
certainly got some overpoweringly
strong motive for making money."

"Well," said Pamela, as a smart
young man came through the swing
door, "here comes the source of supply.
Can I help you at all, sir?"

Jenny was not interested in Pamela's

customer. Involuntarily her eyes
strayed again to the Odeon stage door.
What she saw there made her catch
her breath. She saw Christine come
out and hesitate for a moment look-
ing for a chauffeur. Then out of the
shadow stepped the man with the
tweed cap. Christine drew back. Jenny
could not see her face distinctly. They
spoke to one another and then they
moved off together quickly down the
nearest side street. Jenny's heart beat
fast. Was this part of the campaign
of fooling Toni? She would have given
a great deal to be able to leave the
shop and follow them. Christine had
asked for a battle. Had she reckoned
without the man in the tweed cap?

AT the sight of the
man Christine had stepped instinctively
for protection back to the stage
door. "You!" she said.
"Me!" he said grimly.

Christine pulled herself together.
"We mustn't be seen talking here."
"Oh, I don't care where we talk,
but we've got to have an explanation
right away, my girl."

"All right," she said quickly, anxious
above all things to avoid a scene at the
door of the theatre, "come down this
side street."

He followed her closely. "I'm agree-
able," he said.

They cut through a passage and
Christine breathed a little more easily.
But they were still in the West End,
where at any moment she might be
recognized. She hailed a taxi.

"Where are we going? Your flat?"
"No, Ada is there. Where are you
staying?"

"Oh, right down in the East End.
You can't take a taxi down there, not
in those clothes, anyway."

"All right, Liverpool Street station,"
she said at random, to the driver.

"Why Liverpool Street station?"
asked her companion.

"Oh, get in!" she said, and slammed
the door. "Anywhere rather than stand
arguing on the pavement a yard from
the theatre."

"Don't want to be seen with your
lawful husband?"

"No, I don't. I thought you were
dead."

good for the health. Now I want to
settle down."

"I see."

"And you're going to help me."

"I haven't anything much."

"Oh, it'll do for the two of us in a
simple way. I'll keep in the back-
ground so as not to spoil your
chances."

"Right in the background?"

"What d'ye mean?"

She paused, then she said slowly,
"Toni Gerrard has asked me to marry
him."

He grinned. "I heard how the wind
blew. Of course, you explained to
him."

"No." She stopped again. "I accepted
him."

"Oh." The man seemed faintly
amused. "And now?"

"Well?"

"Well, you speak first, lady. You're
not going to throw the responsibility
on me. I've learnt a lot in fourteen
years. You got yourself into this mess.
It's up to you to make me an offer."

"I see."

Christine looked out of the window.
She thought irrelevantly that it was
this hard, practical quality that had
first attracted her to Jim Masters. She
stole a glance at him now. He was
still handsome, a fine figure of a man,
broader shouldered than when she
had known him first. His face was
tanned, and a lock of his thick dark
curly hair strayed from under his cap.
She liked his lively, impudent dark
eyes, his wide mouth, and the blue
shadows that no amount of shaving
erased from his chin. He wore a cheap
brown suit and his strong hands were
rough and scarred. He had about him
the air of a cheerful adventurer, a man
not bound by any ties, ready to rape
fortune wherever he found her. He
responded to something a trifle savage
in herself. Her velvet brown eyes were
alight as she looked at him, as she
realised how much she liked him—how
much she had always liked him.

He grinned impudently. "Well?" he
demanded. "Speak up."

CHAPTER VI

CHRISTINE felt a
strange little thrill. It was a long time
since any man had tried to bully her.
She enjoyed the sensation. She looked across
at Jim Masters. "The
position is this," she
said, slowly, "at the
moment when I'm in
work I earn about
thirty pounds a week,
and with being out of
work and with the
time spent rehearsing
I work on an average
about seven months in
the year, and I have to
keep dressed as if I
worked twelve. You
understand?"

"Yes."

"But if I were Toni
Gerrard's wife—"

"Yes?"

"I'd be worth a lot
more."

"How much?"

"Well, he draws a
salary of four hundred
a week, he takes a rake
off the gross at the
Odeon, he has a num-
ber of side lines, and
money saved and the
perquisites of his
position."

"Yes, but would you
have the spending of
it?"

"Yes."

"Trust me for that."

Jim Masters laughed shortly. "I trust
you."

"So you see it's to your advantage
to let me marry Toni."

"I see." He lit a cigarette and smoked
in silence for a minute. "And what do
I get? Fifty-fifty."

"No—thirty-seventy."

"And if you don't pay up I'll open
my trap," he said pleasantly.

"If I don't pay up you're free to go
so—but remember I'll have a good story
to tell, too—the wicked husband who
tempted me so that he could share the
spoils."

"All right. It's a bargain, Sally."

"My name's Christine," she said.
"Oh, is it? Mine's Napoleon Bona-
parte. You have come up in the world,
my girl."

"Yes, I'm a lady now."

"I picked a winner." He laid an af-
fectionate hand on her knee. "Even
when you were a young 'un I always
thought you'd get on. Yes," he said
reflectively, "we both had spirit then.
I always meant to come back to you.
I liked you. But the boozers got me."

Please turn to Page 37

HOST Holbrook says: My Anchovy Paste
makes neat, tasty sandwiches. Tasty
morsels for the Bridge Party.***



DESTROYER SUB-LIEUTENANT: What's the
idea of the gas-mask and hatchet?
Steward: The cheese has broken out again, sir.

"So I was nearly—not long after we
met. Remember those days, when you
were in the chorus of the show at
Portsmouth? What was it called?"

"I've forgotten," she said impatiently,
trying to sort her ideas on this new
situation.

"I know. 'Legs ahoy!' Seventeen you
were. Made me marry you so that
you'd get the separation allowance.
You always had an eye to the money."

"That was fourteen years ago," she
said bitterly.

"Yes, I'm changed. I'm not the
handsome chap you married, but I'm
your husband. Why I wrote to you
from France—remember?"

"Yes. Once, then when the armis-
tice came and you didn't turn up I
thought you were dead. I didn't go on
claiming the money for long. I got
good jobs. I changed my name. I
never let on I'd ever been married.
I almost forgotten I ever had been
married."

"Yes—but the law doesn't forget."

"No," she said, and was silent think-
ing. He had her in a tight hole. She
saw that clearly. "What have you been
doing since?" she said a moment later.

"Oh, when I left France I went to
sea—knocking about in ships all the
world over. But I'm not the man I
was. It's been a hard life, none too

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STOP THEM IN TIME

Take one powder or tablet at bedtime followed by a hot drink. Repeat every four hours if necessary. Used with success against various epidemics. 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

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ALL OVER AUSTRALIA

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Be on the safe side, avoid a stroke or sudden death, and take a course of this Wonderful Remedy. 5/6, 2 weeks; 12/6, 3 weeks; 22/6, 10 weeks (Full Course).

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63 Wellington Street, KEW, E.4, Victoria. New Zealand Clients Supplied Direct Only.

No More Weakly Children. No More Tired and Dispirited Women. No More Illness which can be prevented.

Modern methods of food manufacture lose sight of the necessity of retaining food values which are essential to appearance and palatability. Such foods are not only useless but are dangerous because they undermine health by withholding necessary vitamins. Mothers should be sure that the foods given to children are nutritious, but this is almost impossible, because none of them carry a certificate of vitamin content. A concentrated source of vitamins, yeast, a day makes all the difference, for it is rich in all essential vitamins, and especially rich in Vitamin B1, B2, and Vitamin D. It is only in yeast that vitamins can be stored up, and these are drawn upon in after life. They protect children against bad teeth, rickets, colds, digestive troubles, and many other ills, including infectious diseases such as fevers, measles, mumps, and digestive troubles.

No woman should be without her daily glass of Cerevisia Irradiated Yeast. Its recuperative effects are really and truly wonderful, and it makes a woman young and full of vitality. If you are in ill-health from any cause, try a course of irradiated yeast and see how well it will make you feel. If you have a sick member of the family, or a sick friend, the vitamins in irradiated yeast will help them to quick recovery. Your doctor will confirm this statement. Cerevisia Irradiated Yeast is a gift of health and happiness to every man, woman, and child in Australia.

Obtainable from Chemists only. Ask your chemist to obtain it for you. If unobtainable, write us. Prices: 1/6 14oz. size, 2/6 8oz. size, 5/6 16oz. size, 12/6 32oz. size (12 months supply).

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HE HAD TO REDUCE

Easiest Way Proved The Best

A man who had been advised by his doctor to reduce writes thus:—

"I had put on weight to the extent of 14 st. 10 lbs. This was excessive as I am only 5-ft. 6-ins. in height. My doctor advised me to reduce, and I tried hot baths and massage. This, however, was too fatiguing—and I am a very busy man. I then saw an advertisement about Kruschen Salts, bought a bottle, and commenced taking them right away. Last Saturday I weighed myself, and to my surprise and delight I had reduced my weight from 14 st. 10 lbs. to 14 st. 3 lbs. My health generally is better. I sleep well, and feed more heartily. I have spread the good news to my friends who are putting on weight."—K. H. R.

Kruschen helps blood, nerves, glands, and body organs to function properly—you gain new strength and energy—feel years younger—look better, work better. Why postpone a more steady return to normal weight and vigorous health?—Start the Kruschen treatment to-day!

MUSICAL PARTY

Continued from Page 12

It had been so different when they had first met, sitting in a bluebell wood, and Madeleine singing lightly to him; the enchantment of her music then had held him. No woman ought ever to sing indoors. She was expecting a proposal to-night. He knew that by her manner. She had said: "Let's have supper after, somewhere, and talk." He knew perfectly well what that meant. Well, he supposed he had led her on, but he couldn't go through with it. Not with all this "Oh la, la!" business.

If he didn't do something quickly it would be the end. It would mean sitting round in drawing-rooms for the rest of his life and listening to this eternal caterwauling. He would be expected to know something about music. That was the trouble. He turned green at the idea. It was the greenness which gave him his excuse. He was sitting by the door, and quietly he got up and slipped out. Nobody noticed. His coat and hat were lying in the hall, he grabbed them as drowning men grab straws.

Before he had fully realised the cowardliness of his action, he was out in the street.

"Why, where has that catfish young man gone?" thought the hostess, and then: "Never mind, he's no loss."

The little old lady in the corner sat there blinking hard. Music always made her blink. She had come to please dear Lydia; they had been at school together, though dear Lydia did not like that to be recalled these days. It was quite true that Lydia had been a new girl when she herself had been an old girl, but what did a few years matter? The thing that mattered to the little old lady was whether she would be able to negotiate for some more of that rare but exquisite powder that she bought through a kindly oriental gentleman who had secret hoards of it for disposal. It gave her such a pleasant feeling. Nothing mattered when she got it, and she was to take, no unpleasantness of anything; you just snatched it up, your nose, and there you were! Nothing disturbing at all.

Lately the colored gentleman had been elusive. He had said that the police were after him, as if it were any of their business! The police butted in a great deal too much, thought the old lady; it made life quite uncomfortable, their being so pushing. She hoped that to-night something could be managed, as without the powder—now, he called it such a funny name!—life was disturbing.

It wasn't like the Gregory powders you used to take in jam as a child. It was different from ordinary sleeping draughts. She chuckled pleasantly to herself as she said there.

"Poor old thing, she is getting quite dotty," thought the hostess, and now she herself was getting bored. As yet nobody had asked for the powder. It would be frightful if she were to ask out! Really, people had no business these days. When at last the pianist suggested it, she heaved a sigh of relief.

The pianist had finished. He was listening to the last waltz of the evening, solemnly, intently, wrought on the cello. It had been a success of an evening, and he knew it. No failures for future engagements. It was all very well for the Madeleine kind, but had a good frock on and—oh, in fact, his morning suit and his pocket square represented his last things out of fashion, though nobody was to know that. At this rate they'd have to go soon, even if they were his stock-in-trade. Awful thought! Why didn't the world appreciate music, good music? Why didn't the world do something about it?

THE stout lady nudged him with an elbow and leaned closer.

"Could you play for me? I'm giving a party. I want good music, and I don't know what good music is, but you do. You'd give me the right stuff for my money?"

He nodded.

"Anything you like."

"Here's my card. Write to me. I want good music, mind you, something classy; money doesn't matter."

He murmured something vague and took the card. It was a good address, though he was sure that she didn't know two notes of music. Still, when you have your last bob in your pocket you can't be particular.

THE party was over. Everybody was going. He felt that he must stay to the end; one by one the critics filtered out into the street. His hostess patted him too heartily on the back and reminded him that she charged a small commission on any engagements he got through her party. Outside the night was cool. The little street was deserted save for a girl who leaned wearily against some area railings. As he approached her, he heard her sob. Some servant-girl

in distress, he supposed, but he turned in a kindly fashion.

"Anything the matter?" he asked.

It was Madeleine.

"Oh, it's you!" she said, and then she told him the truth. "Jeremy has gone off and left me. That means the whole thing is off. I never noticed when he slipped away. I suppose it had to be. The awful part is I'm so desperately hard up. I've got no engagements and no money; I suppose I'll have to go out charring or something."

The pianist thought of the fat lady in the sables whose card was in his pocket.

"I say, that's too bad," he said, and then: "What about coming into a Lyons and having a cup of coffee each? I can't rise to more—wish I could—but it'll warm us."

"Oh, you are good!"

"No, I'm just a hard-up, too."

They entered the brightly lit restaurant. There came the scraping of a violin and the banging of a jazz drum in a burst of welcome. It jarred on their artistic senses in one way and yet somehow they felt it was a relief from that dreadful drawing-room and that overwhelming hostess.

"Jeremy hadn't the right ideas," she said. "I suppose he realised that he couldn't stick it out. That deadly party! It was deadly, wasn't it?"

"I've got an engagement out of it."

"The mad old woman who kept chatting to herself?"

"No, the fat one in sables. I dare say I could work you into it, too."

She said in a hushed voice: "You put fresh heart into me, it's magnificent of you. I don't know why you should trouble about me."

"Just that I'm up against it, too. I suppose nobody else guessed how we felt."

"Nobody at all."

The pianist, warmed and happier, said: "What do you suppose they were talking about?"

She answered with greater truth than she realised: "Themselves."

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EVEN . . .

KATHERINE HEPBURN



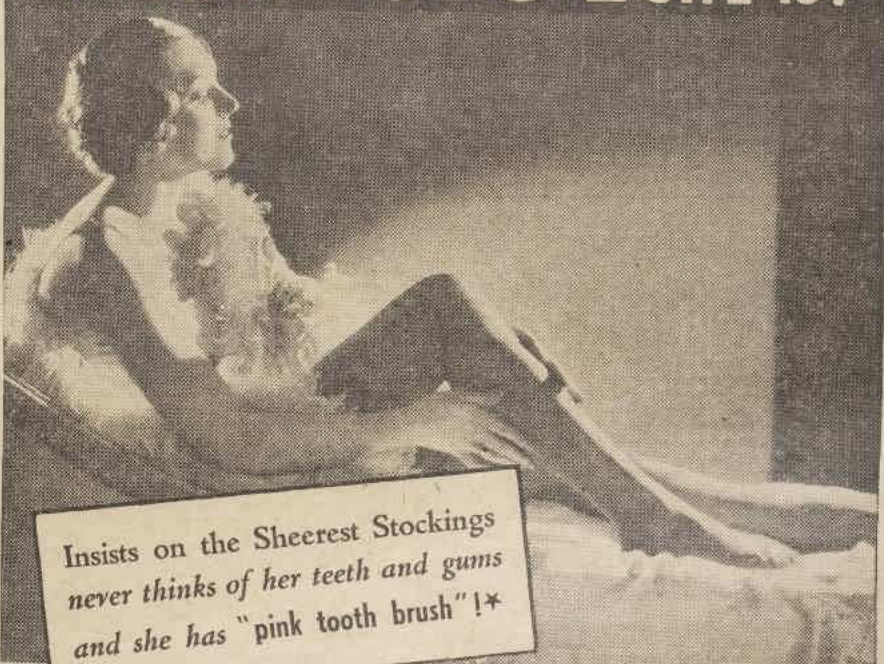
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WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Insists on the Sheerest Stockings never thinks of her teeth and gums and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

SHE insists on sheer-silk stockings to set off her shapely ankles. She couldn't imagine doing without them . . . but to the glamour and loveliness of her smile . . . to the health of her teeth and gums . . . she never gives a second thought.

The brightness of your teeth . . . the attractiveness of your smile . . . are dependent on the health of your gums.

And to be really healthy, gums must have exercise. Without exercise they become soft and flabby . . . bleed easily . . . and "pink tooth brush" develops. Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern foods that give them so little natural work. Keep them hard and healthy and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Ipana, squeeze a little extra on fingertip or tooth brush and massage it gently into your gums. Soon your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer . . . "pink tooth brush" will depart.

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

*"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" comes from gums that bleed easily, leaving a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush when you clean your teeth. This is nature's warning that your gums are soft and tender . . . that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea, may be on the way. "Pink tooth brush" means that your teeth and gums need Ipana and massage. Beware! Before it's too late.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



1/-, OR IN A SUPER SIZE 2/-, AT ALL CHEMISTS

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS

HARRY EYRE JR.



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

C. Marshall

It was Saturday morning, and usually on a Saturday morning Fred walked to town and bought several little odds and ends for Wunderlust.

As Fred had a long time to spare before the shops opened he decided to go into town a different way. As he was strolling along a reddish-looking road that he knew nothing about, except that it joined another road, and that particular road led him into town, he casually glanced over to the other side of the road. There, coming along, bent with the heavy bundle she carried, was an old woman. Fred immediately ran to her side.

"May I help you?" inquired Fred of the old woman.

The old woman seemed to shudder at the sound of Fred's voice, but on looking up and finding only a kind-faced little boy she smiled gently.

"You evidently don't live in this part of the town," she said, "none of the boys here ever ask me if they can help me. No, that's wrong," she said, as if trying to recollect some incident, "one boy did offer to help me one day, and I let him, and he ran away with my basket and I never saw it from that day to this."

"Well, really," went on Fred, "if you think I would do anything like that, I'm afraid I won't be able to relieve you of your heavy burden."

"No, my little man," said the old woman, nodding, "no, I don't think you would rob me of my basket. Here you



JOHNNY AND BETTY went with their brothers and sisters to Mushroom Grove.

are." The old woman took the basket off her shoulder and handed it to Fred. The two walked along the street for at least a hundred yards before a word was spoken, and it was the old woman who then broke the silence.

"Would you believe that I only have food in that big bundle?" she said.

"There must be a lot of it," said Fred, who had been amazed at the weight of the bundle.

"YES," said the old woman, "there is quite a lot of food there. You see, there are a lot of hungry mouths to feed where I am going. Now, there's Johnny, and Sam, and Peter, and Lionel, and then there's Betty, and Carlotta, and Jeannette. They all live with their nasty step-sister who recently married Prince Nicklebones. He's not as horrible as she is, although he's not too nice, and, besides, he has a great deal of money. He doesn't know anything about all her step-sisters and brothers, and so she has to keep them hidden in a funny old barn. She gives them very little to eat, so I make it my business to take them food twice a week. If I take too much they can always give it to the dogs," she said happily.

As Fred and the old woman came to a big field she took her bundle and said that he must now leave her, and thanked him very much for his kindness. Then in a moment she was toddling off in the direction of an old barn.

Fred then turned back and walked into town and bought what he had to buy for Wunderlust, and returned to Mushroom Grove. He told Wunderlust of the good old woman and of all the children she took food to. Wunderlust promised to go out next day and bring all the children to Mushroom Grove.

This he did, and not one of them wanted to remain with their nasty step-sister. They seemed all down-hearted and depressed when Wunderlust first took them to the Grove, but within a few hours they were all happy and laughing.

(Another story about Fred next week.)

Result of Painting Competition

FOR the best coloring of The Queen of Hearts, Sheila Holt, Walsley, S.A., wins the prize of 10/-.

For the next best Prize Cards are awarded to: Pam Nelson, "Nellie" via Grenfell, N.S.W.; Valerie Simpson, 4 Woodbury St., Marickville, N.S.W.; Noval Reeves, 12 Hawthorne St., Maryborough, Qld.; June Fye, 20 Sandford St., Musman, N.S.W.; Joan Chalmers, 12 Riverview Rd., Essendon, W.A.; John Hodgkinson, 25 Home St., Toowoomba, Qld.; and Cecil Potter, 4 Brierley Place, Carlisle St., Rose Bay.

Gonnie's Letter

MY Dear Pals—

I went to the Royal Agricultural Show last Monday and enjoyed myself thoroughly. Three of my pals were down from the country, and so they came with me. We examined horses, cows, and pigs, and tried to guess the weight of a great big bullock. Needless to say we were a long way out in regard to the correct weight of the bullock, but nevertheless, we did have a wonderful time.

Well, leaving the Show behind, I will now pass on to my letter-bag. The best letter for the week came from Nancy Hockey, Victoria St., Millthorpe, N.S.W., for which she wins a 5/- prize.

"I've just returned from a wonderful trip to Tasmania," says Nancy. "We arrived at Hobart one beautiful, sunny day, and straightway we were impressed by the picturesque panorama before us. Hobart is cosily nestled among the hills, which rise majestically on all sides, and overshadowing them all is beautiful Mt. Wellington." That is just a very short extract from Nancy's most interesting letter.

Well, good-bye until next week. Cheerio,
From your pal,
CONNIE.

MY MODEL COUSIN

By FAY EGAR

WHEN Cousin Ellen stays with us Mother makes a dreadful fuss. For Ellen's clothes are always clean, untidy—oh! she's never been.

And when she comes to have her tea, she never eats as much as me. I'm sure she never makes a noise. You see, she says, "We're girls, not boys."

Ellen says, "To ride a bike is terribly unsavory."

I'll have to whisper very low—I'm always glad to see her.

For this original verse Fay Eggar (13), 53 King St., North Sydney, N.S.W., wins a 5/- prize.

Just Chatter

JEAN STAHL, of Dumbona, paints pretty pictures; Margaret Farley, of Gloucester, has a pony for her favorite pet; Agatha Dungey, of Yarrabula (Q.), writes a very interesting and well-expressed letter.

Mary Palestam, of South Grafton, never misses reading about Fred; Ruth Ryan is fond of riddles; Vera Harrison, of Grafton, is quite a little artist.

Heather Walker, of Chelmer (Q.) likes games.



—PALESTAM.

INTRODUCING Brian Scatborough, of Hurstville, and Pat Thacker, of Chatswood.

that takes her out into the open spaces; Lesly Kendall, of Linton, is fond of surfing; Bill Thacker, of Dumbona, was 13 last November; Sylvia Brewster, of Box Creek, came to Sydney last year; Marcia Collier, of Manangatang, likes working out puzzles.

Trevor Cleaver, of Hamilton (Vic.), is only nine, and can write very clever verses; Lisa Higgins, of Grafton, writes clever verses; William Galchewsky, of Edinburg (Q.), is a great admirer of beautiful scenery; Sylvia Brewster, of Mt. Peluso, lives on a sugar cane farm; Meg Lucas, of Riverville, recently visited Terrigal; Dorothy Jiles, of Chelmer (Q.), writes a beautifully descriptive letter.

FOR FUN & FANCY

"NOW, my little girl, can you tell me the quickest way to get to Mr. Smith's farm?" asked the elderly man.

"Yes, sir," said the little girl, "run, sir."

Prize Card to Jean Williams, "Towersville," Minnesota, Ar., Sydney, N.S.W.

When do you have breakfast before you get up?—When you have a roll and turn over in bed.

When does a hen become a rooster?—When she goes to roost at night.

How do you get down from an elephant's back?—You can't, you only get down from a duck's back.

Prize Card to Gladys Jones, "Prosperity Farm," Murgum.

The enthusiastic young boy entered the office of the first big firm he found.

"What sort of a chance is there for a young fellow beginning at the bottom?" he inquired.

"Not much chance," said the manager. "We're contractors for digging wells."

Prize Card to George James, 9 Matville St., Maryborough, Qld.

Small Boy (watching some traps) tows a large line up the river; Look, Dad, at that big ship teaching those little boats how to swim.

Tenant (surprised burglar): Hands up while I get the o-c-o-cartridges out of the t-top drawer.

Prize Card to Violet Fletcher, Victoria St., River, Kari, N.S.W.



HERE ARE Tweedledum and Tweedledum all ready for you to color. Chalks, crayons, or paints may be used. It does not matter which you choose. A prize of 10/- will be given for the prettiest entry. Address all contributions to Connie, Box 1511, G.P.O., Sydney. In Paramount's "Alice in Wonderland" the parts of Tweedledum and Tweedledum are taken by Bruce Kaine and Jack Oakie.

A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 34

"THAT'S why I took to the sea. You can only drink in bouts at sea. Funny business. I wonder what would have happened if I'd come back sooner."

"You'd have beaten me for infidelity," she said calmly.

"Bet your life I should."

"And I should have enjoyed it."

"And now you're going to try marriage again."

"Yes, I'm almost at the top now, Jim. Marriage will pull me up that last step."

He looked at her admiringly. "You're not afraid?"

"Yes, I'm afraid. But then I've often been afraid before. Life's been a series of risks all the time. I take this one and then—security."

"You'll like that?"

"I hope so," she said in a troubled voice. "I do hope so. It would be frightful to have gambled everything for that and then find it—"

"Boring," he suggested.

"Well," she said defiantly, "there are worse things than being bored." But the defiance was not aimed at Jim Masters. It was aimed at some doubt within herself.

The taxi slowed sedately as it approached the station.

"You'd better get out here, and I'll go back part of the way West."

He took an envelope out of his pocket. "Here's my address. Put on some ordinary togs and come down one night and have a proper jaw. Meanwhile, give me some dough."

She opened her bag. She had eight pounds in notes. She handed them to him. "Right. Send me more next week or I'll be at the stage door."

"Don't do anything rash or you'll upset everything. If you must drink stay East."

"I'll be careful," he said. "Bye, Sally."

The taxi stopped and he got out. "Victoria, please." She wondered

vaguely whether the driver would think she had an unnatural passion for railway stations.

He said nothing, however, but drove as directed, and Christine lay back and thought about this extraordinary meeting with Jim. She could feel no anger against him. It surprised her to find how much she still liked him. With him she could be at ease. They were of the same kind, born to the same background. They understood one another. They did not have to pretend. With Toni Gerrard she was for ever playing a part. It was very tiring. Toni, she thought impatiently, had an exaggerated sense of honor and all sorts of absurd scruples. Jim's reappearance made life more complicated but also more exciting.

She dismissed the taxi at Victoria, entered the station, gave the man time to get away, and took another taxi to her flat.

"Where have you been?" said Ada, who answered the door. "Evans has had the car at the stage door for hours. He phoned me because he thought perhaps he'd missed you or something."

"Yes—I—I couldn't see him so I took a taxi."

"But you've been such a time."

"Well, what of it?"

"Toni Gerrard has phoned twice."

Christine made a movement of vexation. "Oh, Toni must learn patience."

The door-bell rang again, and it was Toni himself. "Why, Christine, where have you been? You left the theatre a minute before me, and vanished. I thought we were dining together."

"All right, so we shall," she said coldly. "It's not yet nine o'clock. What is all the fuss about?"

"But where did you get to?" he persisted, bewildered by the course of events.

"Oh, what does it matter?" she said,

unable on the instant to invent a plausible excuse. "Don't keep on bothering me. I don't bother you."

"I'm sorry," Toni remembered that it was not manners to keep on asking a lady where she had been. He pulled himself together and said politely, "Quite right, my dear. Let's go and eat."

"Yes, I'm starved."

She swept out of the flat and Toni followed, baffled. Things were hardly shaping according to plan.

JENNY walked home about ten that night and found Mum still musing on the events of the day.

"Isn't it grand, Jenny, that Ted found that sweet girl? And they both in work and everything."

"Yes, Mum," said Jennie wearily.

"Tired, darling?" she asked in response to the listless voice.

Jenny smiled. "A bit, Mum."

"You work too hard, my lamb. It's your wedding we'll have to celebrate next. We must find you a grand, rich fellow that'll never let you work again."

Jenny's lips quivered. "You think that would be a good thing, Mum?"

"Sure I do."

"Oh, well, I'll find him."

Mum smiled hopefully. "You have someone in mind?"

"Maybe."

"Now isn't that grand?"

"Oh, I hope it is, Mum. I hope it is."

But—

"But marriage is a queer, chancey business. I know, love."

"Yes, Mum." "Queer and chancey."

She thought the choice of adjectives

would surprise Clive Freeman.

"Oh, and, Jenny, I nearly clean forgot to tell you, your father gave me two pounds to-day, so we could put it to that frock you were wanting."

"Ah, I'll not mind it, Mum." Absurd idea to think that she could ever compete with Toni's "lovely" lady—now Toni's bride-to-be.

"Well, maybe you're right. Fine feathers never made fine birds."

"You wouldn't be popular in Bond St."

"And the gas company seem kind of peevish."

"Yes, I think they have a prior claim. Night, Mum."

"Good night, my precious."

Jenny crossed quietly to the bedroom and inadvertently surprised Eve, who was sitting on the floor stitching a very gay, abbreviated little frock of a bright jazz pattern. She folded it hastily and thrust it into the nearest drawer.

"What are you making?" asked Jenny, surprised at Eve's obvious confusion.

"Oh a—a silly frock for—for a fancy dress dance."

Jenny had a suspicion that Eve was lying. She wondered why. She did not feel that anything of great import could hang on the absurd little frock. "I see," she said, and did not ask any more. She had no wish to force a confidence, though she wondered vaguely what Eve could have to conceal.

THE stage of the Odeon was at the moment the scene of a mighty battle between Dixon and the low comedian.

Maurice seized his opportunity. Keeping one anxious eye on Dixon from the wings he managed to reduce his excitement to a whisper. "Eve, I've got news.

Bernstein's promised to see the act on Sunday morning."

"Oh, Maurice!" Her eyes sparkled. "Maurice!" For a moment they held one another's hands like children. The world seemed suddenly almost too full of happiness. Eve felt sure that something would come of this. She knew that the act was good. Maurice was at his very best at work. Even Jenny, she thought, would have loved him then for his clever ideas, his untiring patience, his creative enthusiasm.

Even old Mr. Bernstein, who had seen many acts and listened to the excited babblings of many young people, even old Mr. Bernstein thought it good when he sat and watched it in the bare rehearsal room on Sunday morning.

These children—so he thought of them—were both young and lovely. They knew how to dance, and there was no denying that the boy had original ideas and a flair for showmanship. He had not aimed to please an artistic coterie. He had remembered his audience. He had three numbers to offer: one frankly sentimental in the popular Viennese way; one dashingly humorous in the jazz age manner; and one technically sensational. It was a good little act, and good British music hall turns were getting harder and harder to find. Old Bernstein nodded once or twice. He might be able to get them the Ciro circuit. Perhaps he could screw old Harris up to twenty pounds a week. Nice young people they were. The girl spoke charmingly and the boy was obviously exceptionally clever. In the end they might prove a valuable asset.

The music stopped. "Not at all bad," said the old man. "I might be able to do something. You sure you can get off?"

"Yes, Dixon is a sport. Eve and he are great friends. She can wangle anything with him, and he's a great man for keeping all his extras well rehearsed and ready to step in at a moment's notice."

Please turn to Page 38



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JUNKET! **GLADS**
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A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 37

"I SEE." The old man looked again at their eager young faces. "You two married?"

"No, but we're going to be," said Eve. "I see. Well, if we fix that tour," he nodded his patriarchal Jewish head, "you get married first." His eyes fell on the music the pianist was handing them.

"You have your band parts ready. There's a vacancy in the Ciro Circuit B. halls. Handley's performing seals are dropping out, because Handley is an American and the seals are Japanese and the Home Office won't renew his labor permit. Of course you're not as good as the seals," Bernstein chuckled, "but Harris is a bit frantic for someone to open at Brighton on Monday week. I'll see if I can do anything."

"Oh, please, please do," said Eve. "I will. You see about that marriage ceremony."

Maurice and Eve walked out into the empty Sunday streets as in a dream. Their whole world had altered. Fame had always danced before their youthful eyes, but now they felt that they were right on her heels. They saw themselves as celebrated music-hall stars, their names in the lights and on the buses, their incomes running into four figures.

They discussed the affair from every possible angle. The practical side offered several problems. They were already in debt to their colleagues who could ill afford it. Borrowing among a chorus, as poor as themselves, was not easy. There had been their clothes to make and there were certain essential "props." Now there was this further expense of the band parts.

"I'll try and touch Pindlay once more," said Maurice.

"I'll try Jenny again."

"And there's the marriage license." "It'll have to wait," said Eve. "After all, if we can get the act on we'll have lots of money."

Maurice reflected on the problem. "It's cheaper if one stays put for three Sundays in one place, I think—but how can we do that?"

"Oh, dear! What about it now?"

He looked down at her tenderly and drew her hand through his arm. "You're a trusting kid."

"I told you long ago that it's my family speciality."

"Suppose, Eve, that you find I'm a real bad hat?"

"Oh, rats," Maurice.

"Suppose we have some lunch. I'm hungry."

He looked about for a cheap teashop. "I hope I never wake up," he said.

"What do you mean, darling?"

"I sometimes think, Eve, that you're just part of a wonderful dream. I'm having, and that some time the hot water bottle is going to fall out of the bed or the maid is going to come knocking on the door and I'll wake up to a lot of grim realities."

Eve laughed. "I wish you'd wake up this minute and lead me to food."

He sighted a teashop and the occasion was lost again. Perhaps Eve did not want to hear. She could never see why people should desire to face facts if facts looked handsomer from behind.

Over a meal which Maurice maintained supplied them with the maximum of calories at the minimum of expense, he said, "Not so sure that we should miss anything much in 'Golden Girls,' anyway."

"Why?" asked Eve.

"That show's going to flop."

"Oh, I don't know. I've seen worse rehearsals and wonderful shows."

"Well, I think Toni Gerrard has lost his knack."

"Well, if he has it's the fault of that Beaumont home-wrecker."

That evening Eve managed to borrow another ten shillings off Jenny. "But what do you want it for? I gave you a pound last week."

"All right. You'll have it all back soon."

Jenny remembered guiltily that she had done nothing more to clear up the accusation that Yvonne had made against Maurice. "I do hope you're not doing anything stupid."

"Oh, don't be so grandmotherly," said Eve. "I can look after myself."

Jenny could not put out of her mind the memory of the meeting she had seen between Christine and the man in the tweed cap.

She was pretty sure that in some way he came out of Christine's past and that he threatened Toni's happiness, of which she had constituted herself the guardian. She wanted terribly to find out. While she worked, her eyes often wandered to the stage door, but the man was never there.

Then one evening fate played into her hands.

It was nearly closing time. The others had already gone out on their evening jobs. Madame was working in the back room and a belated customer had just left with a bunch of sweet peas. Later Jenny was due to superintend the packing and removal of plants that had been hired for a matinee performance at a concert hall in Wigmore St. There was no hurry. She moved slowly round the shop, tidying up. As she came to the window, from force of habit, she glanced across at the Odeon. What she saw made her stop and stare. For there was the man—the man whom she had come to think of as "the man in the tweed cap." Only to-night he wore a bowler, and a cheap, new, ready-made blue suit, that looked strained on his muscular frame. He walked with a swagger and a suspicion of a lurch. He was no longer furtive. Something had given him a spurious courage—possibly something out of a bottle.

Jenny saw him go up and speak to the door-keeper and saw the old man shake his head. The other took up a waiting position, his legs apart, balancing to and fro upon his heels, looking around for something to pass the time. His eye lit on the flower shop. He crossed the road quickly, dodging the traffic with a step that was just a little uncertain.

"Evening, miss." He put three fingers to the brim of his bowler and brought them away again smartly in a mock salute. Jenny's heart beat very fast. Here was an opportunity sent from heaven if only she could make the proper use of it.



MISTRESS (engaging Maid): I have a few idiosyncrasies.
MAID: All right, Madam, I will see they are dusted regular!

"Good evening," she said, smiling encouragingly. "Can I help you at all, sir?"

"How about a nice buttonhole for a handsome sailor?"

"Why, yes." She fetched a tray of neatly-wired rosebuds. "Are you really a sailor?" she asked innocently, and offered him as an alternative the last two carnations left.

"Sure," he murmured, eyeing her with approval.

"With a wife in every port?" No one, she reflected, could wear a gardenia with a blue suit, but to play out the time she laid some on the counter.

He laughed. "Who wants more than one wife?" He winked laboriously. "One does me—one that's often a bit busy."

"I'm disappointed. I thought sailors could get away with anything—from mutiny and murder to—bignamy and blackmail."

Suddenly his eyes searched hers suspiciously, then his lids fluttered down again. For a second there was an ugly expression on his strong, handsome face, then it cleared. Her heart pounded. The words had slipped out in the way alliterative words will, yet she sensed that for the moment he thought she knew something. She pressed her innocent expression, and pushed a rosebud invitingly towards him. He was reassured. He guffawed. "You let your imagination run away

with you. I'll take the pink one."

She picked up the flower. "I'd better rewire it," she said to gain time, and ripped the old wire off quickly before he could protest. "Going out with your wife to-night?" she asked smilingly.

"Well—" He leant nearer. "I'll break my appointment if you'll come instead."

She shook her head. "And what would happen if she found out?"

"Find out!" He laughed again. "Sally's much too busy elsewhere."

"Where?"

"If I told you—well, you'd never believe me. Now then, give us the rose."

She came round the counter and fixed it in his buttonhole. "What's your name?" she asked.

"You call me Jim."

"Jim what?"

"Never you mind. Now," he tilted his bowler a shade over one eye. "I look fit to go out with the Queen of Sheba. What's the damage?"

"That will be a shilling, please."

He threw the coin on the counter.

"And worth it. Good night, miss."

"Good night."

He swaggered out and back across to the stage door. Jenny watched him go. If only she could wait and see what happened next, but Madame was calling her from the back room.

"Jenny, is the blind down? It's gone eight. Lock the door."

"Yes, Madame." Reluctantly Jenny shut out the view.

Madame was calling her again. "You needn't leave for half an hour yet. Come here and give me a hand."

"Yes, Madame."

Unwillingly Jenny walked into the back room. Madame was busy trimming and tidying up a row of plants that had already made several public appearances but that had to do duty yet again.

"These geraniums will do for that school performance to-morrow. They're not very particular and they don't pay very much."

AUTOMATICALLY

Jenny took her scissors and bustled herself with the dead leaves on the plants. In her mind she was going over and over every word that her last customer had used. She felt sure that some of them were key words—words that were important to Toni's happiness. Jim was a sailor. Who was his wife, Sally? What did he know of bignamy and blackmail? Those, she thought, were the words she had to remember. They seemed quite useless, like absurd pieces in a jig-saw puzzle that had no meaning till you could find the contingent pieces. And how could she do that? She stood gazing in front of her, lost in wondering till Madame's voice sharply recalled her to the present.

"You're very absent-minded to-night, Jenny. You'd better be going. Bert may be waiting. Now don't forget to speak pleasantly to any subordinate officials that may be hanging around to lock up. No custom was ever lost through having a friend at Court, even if it's only the scullion."

"I'll remember, Madame."

It was one of Madame's wise rules that wherever a representative of Chez Fleurette went, a friend should be left behind.

"And don't let Bert delay you with idle gossip."

"No, Madame."

Jenny was glad to be released. Her first thought was to see what was happening at the theatre, but when she stepped into the street she found that the stage door was deserted.

There was nothing for it but to get on a bus and attend to her job. At the hall she found Bert already at work and a frock-coated official watching to see that he did not remove the grand piano.

Remembering Madame's final instructions, Jenny addressed him in her best shop manner. "Good evening. I hope that the concert was a great success and the flowers satisfactory."

The official looked gloomily across the empty hall lit now by one dim working light. "No concert is a success these days," he said, "and please see that your man doesn't scratch the parquet getting those pots off."

"I'll see to it," she said, smiling, mechanically, and went up to the platform and stood over Bert while he loaded the plants on to the trays that fitted into the van.

Automatically Jenny packed the loose flowers into their boxes, but all the time her mind was puzzling over the words that she had heard that night. "Sally, Jim, bignamy, blackmail." She tried them in different patterns, "Jim bignamy, Sally blackmail." With half her mind she listened to Bert's cheerful comments on life in general and Spanish bayonet palms in particular. With the other half she tried "Bignamy Sally, blackmail Jim."

She thought that made slightly more sense. Jim had been emphatic that he had only one wife. But who on earth was Sally, and what on earth had it all to do with Toni and Christine?

To be continued.

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WORLD TITLE For Women ATHLETES

SHORTLY after the completion of the Empire Games programme, the world's feminine athletic championship will be held in London.

In view of the fact that no woman athlete was included in the Empire Games team, and that our Australian women athletes have proved their skill in all branches, it will be a matter of great regret if two at least of our athletes are not entered as competitors in this great event.

Mrs. Mulcahy, secretary of the Australian Women's Athletic Association, interviewed by The Australian Women's Weekly representative, said: "I think an Australian team should go to London to compete in the world's championships."

She gave her further opinion that the team should comprise four or five women, namely, Doris Carter, A. Bremer, Eileen Wearne, Clarice Kennedy, and Thelma Peake. This team would be very representative. Doris Carter is the Australian high jump champion, Amy Bremer, holder of the Australian 220 yards title; Clarice Kennedy, the Australian hurdle title; Thelma Peake, the broad jump title, and Eileen Wearne is a sprinter of considerable merit.

As with all touring teams the matter of finance is all important, and Mrs. Mulcahy thinks that as the Union is so small it would be impossible to raise sufficient funds to send such a representative team abroad. However, as so many supporters of women's athletics have expressed disappointment at the non-inclusion of a woman representative in the Empire Games team, it is hoped that every effort will be made to send the best team possible, and the organising of a campaign should be launched immediately.



MISS ROSE GOODMAN, who is at present busy engaged in making arrangements for the Australian Championship Regatta, to be held in Sydney on Saturday, April 7. Miss Goodman is secretary of the N.S.W. Women's Rowing Association. In 1927 Miss Goodman was elected stroke of the N.S.W. crew, and held that position in all interstate events until last year, when she retired from active participation to devote her energies to executive work.

TEST TEAM Afraid Of BARRACKING?

What English Sporting Editors Have to Say

Muriel Segal, our English correspondent, sends us the following paragraphs which appeared in leading English papers.

Leg theory, bodyline bowling, and barracking have not been discussed in connection with women's cricket in Australia, but apparently the English Press considers that a note of warning should be sounded.

"NO, I don't like the idea of sending an English women's cricket team to Australia, as has been suggested. And I don't think that Jardine would like it either. Haven't we enough trouble with the Southern Cross without a Maggie Murphy being barracked for hitting Don Bradman in the stumps? Let's keep the fight to the men. You never could tell which side those old boys from the sheep stations would take."

London "Daily Mirror."

"Cricket tests between women representatives of England and Australia is the latest from 'down under'."

"It is understood that the invitation will be accepted, but we obviously cannot send out our best side, for it is stated that every player who goes will have to pay her own fare, as the association cannot afford to do so. That, of course, is a severe restriction, meaning that only those players who have both the time and the money will be able to make the trip."

Sunday "Referee."

THESE paragraphs do not proceed from the officials of the English Women's Cricket Association, but sporting editors would hardly have raised the vexed question in this regard without some basis.

Anyone familiar with the atmosphere of sportsmanship and keen enjoyment of the game that attend our women's interstate matches will find a certain humor in the paragraph from the "Mirror."

Of the conditions suggested by the "Referee," cricket enthusiasts will take a more serious view. Every member of the Australian team will hope to meet the strongest team that the English Association can produce, so that, wherever the ultimate victory lies, each side will feel that the matches have been "tests" in the fullest meaning of the term.

NOTABLE Visitors...

Willie den Ouden, the Dutch swimmer, and Gen Hoaking, the Chinese tennis player, are international juniors whose names have been cited as prospective visitors to Australia for the Centenary celebrations.

MISS DEN OUDEN is only sixteen years of age, and already has numerous world records to her credit. Her most recent feat was to swim the 100 metres freestyle in the amazing time of 63 2/5 sec., at Amsterdam. Miss Joyce Cooper, the British champion, eulogised Miss den Ouden's style, and expressed the opinion that she would outswim all swimming enthusiasts by her effortless action.

Miss Gen Hoaking is China's youthful tennis player. She is only just 13 years of age, and has been receiving her coaching from her mother, also a player of note. Miss Hoaking was one of the players who partnered Miss Suzanne Lenglen in exhibition games in Paris. Miss Hoaking will be accompanied on her visit to Australia by her mother, Dr. Hoaking.

INVITATION TO PHILADELPHIA

There is a prospect of an Australian hockey team going to America in 1936. An invitation has been received for an Australian team to take part in a tournament to be held in Philadelphia "in the fall of 1936."

TWO New UMPIRES

TWO new recruits to the ranks of basketball umpires are the Misses May Baker and Jean West. May is a player of repute, gaining State colors in 1932 and in 1933, captaining the side on both occasions. She was also captain of her own team, Gordons, and they will certainly miss her services this season. Miss West is a member of Travers Club.

Both girls are under the tuition of Miss Gallagher, and are keen to get their Australian umpire's badge.

A Series of Cricket Matches Arranged

SEVERAL women's cricket matches have been arranged to take place this month, with the object of assisting to defray the expenses of the visit of the English women cricketers during their tour of New South Wales.

The first of the matches will be that of the combined Kuring-gai, University and Oldfields' players against the New South Wales eleven. It will be played at the Chateau Oval on April 14. Molly Dive, Margaret Peden and Eric Carpenter will be absentees from the State team as, on this occasion, they will represent their respective clubs in the combined team.

The team to represent the combined teams comprises M. Peden (captain), M. Dive, Humphries, Pope (University), Carpenter, Mudie, Pateman, Melcalf (Oldfields), Cottie, Pateman, and McAdam (Kuring-gai).

The second of these matches will be played at Earl Park, when the combined team will be represented by players selected from the Sans Souci, Stokes Victor and Sans Souci Wanderers' teams. For this match there will be no absentees from the State team.

On April 28, a combined team from Annandale and Cypress teams will play. This match is set down to take place at the University Square against the State eleven, though final arrangements have yet to be completed.

The final match of the series will be played on the Sydney Cricket Ground between the Cheero team, premiers for 1933-4 season, and the State eleven. This will take place some time during May, but no definite date has been announced as yet.

Interstate BASEBALL TEAMS Announced!

Baseball teams from Queensland and Victoria, respectively, will arrive in Sydney within the next few weeks. Interstate matches will commence on April 17 at University Square.

The personnel of the visiting teams has already been announced, but that of the team to represent New South Wales will not be selected until after the Possibles v. Probables match on April 7.

THE Queensland baseball team is unfortunate in that two of the originally chosen players are unable to make the trip.

Barbara Leach, who is an excellent first base player, and Jean Hodaswick, Queensland's foremost pitcher, are the absentees. Poppy Lawrence, who plays short stop for Toowoong, has been chosen to fill the breach.

Although the pitching strength of the team has been weakened, Alice Smith should prove a good substitute. She is pitching with great speed and accuracy. Another find is Ruby Beattie, who has speed and control, although lacking experience, and should, if necessary, be able to fill the breach.

The personnel of the team now is:—Iris Skodder, Til Skodder, Grace Sykes, Merle Osborne, Alice Smith, Ruby Beattie, Donna Kullek, Esther Warneke.

Poppy Lawrence, Oscar Arrowsmith, Emily Raynor.

The Victorian team will leave for Sydney on April 14, accompanied by Miss Freda Rowed as manager of the trip. The team includes:—

Gwen and Beth Hornabrook, Miriam Geddy (Hermitage), Joan Lewis, Marjorie Hedderwick (Old Grammarians), Lorna Smith, Dora Pakes (Lutoma), Winnie South, Bessie Sarah (Methodist Ladies' College), Annie McAulay (Presbyterian Ladies' College), Ethel McCarthy (Weber and Rice), Gwen Darnborn (Hermitage), Lorna Dossator (Grammarians), and Jean Stewart (Hermitage) are reserves.

AT the annual meeting of the New South Wales Baseball Association, held recently, it was proposed that Lady Game be invited to become patroness of the association. Mrs. O. Peatfield was elected president; T. Thayne, vice-president; R. Jones, secretary; and D. Glover, treasurer. The executive committee consists of the Misses Gore, Burke and Parkes.

A match has been arranged for April 7 between the "Possibles" and the "Probables" at Arncliffe Ground, Homebush. After the match the selectors will announce the New South Wales team.

The following players will represent the "Possible" and "Probables" teams respectively:—

"Possibles."—G. Taylor, E. Bond, D. Thode, D. Thompson, I. Dillon, K. Drennan, E. Cooper, K. Alexander and L. Hall.

"Probables."—D. Kelly, M. Flaherty, N. Druden, D. Blake, N. Burke, T. Howell, M. Collins, E. Pritchard and T. McCarthy.

INTERSTATE Matches on SCREEN...

OWING to the lack of time, the New South Wales sportswomen will be unable to stage a series of interstate matches during the festivities in connection with festival fortnight.

They have, therefore, decided on a plan through which the sportswomen will be seen in action. This will be through the medium of the screen. A film was taken of the cricket match in which Queensland played New South Wales at the Weigall Ground, and other films will be taken of the interstate baseball, rowing, and hockey. During festival fortnight this film will be shown at one of the leading picture houses.

The arranging of the filming of these contests is in the hands of the N.S.W. Amateur Sports Council.

New Woman Councillor

IT will be deeply regretted in tennis circles that Miss Nell Lloyd should find it necessary to retire from the position of woman councillor of the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association.

Miss Lloyd assisted Mrs. Conway in 1929 to rally the women tennis players of New South Wales to a point of achieving direct representation on the council. It was due to their untiring efforts that positions were made available for women's representatives, and Mrs. Conway and Miss Lloyd duly elected to fill the positions.

Miss Lloyd's work during the pioneering period as a councillor has been greatly appreciated by the players. To her has fallen the honor of captaining all the women's tennis teams to visit New Zealand, in addition to which she has, on the majority of occasions, been also the manager.

At the recent annual meeting of the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association, general regret at her resignation was expressed, but the association has reason for congratulation in finding such an able successor as Miss Louise Bickerton.

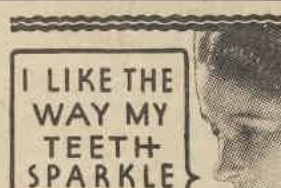
Miss Bickerton is one of the outstanding players in New South Wales. She was a member of the Australian team which visited England in 1928, and also a member of the team to tour New Zealand last year. Miss Bickerton has twice won the Australian singles championship.

New South Wales women players are extremely lucky in having such efficient representatives on the council as Mesdames Warburton and Conway, who were re-elected unopposed, and now, Miss Louise Bickerton.

2UW Coupon

RADIO listeners submitting entries to The Australian Women's Weekly features must attach this coupon and post their letters to Box 137CC, G.P.O., Sydney. For full details of 2UW doings, see Home Section.

HOST Holbrook says: A dainty delicacy is the Holbrook Stuffed Olive. The skins have been replaced with red pimentos...



No need to wait even one day for YOUR teeth to whiten.



Gives the wonderful feeling of mouth freshness you associate with Listerine Antiseptic itself.



It hardens and firms the gums — makes them a healthy pink.

TRY IT FO'

Buy a tube of Paste today. See how brightly it makes how swiftly and craves ALL stains, tartar colorations. No soapy, foamy taste — just the clean invigoration of Listerine Antiseptic itself.

—and it makes the breath sweeter.



Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Competition

ENTRY FORM

Please accept my entry for The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Competition, subject to the conditions by which I agree to abide.

M.....

Address.....

Section..... (No. of section) 7/4/34.

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonnell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

DAVID JONES'

TO THINK THAT YOU CAN GET SUCH

Evening Frocks

from

25/-



Sand Crepe Gown with semi-high neckline; youthful detachable Cape. Smartly cut skirt, priced at **29/11**

Morocaine cut in graceful clinging lines; with the new square back. Lamé trimming on cape and shoulders. A sensation at this low price **25/-**

Believe it or not—you can have a beautiful Evening Frock for 25/-! The highest price is a low price for such smart frocks—just look at them—you'll agree!

These are the materials: Morocaine, Trimmed Lamé; Sand Crepe, Windswept Crepe, Crepe trimmed Stiffened Tulle and Lace!

These are the colours: Forget-me-not Blue, Lettuce Green, Shell Pink, Chono Brown, Grass Green, White and Black.

These are the sizes: Small Women's and Women's!

Remember—David Jones' for Service!

Dinner Frock in Windswept Crepe. High cowl neck-line with slashed back. Skirt cut on the bias to give new lines **42/-**



A dull Crepe sheath flowing out at the hem. Interesting stiffened Tulle sleeves and yoke. Two styles. Marvellous value at this price **52/6**



Twisted Pearls & Gold Metal **4/6**



Plaited Silver Lamé Diadem **5/11**



Rhinestone & Chrom. Tiara **9/11**



Chrom. & Amber Bracelet **7/6**



Chromium & Col. Stones **4/11**



R'stone and Onyx Bracelet **13/6**



Brilliants and Mirror Glass **10/6**



SILVER SHOES
Everywhere for Evening Wear!

Lamé for Evening Frocks—Lamé for trimmings and here's the equivalent in Shoes—SILVER BROCADE. Here's just the shoe you've been looking for, at the price you've wanted to pay. A smart Evening Sandal, available in two heights of heel. Pair, 22/6



VELVET

The Smart Choice for Evening Bags!

Just the right size to carry your powder, lipstick and handkerchief. In plain Velvet with Brilliant Bow Clip. Priced at only 7/6. Others in Plain, Matelassé or Summeret Velvets Envelope or Framed styles. With Chromium or Rhinestone finishes. Priced from as low as 7/6 up to 21/-

7/6



Heavy dull Lace Evening Frock with new Gilet Front. Skirt interest centred at back in graceful flares. S.W., W. **59/6**



Rhinestone & Chrom. Dress Clip **8/11**



Rhinestone Necklace **12/6**



Rhinestone Earrings **7/11**



R'stone Drop Earrings **4/11**

DAVID JONES'
POSTAL ADDRESS,
BOX 503AA, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

Saturday, April 7, 1934.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One

Furnishing -- for the -- Monarchs of BABYDOM

FASHIONS in furniture, as in clothes and jewellery and motor cars and manners, reflect and, to some extent, interpret our changing attitude towards life, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the happy alterations that have come over the scene of nursery furnishings.

SCIENTISTS, to-day, tell us that the nursery is at least as important as the University, because impressions received in the child's earliest years have the most lasting effects on his character, and hence on future happiness. So it is the ideal of the modern nursery to provide beautiful and gracious surroundings for the monarchs of babydom.

To the nursery are brought all the old favorites of song and story who have been the good friends of children in all ages. They lend themselves most obligingly to the wall decorations and weave themselves ever so cleverly into the tapestry. The walls bear magic nut trees, the porridge plates record the heroic deeds of Jack or flaunt a gay, pictured page from the romantic life of Cinderella.

The modern nursery, in short, does all that a nursery can do for the child during that enchanted period of life which knows not the mundane limitations of the grown-up world.

Baby's Own Corner

FROM the day when baby discards his woolly booties for wee leather slippers, and can put down a really firm foot when he wants his own way, he can command a world where everything is designed for his comfort and amusement.

When he has been bathed in the morning, he can breakfast from china which is a joy to the eye and a stimulus to the unfolding mind, and, for this occasion, he will wear a feeder appliqued with elephants or bunny rabbits according to his whim.

Breakfast over, he is free to amuse himself in many ways; to inspect the brownies and ducks and goblins on his pretty curtains and cushions, or glance at the pictures of Mother Hubbard, Jack Horner, Boy Blue, and little Miss Muffet, all nicely framed behind glass just as grown-ups have their pictures.

For the rest of the day he can amuse himself with his toys, then, when the clock says bedtime, he won't mind going there at all! He will straight away hang his clothes upon his own coat hangers and take his pyjamas from a neat linen case, and he will fall to sleep between white sheets that have dear little pussy cats appliqued on them. It's a great life to be a baby! That is, of course, if the baby's nursery is a well-planned, happy one.

Watch the Walls

LIGHT washable walls and woodwork answer the grown-ups' demand for hygienic surroundings in a nursery, while the toys and furniture endear it to the child. Built-in cupboards are a splendid idea to encourage tidiness from the earliest days. They have sliding doors and can be painted any color to tone with the rest of the room.

A linoleum covered floor is perhaps the wisest choice for a nursery whose occupants have passed the baby stage. Jolly rugs can be placed here and there to add warmth and color to it.

Tables and chairs of many designs may be bought just the right size for baby, and small chests of drawers are easily secured. Little tablecloths with the funniest little animals appliqued on them, so cheap to buy, and yet so very attractive to the youthful eye, are on show everywhere.

For the cot, numerous things can be bought that would bring joy to any child's heart. Pretty cot covers, sheets and pillowcases, all in different colors and with different animals worked on

them. Near the cot, a starlit blue wallpaper could decorate the wall, then no matter when baby looks from between the bars of his cot he just couldn't help seeing stars! And you can never tell what he may do with such a starry outlook. Why, he may, later on in life, develop quite a taste for astronomy!

PERHAPS, after reading about these model nurseries, many of you will insist that your income will not stretch to providing delightful surroundings for your child. Well, even if it doesn't, don't dismiss the subject of nurseries from your mind, altogether. Find an unused corner or one of your back rooms and let that be your child's nursery. Have some little cupboard there, or perhaps a box, that he may place his toys in when he has finished with them for the day. A small chair, just big enough for him, with a colorful cushion on it, will cost very little and will give him no end of pleasure.

Children, just like adults, love to pos-



THE LITTLE PRINCESSES, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, riding the rocking horse which was a favorite steed of their mother, the Duchess of York, and her brothers in their nursery days. Last week's cables reported that school days are dawning in earnest for the Princess Elizabeth, who, so far, has been taught by a Scottish governess, and taken her lessons chiefly in the open air in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. This photograph was taken at St. Paul's, Walden Bury, Welwyn, the residence of the Princess's grandparents, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore.

—Frederick Thurston & Sons, Luton, England.

HARMONY of color and form are two important qualities in any successful flower decoration. One way to get the right effect is to choose your flowers, arranging them in your hand in something like the grouping you wish to achieve. Having seen that each stem is safely in the water, lift them gently up and down, holding the stalks rather near the heads of the flowers. Then a few deft touches—and you will find your arrangement well-nigh perfect!

ness something. They love to have their own little corner of a house, something they can look upon as their very own. So, if you are quite convinced you cannot afford a fully-equipped nursery, do give your little child just a small corner of your home for his sole use.

Simpler Meals Mean More Time to Spare

How much time a day can you spare in the mere preparation of food after you have bought it? This estimate should not include the table-setting, dish-washing, or other labor of meal preparation that is not applied to the food itself.

FOUR hours a day should be devoted to food preparation," says one expert on household cookery. "This estimate is a little long for the average

woman who does not indulge in expensive foods," says another. If you are a busy housewife, here is a rule to follow. Never spend more time in getting a dish ready than is necessary to make it wholesome and appetising. If you have purchased lamb chops, they are as good grilled with the minimum amount of expense and time as they could be done in some elaborate way that takes up hours. The same thing applies to beef-steak, leg of lamb, etc. It is always a waste of time to make elaborate concoctions out of meat that may be braised or roasted.

MARK FOY'S

DECORATIVE ACCESSORIES REVIVE LANGUISHING ROOMS

Rooms that have that tired appearance... are revived almost miraculously by new Curtains and Covers... and it's so easy to do today when values such as these are obtainable. Here is a Fadeless Slub Repp priced at only

3/9 yd.

in plain colours of Blue, Rose, Green, Gold, Fawn, and Brown. Heavy weight, width 48in., that will do wonders in any room. Foy's Price, 3/9 Yard.



Art. Silk Curtain Nets

Art. Silk Curtain Nets in great variety, including the latest two-tone colour effects and floral designs. All guaranteed fadeless. Width, 40in. Foy's Price, 2/3; 40in., 2/9; 44in., 3/6; 44in., 4/6.

Shadow Tissues... 1/11 1/2

Here's value and good wear combined. Shadow Tissue, suitable for Curtains, Loose Covers, etc. Width, 48in. Foy's Price, 1/11 1/2, 2/3 Yard.

We are now showing a large range of 30in. Cretonnes in all the latest colours and designs. Foy's Price, 10/4, 1/3, 1/6, 1/9, 2/3.

Cotton Fisher Net... 1/9

Cotton Fisher Net in various qualities, all guaranteed fadeless and in an extra heavy weight. Wonderful value! 40in. Foy's Price, 1/9, 2/4; 50in., 2/11, 3/3.

48-in. Cotton Velour, 5/6

Cotton Velour, suitable for Curtains or Cushions in shades of Green, Gold, Brown, and Rose, guaranteed fadeless. 48in. wide. Foy's Price, 5/6 Yard.

Bedspread and Bolster

Sets at £2/19/6



Satin Bedspread and Bolster Spread, nicely finished with panel of rucking all round shaped Bolster, with rucking and frill. Size 4ft. 6ins. Colours range from Rose, Gold, Blue, Green. Foy's value, £2/19/6.

Tapestry Table Covers... 10/6

Tapestry Table Covers, in plain or floral centres, with coloured borders in shades of Blue, Brown, Red, and Green. Size, 58 x 72in. Foy's Price, 10/6; 58 x 88in. Foy's Price, 13/6.

MARK FOY'S

Liverpool Street, Sydney

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE EYE



FOR this adorable Paris frock you will need pattern and two sheets of smocking dots. Price 1/1, including transfers.

Pretty Insertion and Edging in Crochet

—to add to the charm of diminutive frocks.

This delightful edging can also be used to decorate all sorts of house linen.

For fine linens or laces, use No. 30 mercer cotton, and for a coarser material use size 50 or 60 cotton.

Narrow Insertion: Ch. 16. 1st row: 1 tr. in 8th ch. from hook, * ch. 4, 1 tr. around the tr. just made—that is, work over the vertical line of the tr.—skip 3 sts. on chain, 1 tr. in next st.; repeat from * once. 2nd row: Ch. 7, 1 tr. in loop, * ch. 4, 1 tr. around last tr., 1 tr. in next loop; repeat from * once. 3rd row: Ch. 7, 4 tr. in first loop, 1 tr. in next loop, ch. 4, 1 tr. around a tr. in 7 ch. loop. 4th row: Repeat 2nd row, making 2nd tr. in 2nd tr. of 4 tr. group. 5th row: Same as 2nd row. 6th row: Same as 3rd row. Repeat these 6 rows as desired.

Wide Insertion: Ch. 20. 1st row: 1 tr. in 8th st. from hook, ch. 4, 1 tr. around tr. just made, skip 3 sts. on ch., 1 tr. in next st.; repeat from * twice.



A CLOSE-UP of dainty insertion and edging decorating this sweet little frock.

2nd row: Turn, ch. 7, 1 tr. in first loop, * ch. 4, 1 tr. around tr., 1 tr. in next loop; repeat from * twice. 3rd row: Turn, ch. 7, 4 tr. in loop, 1 tr. in next loop, * ch. 4, 1 tr. around tr., 1 tr. in next loop; repeat from * once. 4th row: Turn, ch. 7, repeat 2nd row, making 3rd tr. in 2nd tr. of 4 tr. group. 5th row: Same as 2nd row. 6th row: Turn, ch. 7, 1 tr. in 1st loop, ch. 4, 1 tr. around tr., 4 tr. in next loop, 1 tr. in next loop, ch. 4, 1 tr. around tr., 1 tr. in 7 ch. loop. Repeat 4th and 5th rows. 9th row: Work as before, making a group of 4 tr. in last loop, 1 tr. in 7 ch. Repeat these 9 rows for desired length.

Edge: Ch. 11. 1st row: 1 tr. in 8th st. from hook, ch. 4, 1 tr. around tr., 1 tr. in last ch. 2nd row: Turn, ch. 7, 1 tr. in loop, ch. 4, 1 tr. around tr., 1 tr. in 7 ch. 3rd row: Turn, ch. 7, 4 tr. in loop, 1 tr. in 7 ch. loop. Repeat these 3 rows for desired length. Then fasten thread in loop along 1 edge of lace, ch. 3, 1 a. c. in next loop, ch. 5, 1 d. c. in top of a. c., * ch. 5, 1 d. c. in top of last d. c., repeat from * once, 1 a. c. in next loop, and repeat from beginning across row.

By Special Request for Tiny Tots

Patterns are available

In response to the repeated requests following the publication of these Parisienne frocks in our paper, special patterns are now available.

These delightful little smocked frocks will be ideal for the chilly days to come.

Made in fine jersey or in one of the new woollen weaves—wool pique or georgette—and smocked in gay colors, your little girl will be warmly and smartly dressed.

These patterns are cut to fit girls from 4 to 6 years of age. The price for patterns is 9d. post free. For the square-yoked frock, two transfer sheets of smocking dots are required. These, together with pattern, can be had for 1/1, post free. Extra sheets cost 4d. each.

Square Yoke Frock

YOU will need two sheets of transfer dots and allow two yards of double width material. Place centre front and back on fold. Allow turnings. Place centre front yoke on fold and allow one inch facings for centre back. The



THE pattern for this sweet frock costs 9d., post free. Directions are given below for making.

sleeves are 4in. x 16in. lengths cut on the bias, joined and gathered into armholes.

Place transfer at top of skirt back and front, and press with a warm iron. Gather up with running thread and smock. Join seams and sew to yoke, notches matching. Face the neck, and work blanket stitch round neck and edge of sleeves.

To prepare the material ready for smocking, cut a strip of dots from the transfer the depth required, and iron off on to the material. Each row of dots must now be gathered. Using strong sewing cotton, take the needle and thread in at one dot and bring up half-way between dots, and down again at the next dot, and continue this to end of row.

Care must be taken that each row of run stitches is commenced on the same side, so that the threads on top of material make straight rows downwards. When sufficient rows have been run in, draw up each thread tightly, and secure by passing round a pin.

Round Yoke Frock

THIS tiny tot's frock is simplicity itself to make. Just cut out the pattern, join shoulder seams, and face neck and sleeves with half-inch facings.

Starting at centre front, and quarter-inch from neck edge, run a gathering thread all round with strong silk as this thread will be used to adjust neck. Now starting from shoulder seam run four more threads half-inch apart. Fit on, and gather threads evenly and fasten off firmly all except the first one. Work in a simple smock stitch.

Treat the sleeves in the same way, having threads quarter-inch apart. Join side seams and turn up hem, finishing off with chain or stem stitch.

Allow 11 yards of double-width material, placing centre front and back on fold, also allow for turnings.

For Odd Jobs



YOU can send for this very attractive little apron, showing a smart green (or blue) patchwork bowl embroidered onto apron and flowers traced ready for quick stitching. Note that the patch is in fast color, also the pretty bindings to harmonise. In best British calico, the price is 1/9, and in finest quality crash, 2/3.

Useful Shampoo Wrap

Quickly Made From A Turkish Towel

AS you see, it just slips over the head and ties round the waist while you shampoo your hair. No water will trickle down your back, as it fits snugly up at the neck. When you are ready to dry your hair, simply untie the tapes and you have a length of towel ready to use.

The wrap sketched was made with a towel, size 22in. by 42in., and 14 yd. of white tape, 2in. in width.

The Making: Cut a 11in. slit for the neck opening in the centre of the towel as shown in the diagram, and 16in. from the edge of the towel. Bind the opening with tape. Cut the remainder of the tape in half, and sew a length at each end of the towel as the diagram shows.

The wrap is now ready to wear. You can, if you like, add a button and loop at an appropriate spot along the neck opening to hold the wrap tightly around the throat in front.

YOUR shampoo will be ever so comfortable with this absorbent wrap. It takes but a few minutes to make, and will last for ages.



AUTUMN is POPULAR WEDDING SEASON

April the Favorite Bridal Month

A young man's fancy may lightly turn to thoughts of love in the spring, but he does not get the Australian girl to take him seriously till autumn comes.

Witness the fine crop of weddings on the immediate horizon.

ON Tuesday, Miss Marian Hill married her cousin, Mr. Geoffrey Manchee. Saturday is the wedding-day of Miss Fay Fuller and Mr. Joseph Darby. Ann Campbell-Walker's wedding to John Kater is another important social event, and next week, in Melbourne, Miss June Baillieu will marry Mr. Sam Hordern—the most widely interesting wedding since that of Mr. Hordern's sister, Audrey, to Mr. William Winter Irving, of Melbourne.

NUMEROUS other weddings arranged for April place the seal of popularity on autumn as the favorite bridal month. Perhaps spring was the leading wedding season in the heyday of our prosperity when a young couple could have turned their steps to the altar as soon as their fancy dictated. Nowadays the fancy of spring is seldom the fiancé of summer and the bridegroom of autumn. The step between fancying a girl and financing a wedding and its consequent responsibilities is often long enough to bridge more than one season. With the dust of spring in his eyes a man often falls blindly in love with a girl, but the dust is settled by the first showers of summer. Autumn casts a rosy haze over quite another type of girl if it is aided and abetted by a satisfactory show in the economic situation—the wedding-ring is as good as bought.

UNFORTUNATELY, there are no Australian statistics to prove which is the most popular month to marry, although in England autumn has been given pride of place by mathematicians. The ice-cream vendors, who would naturally be expected to save a little during the summer and marry in the autumn and the bathing-costume manufacturers, who work overtime in the winter and might be supposed to have saved enough to marry by the spring, cancel out against each other. But the backbone of Australia is still the country, and in the autumn the wool and wheat are in and the country couples are free to marry.

Rev. Arthur Rix finds April a most popular month, and Mrs. Hall, whose 11 Onslow Ave. is so popular for wedding receptions, thinks April, August, and September are all good months.

As for the most popular day of the

week to be married, Saturday is easily in the lead as first favorite.

MANY things have to be considered besides the economic situation in general when choosing your marriage month. In Australia we really have only two real seasons, winter and summer, so that late autumn or late spring at once suggest themselves. For every bride wants to have new clothes for her honeymoon, while she doesn't want to waste her money upon between-season frocks that will only be wearable a few weeks and will be out of date next year.

The autumn milestone is Easter, and the summer one Christmas. Many business firms close over these holidays, and thus provide a suitable marriage time. For modern employers often slave from dawn to dusk and, like their employees, only get these few days from work.

Of these two holidays Easter is the most popular, among the dissenting denominations at any rate. For most honeymoons are now motor tours, for which autumn weather is ideal, but summer heat is fatal and Australia's spring winds most trying. Thus autumn wins from spring once more.

But autumn has yet another pull over spring. In the Roman Catholic Church during Lent weddings are forbidden, except on March 17 (St. Patrick's festival), and they are not liked in the Anglican Church. Even if they are solemnised the bride must do without music and without flowers, of course.

Therefore, after Easter, all the weddings which have been accumulating over Lent come with a rush. There is no such prohibited period during early spring to swell the early summer marriages. So autumn seems to be able to give spring points in Australia, even as it does in England.

And the reason given for England's defection from the spring tradition is a general one which holds good for Australia too. In the spring one may fall in love, but it is in a hearty, carefree way, whereas when autumn comes, closing in with its dying leaves and hints of decay, all spring's merry bachelors feel that it is not so satisfactory as it used to seem to be alone, and think their freedom well lost for the security of a cosy room with a dear little wife heating the "hot dogs" for him on top of the radiator.

The Story of the Exotic Persian Rug

STEEPED in romance is the exquisite beauty of a Persian rug, the oldest hand-made rug known to the world. It was created and fashioned by a beauty-loving race of craftsmen in a myriad weaves and knottings, in many intricate designs, and in colors marvellously blended.

Each of these weaves is peculiar to its species of rug, and the secret of its pure beauty of coloring belongs exclusively to the East, handed down from father to son for generations. That is why in the West it is impossible to obtain the color loveliness possessed by the genuine Persian rug.

Some rugs are named after the place where they are made; but there are so very many species, a few of the best known being the Shiraz, the Kerman-shah, the Hamadan, the Baluch, the Isfahan, the Mosul, the Hamadan Dosh, Afshar, Saraband and the Kirman. The latter is made in lovely shades of wine, rose, fawn and blue, and has a deep, rich, silk pile.

One great difference between East and West is the manner in which rugs are treated. The Persian regards his rug as a most cherished possession; he lays it on sand and treads on it only with feet bared. To those who have travelled in Persia, it is deprecation to see a Persian rug ruthlessly trampled upon by western leather footwear, sometimes dusty and soiled; and to see a rug spread on polished flooring. For another secret of a Persian rug is that it was designed for treading with bare feet and a true appreciation of it can only be gained by divesting oneself of the trappings of civilisation in the form of leather footwear, and allowing one's bare feet to sink into its richness and depth.

In the East, rugs are not only used for floor coverings. They have many other uses. There are rugs specially



SKETCH of a Kirman rug from Anthony Hordern's. The intricate designs of these hand-made rugs are woven into a wonderful harmony of color tones.

designed for prayer, woven with sacred symbols, and used for no other purpose so that they remain permeated with the prayer atmosphere of the faithful. Then there is the saddle rug, utilised for transport of goods by camel or by the humble donkey. And there is the memorial purdah or curtain rug, for centuries veiling the mystery of eastern womanhood, but now rent asunder by progress of civilisation.

It has a thousand uses; perhaps the most picturesque is when it hangs as a curtain across the tent doorway while the caravan rests in a desert oasis. When at daybreak the tent is folded and the caravan steals silently away, the beautiful artwork of Eastern craftsmen goes with it.

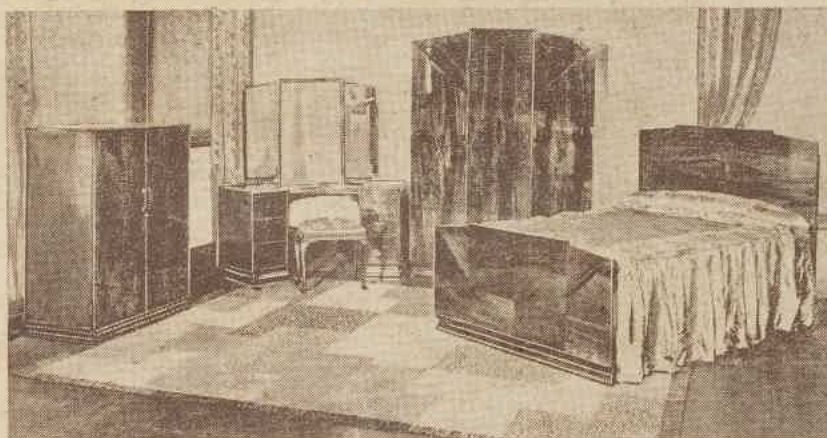
A shipment of rare hand-made Persian rugs has recently been unpacked at Anthony Hordern's, and the rugs are on view on the fourth floor.

PULSFORDS

119 BATHURST STREET. (between Pitt and George Sts.)

offer Outstanding Values in Smart Furnishings of Guaranteed Quality

In Furniture and Furnishings, more than in anything else you buy, Quality is the only true test of Value! It is the Quality of an article that makes it retain its usefulness and beauty for many years. So be careful when buying Furnishings, for your home! Make certain of the quality and you will be sure of the value! Pulsford's guarantee the quality of everything they sell—nothing inferior in workmanship or materials goes into our manufacturing. We therefore can promise you — Fine Furnishings at Outstanding Values.



The 'Estrella' Bedroom

Beautifully veneered in figured walnut, full-polished in rich dark tone. Wardrobe is 4ft. 8in. wide, two-thirds hanging space, one-third drawers; dressing table is oval-shaped with reflex mirrors, and measures 5ft. round. Loughboy is 3ft. wide, 4ft. 2in. high, nicely fitted. Bed is full 4ft. 6in. wide. CASH PRICE COMPLETE

£45'19'6

Shown above are:

Art. Moderne Axminster Carpet in blue and brown: 10ft. 6in. x 9ft.

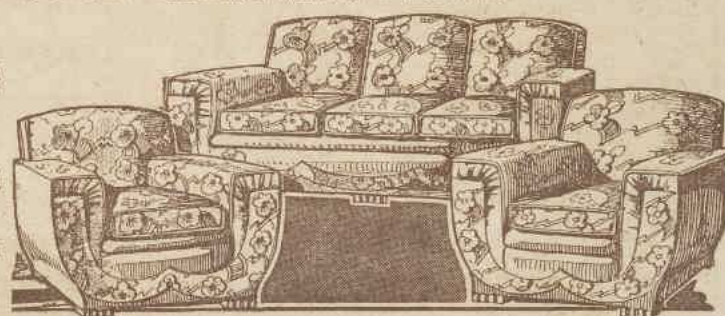
£12'15'

Boudoir Stool, blue damask, spring seat

PRICE . . . 32'6

Satin Bedspread and Bolster

£3'15'



72 IN 3 1/8 YD

The Swanleigh Lounge

consisting of Settee and two Easy Chairs, covered with best quality Genoa Velvet in soft brown and green; the inside arms, outside arms and outside backs are covered with green plain Velour to tone. A very outstanding and artistic Suite. CASH PRICE

£24'17'6

Sydney's Newest Designs!

British Linos, Floorcloths

Pulsford's new season's shipments of British Linos and Floorcloths have recently arrived! There are beautiful designs and colorings new to Sydney that will enhance any room. All of guaranteed British quality at amazingly keen prices.

Shown at left are some patterns in British Floorcloths. For keen price and long years of wear, there is nothing like it! And when you see the smart colorings you will realise how attractive your floors can be. We guarantee the quality. 72 inches wide, yard 3/9

New British Linos in many patterns. 6/11

72 inches, yard

The best base for linos and floorcloths is Felt-Paper. Heavy quality that smooths out the roughness of flooring boards. 72 inches wide. 1/2

SPECIAL VALUE, yard

The Bridge Chair shown is in silk tapes—39/6 try with swivel back

INTERESTED IN RADIO? Then Hear the "Bathurst" Radio First. 5-Valve SUPERHET, £16/19/6. New 6-Valve INTERNATIONAL ALL-WAVE, £24/10/6.

PULSFORDS

(T. WILLS PULSFORD LTD.)

WE PACK FREE FOR COUNTRY CUSTOMERS

119 BATHURST STREET

Between Pitt and George Streets

"SURE TO GET IT AT GRACE BROS"

Grace Bros

SPECIAL VALUES IN Baths and Sanitary Ware

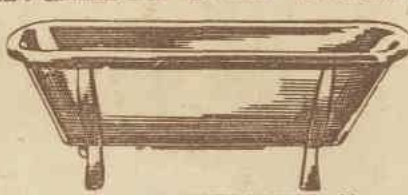


Here are typical values from our extensive stocks of Baths and Sanitary Ware—also Grates and Fire Screens. Compare our prices, quality, and huge selection, and you will find it will pay you to visit this popular 3rd Floor in our Furniture Building.

Porcelain Enamelled or Galvanised Iron Baths



PORCELAIN ENAMELLED BATHS. Pure White Leadless Enamel, 5ft. or 5½ft., complete with N.P. fitting and rubber plug. **PRICE, each** **£5 19/6**
Packing for Country, 3/6 extra.



GALVANISED IRON BATH ON FEET. 24 gauge. This Bath has reinforced bottom and cast feet, and is a well-made job. Sizes: 5ft. or 5½ft. **27/-** overall. Price, each



CEMENT TUBS. First grade, 3ft. 10in. overall. Complete with two rubber plugs and union. **17/6**
CEMENT PEDESTALS 6/6 pair.
Packing for Country, 3/6 extra.



TERRAZZO DRAINER. Special Purchase of Red and White, and Black and White Terrazzo Drainers, to suit 18in. x 12in. Sinks. **16/-**
48 x 18in. overall. Price **15/-**



LAVATORY BASINS. 14in. bowl. Complete with Plug and Washer **35/-** ea.
Packing for Country, 4/- extra.



Chip Bath Heaters

This is a very reliable Heater—well constructed of 24 gauge iron, with removable grating and ashpan. Suitable for right or left-hand position. **PRICE** **45/-**
Packing for Country, 2/- extra.
CHIP BATH HEATER. Well-finished and constructed throughout of 24 gauge iron. **PRICE** **23/6**
Stand, 2/- each.
Packing for Country, 2/- extra.



Complete Sewerage Unit for **57/6**
The illustration shows the complete outfit for a new sewerage connection. Comprising: 1 Pedestal Pan, 1 Lavatory Seat with bolts and buffers, 1 Steel Flush Pipe, 2 N.P. Clips, 1 Cement Cistern, 1 pair Brackets. **PRICE, complete** **£2 17/6**

Grates and Fire Screens Keenly Priced!

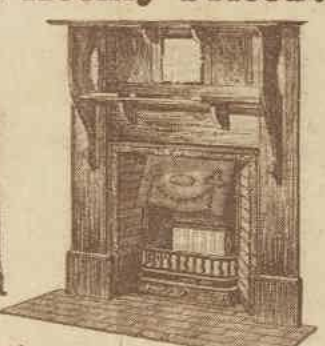


Mission Pattern Basket Grate. This is an exceptionally good class of Grate with stout bottom, which allows the ashes to be tipped into the ashpan. **ASH-PAN PRICE** **3/-**
Size. **PRICE**
17in. **16/-** **3/-**
20in. **18/6** **3/6**
22in. **21/-** **4/-**
Packing for Country, 1/6 extra.



ALL BRASS FIRE SCREEN

Special Offer!
As illustration. Mounted on solid cast brass feet. Size, 26 x 26in. Usually 33/6. **22/6**
PRICE, each
TILES FOR PANELS AND HEARTH. (As illustrated on Mantel above.) **20/-**
PRICE



MANTEL. Oak, Mission finish. Widths over jambs, 51in. Height, 61½in. Opening: Width, 36in.; height, 36in. Size of £4 5/- mirror, 10in. x 10in. **5/-** extra.
Packing for Country, 3/- extra.
GRATE. 36in. x 36in. with black movable canopy; vertical bars, and ashguard. **PRICE, each** **43/6**
Grating for Country, 3/- extra.

'PHONE M 6506 —GRACE BROS. LTD.— BROADWAY SYDNEY

AROUND the HOME

- Here are some happy suggestions for brightening your home.
- A few handy hints that home-lovers will welcome.
- Some clever ideas from readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.



SUCH A USEFUL AND DECORATIVE CHINA CUPBOARD

HERE is an idea for converting an old cabinet, or lower part of a corner cupboard, china cabinet: Remove the front panel and fit glass in its place. Enamel the outside grey and the inside apple green—or in shades to harmonise with your existing color scheme. Fix shelves above in graduating sizes, and paint these apple green. If your china happens to be blue, then have a deeper blue instead of the apple green.

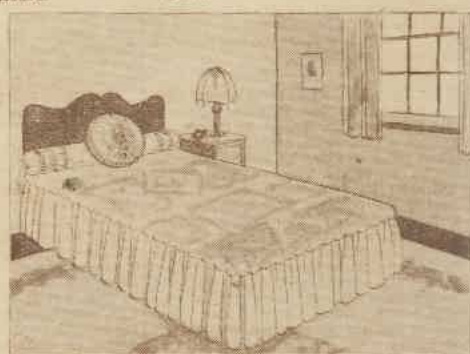
WHY NOT CURTAINS TO MATCH YOUR BATH TOWELS?

JUST consider the novelty of curtains to match your bath towels! The sketch above shows how two large, attractively patterned towels can be used to effectively drap your bathroom windows. They can be washed so easily—and no ironing is needed.

into a good idea. Remove the front panel and fit glass in its place. Enamel the outside grey and the inside apple green—or in shades to harmonise with your existing color scheme. Fix shelves above in graduating sizes, and paint these apple green. If your china happens to be blue, then have a deeper blue instead of the apple green.

WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH A SPARE LACE CURTAIN

TUCKED away in many, many linen cupboards are lace curtains which have been superseded by muslin, cretonne, and the like. But here is an idea: Bring the best of the light and make of it a delightful bed-spread. Simply attach it to a foundation of pastel-hued silk to harmonise with the main color scheme of the room, attach a valance of the same silk, and you'll lend an enchanting atmosphere to your bedroom.



NON-SLIP POLISH

WHERE children are running about, highly-polished linoleum is dangerous. The following non-slip polish is excellent, and also preserves the linoleum: Allow half a pint of methylated spirit to 2ozs. of shellac. When dissolved, apply the mixture to the floor (previously washed with soda water to remove grease) with a soft flannel. The polish can be wiped over with a wet flannel, and will not easily come off.

IF YOU HAVE A VACUUM CLEANER

DON'T shake your mop out of the window. Let your vacuum cleaner remove the dust. Turn the mop over, let it run, and hold the mop over it. Easy and much more sanitary. And a good moth preventive is to vacuum rugs on the wrong side occasionally.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

GIVE your phonograph records a bath once in a while; they will repay you by playing sweet and clear. Use a pure, mild soap and warm water, and be ever so sure that you have wiped them perfectly dry.

KEEPING CREASES AWAY

LUNCHEON mats and tray cloths, etc., frequently become crushed, no matter how carefully they are put in a drawer. To remedy this, get a cardboard (or metal) tube, slightly longer than the articles, and about one inch in diameter. Roll each freshly laundered mat or cloth round this, one on top of the other, then slip elastic bands over the ends.

TO CLEAN SETTEES

SETTEES and chairs which are upholstered in corded velvet should be taken out of doors at least once a week and beaten with a light cane and then treated with a stiff handbrush. The brushing, of course, should be done in the direction in which the cord runs. When the time comes for more serious cleaning use a cloth dipped in petrol or benzine, taking it down the chairs in long sweeps. As both spirits are inflammable, this cleaning should be done out of doors and the chairs should not be restored to use until they are thoroughly dry.

CLEVER IDEAS

LAST SUMMER we could not keep the swallows out of our garage. I was told to hang up a bottle. With little faith in its efficacy, I hung up three wine bottles on the girder across the entrance. No swallow attempted to enter after this was done.—"Agnus," Bendigo, Vic.

GLASS STOPPERS broken into the neck of a bottle, may be removed this way: Melt the end of a stick of sealing-wax, press vertically and firmly down on the broken stem of glass, and allow to harden for ten minutes. Then warm round the neck of bottle to expand it and pull on the stick of wax. The glass stem will come out with it.—J. Walker, Enmore, N.S.W.

TO CLEAN a school panama hat, take a nail-brush and some warm soapy water and go all over the hat thoroughly until all dirt is removed. Then go over the hat with slightly-beaten white of egg, pull into shape, then let dry, and you will find the hat will be like new.—E.G., 223 Liverpool Rd., Enfield, N.S.W.

WHEN HANGING washing on the line out of doors, keep your pegs in a strawberry basket, or other light flat basket, and slip it on the line before fixing the latter in position. The basket can then be moved along as you wish, saving time and avoiding stooping. The pegs also keep clean in it.—Mrs. C. Mulligan, Falcon St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

WHEN FRYING eggs, cover the pan for a minute or two, and the eggs will be beautifully done.—"Lucy," Bendigo, Vic.

NOW IS the season for those bright flowers, marigolds and geraniums, which have such an unpleasant odor when cut for vases. Remove all the leaves, and there will be no nasty smell. Dip the stems in hot water and the flowers will last for several weeks.—E. J. Burgess, 6 Hunter Rd., Camberwell, E.S. Vic.

Bedroom Accessories that Match Your Charm

Surround Yourself with Colors... that harmonise with your own particular coloring.

By Our Home Decorator

PROBABLY the room dearest to a woman's heart is her bedroom. For there, of all rooms in the house, she holds most undisputed sway. There she can run to frills and lace, silks and satins in furnishings and decorative accessories; surround herself with colorful charm—and inexpensively, too, if she is at all handy with the needle.

ONLY in recent years have we begun to realise what an important factor bedspreads are in beautifying our bedrooms.

Furniture, curtains, rugs concerned us, but the bedspread never presented a particularly great problem. The dead white quilt was usually the limit to one's imagination, so practical, so easily laundered.

But what good is practicability without beauty when, with a little thought, we can have both?

Just as much care in the choice of a bedspread is necessary as in the other furnishings of the room. Any kind of bedspread will not fit any room.

It is best to leave the choice until the very last, then you can take your cue as to its color, design, and material from the rest of the room.

Almost any combination of materials can be used for furnishing and accessories if you are clever enough about it.

You will have already noted the attractive impression of a bedroom, showing above, combining, most happily, the old and new in furniture.

This is full of delightful ideas for you.

For instance, if you have an old-fashioned dressing table, why not drape it in sprigged muslin or rich, lustrous taffeta—according to your taste, but in keeping with your coloring?

The mirror, which your mother and grandmother considered "right," and which you so utterly despised, you will note, comes into its own again quite happily.

Of modern design is the very attractive bed.

The bedspread can be an exquisite thing of muslin and lace, just muslin, heavy silk or taffeta, but it must match in coloring and, if possible, the material used to drape the dressing table.

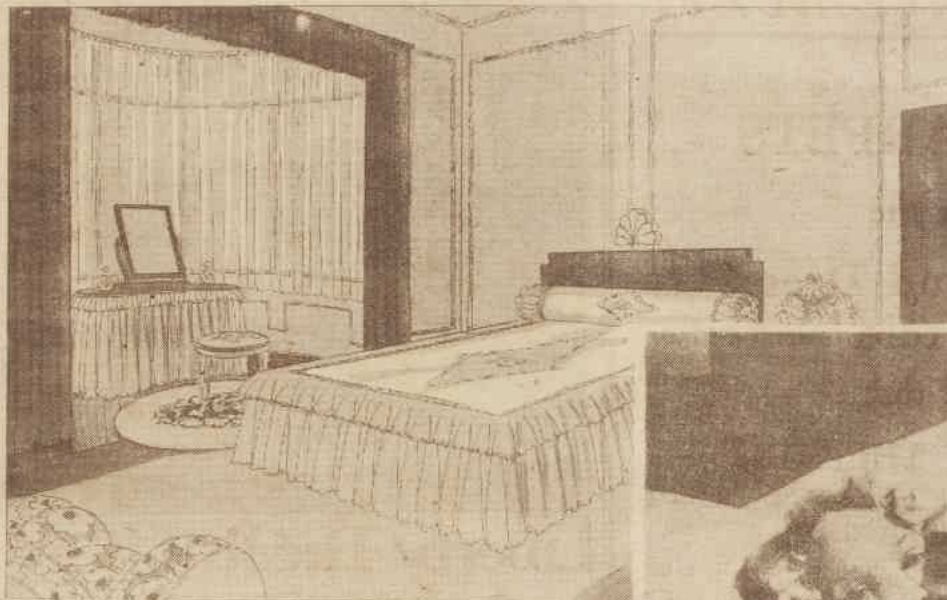
Soft, Even Lighting

A SHELL-LIKE lamp shade at the head of the bed is just a suggestion. But be it noted, this type of lamp spreads the light softly and evenly over the head of the bed.

A plain rug is essential. The borders can be banded in harmonising shades if you will. In front of the dressing table, you can have an oval or circular rug in bright, rich tones.

The little stool which every woman adores can be covered in a bright fabric to match.

A deep-seated chair into which you can utterly relax can be as modern as you would like it to be. In this instance, let it echo the same color notes



TO MATCH your coloring—and charm. A bedroom showing how the old can be combined with the new. The dressing table, so old, is now draped charmingly. The mirror, too, might easily have seen fifty summers, but it looks just right. Its polished wood is repeated in the modern red with its exquisite spread fashioned from the same fabric as that used for curtains and dressing table drape.

of oval rug and stool, and heap upon it cushions plain colored, yet harmonising with curtains, bedspread, and dressing table.

Match Your Coloring

HAS it ever occurred to you to have the decorative color notes of your room—curtains, cushions and bedspread—in harmony with your own coloring?

Supposing now you are a blonde. You can have curtains, cushions and bedspread in soft greens, daffodil yellow, palest rose pink, or powder blue.

Incidentally, if the furniture happens to be grey, and you are dissatisfied with

your bedroom as it now is, add new curtains, some cushions, and make, or buy, a new bedspread in any one of the colorings suggested—and you will be surprised at the improvement in the room.

Moreover, it will provide a happy background, and will gather greater individuality and charm, because it will now harmonise with your own coloring.

The brunette can surround herself with maize, royal blue, coral or tangerine colorings; while the titian-haired beauty can resort to lovely jade green, golden tan, turquoise blue, and if she is entirely modernistic, a combination of black and green.—E.E.G.



HERE YOU GLIMPSE the charm of lustrous washing satin—bedspread and downy pillows are carried out in petal pink tones to match blonde loveliness.

Rush for Flats Sends People to Roof-Tops

Melbourne Prepares for Centenary Influx

From Our Melbourne Representative

Only a privileged few of Melbourne's population know the delights of awakening to the sight of Collins Street's trees in the early morning sunshine, or of hearing the morning calls of the birds in the gardens near Spring Street.

IT is practically impossible to obtain a flat in the city proper.

Flats and rooms have become fewer since owners with an eye to Centenary profits have converted the fronts of many Collins St. buildings into shops.

Several imaginative people have rented old Chinese laundries, ex-plumbers' shops and even stables in side-streets and lanes and converted them into colorful little homes in the Chelsea manner.

Meantime many are casting covetous and calculating eyes on caretakers' dwellings on the rooftops of city buildings.

Flat dwellers are hanging on grimly because they know that city rents will be much higher later in the year.

Mrs. So-and-So is controlling her dislike for the lady next door because she wants to have a good view of all the processions and pageants from her Collins St. windows—she may even be able to let them to sightseers for very com-

fortable sums that will help to pay the rent.

Estate agents are already receiving inquiries for city and near-city flats from overseas and other States, but no bookings will be made definitely for a couple of months.

VISITORS who want to stay near the city will find accommodation in areas near St. Kilda Rd., where in two buildings alone that will be completed in a month or so there will be nearly 100 flats, and in Alexandra Ave., where several big blocks of flats were recently completed.

One gloomy estate agent, however (it was Monday morning when we interviewed him), predicts that there has been over-building, that in spite of the shortage of flats in the city itself there will be far too many flats for Melbourne's population when the Centenary is over, the Centenary being "only a glorified Cup Week after all."

With city land costing hundreds of pounds for a mere foot, no one is likely to build any new blocks of flats because the City Council demands 300 square feet of yard space to every single flat.

Presumably our visitors will come to Melbourne for a change from what they have been used to. This may be a chance for our young things to band themselves together in the cause of hospitality, and behind the broad backs of the more conventional City Fathers to solve the Centenary flat shortage in their own enterprising way.

The most feudal lord may yet be glad to know of a safe, secluded spot in the gardens or on the bay-side; we may yet see bright international camps in the Fitzroy Gardens; an attack of blindness or deafness in the police force might clear all good accommodation for a few more visitors; and flat No. 9, Pentridge, would rank with Clevedon or Toorak among the best addresses.

The young people organising this scheme might even be able to advise prospective campers on the effect of the tides along the Yarra's banks!

WHEN WASHING silk stockings, add a few drops of methylated spirits to the last rinsing water and, when dry, they will look like new.

A Handy Trolley To Lighten Your Work

THIS very handy little trolley will be found invaluable to busy housewives on special cleaning days. On it you can assemble all tools needed for the task of the moment. Cloths, polishers, brushes, paint, bucket, a bowl, etc., all will stand on the trolley, which you can just slide along as you work.

To make this, you will require a piece of wood about 16ins. by 22in., 4 small castors, a small wooden box about 11in. by 6in., and a cocoa or treacle tin, with two screws.

TO MAKE

With a gimlet make two holes in the bottom of the tin and screw to the corner of board from underneath; also screw the box down at the edge of the board, as shown in the drawing. Screw on a castor



NEXT to nothing is the cost of this handy little trolley—and what help it will give you! at each corner, and the trolley is ready to use.

LADIES' SCISSOR CASES



Nickel Plated
POULTRY
SECATEUR

10/6
PER PAIR



LADIES' SCISSOR CASES

Contains 1 Pair Nickel-Plated Sheffield Scissors 4 1/2" / SIMILAR CASES containing 4 Pair Scissors 3 1/2" / SIMILAR CASES containing 3 Pair Scissors 2 1/2"

W. JNO. BAKER Ltd. 3 Hunter St. SYDNEY



Run a Home Gallery of Photographic Art

THE PHOTOGRAPHS reproduced in The Australian Women's Weekly so often reach an unusually high standard of attractiveness and artistic value that readers must at times feel the urge to possess those with a particularly strong appeal.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY PHOTOGRAPHS

May be obtained on application to Photo Department, Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Announcement!

The CARPETS
for the
Stalls and Dress
Circle
of the
LIBERTY THEATRE
were supplied by
Grace Bros. Ltd.
Theatre Furnishing Specialists



Liberty Theatre is a Spectacular Success

Distinguished Audience Enjoys Brilliant Premiere of "Only Yesterday"

A new chapter in the history of entertainments in Sydney has been written by the opening of the Liberty Theatre. In its architecture, furnishing, lighting, decoration, and ventilation, as well as its technical equipment, this theatre is a most interesting exposition of the modern movement at its best.

THE opening night attracted a packed house, and hundreds had to be turned away. At every session, since the house has been sold out long before the opening hours, and, at times, it has been necessary for the management to get the assistance of the police in directing the vast crowd anxious to obtain admission.

To step from the street into the foyer is to be at once impressed with the comfort and charm of the surroundings. The walls, done in a soft shade of creamy-gold, are decorated with gold panels in high relief by Rayner Hoff. Among the panels is one of our great statesman, W. C. Wentworth, to whose memory the theatre is dedicated.

MOST attractive are the furnishing pieces in the foyer and ante-rooms. These were done by Bebarfalds Ltd. The luxurious chairs and lounge have graceful new lines, and are beautifully tailored with tapestry in tones of gold and soft, autumnal shades. The occa-

sional tables, too, have new, enticing modern lines.

Huge baskets, some decorated with silver horsehoes, bearing a silver horse-shoe and the inscription "Good Luck," were a tribute to many warm, good wishes for the success of the enterprise, and added to the color and charm of the notable premiere.

Within, the theatre provides the acme of comfort. Grace Bros. undertook the felting and carpeting of the auditorium, and the soft tones of the carpets blend artistically with the general color scheme, while the deep-piled surfaces accord with the general note of luxury prevalent in the theatre.

Smart Frocking

VERY elegant was the frocking of the women at the premiere, and many prominent city and country people were in the audience. Among the crowd, chatting to friends in the foyer, were the Deputy Premier and Minister for Transport, Lieut.-Col. M. F. Brunner, and Mrs. Brunner. Mrs. Brunner's gown of black lace was relieved with touches of blue.

Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, looking "in the pink" after his recent successful flight, was accompanied by his pretty little wife, Mrs. H. C. McIntyre, who is such a well-known member of the Country Women's Association, was a very smart exponent of the new black-and-lame mode. Her gown of black silk was cheered with silver lame cowli sleeves.

A well-known visitor from Bourke, Mrs. W. Penner, who is in town for the races and staying at Ushers, wore a handsome gown of the new Burgundy lace. Another country visitor, Mrs. W. S. Martin, of Tarce, was a striking figure in a coat of Oriental lace, worn over a mustard silk dress. Red roses adorned the corsage of Mrs. I. S. Browne's gown, and she added diamond jewellery.

Mrs. W. Dougal was another smart frocker who chose black with diamond jewellery. Her flowers were violets and

A GLIMPSE of the foyer of the Liberty Theatre. The Rayner Hoff panel is typical of the artistic mural decorations. The foyer was furnished in the modern manner by Bebarfalds Ltd., and the picture shows the graceful lines of the chairs and lounge. The ushers (ten exceptionally pretty girls) are all beautifully gowned in modern slim-fitting frocks of brown velvet relieved with gold. Across the front of each dress is embroidered the symbol of the Liberty—a torch, embossed in tangerine and gold. The girls wear halos of gold lame. The frocks are the work of David Jones.

—Women's Weekly photo.

lily-of-the-valley. Miss M. Stogdale's Oriental cloak was much admired.

Men present who had a special interest in the show included Mr. C. Bruce Delt, the architect of Liberty, and he was to be seen, at interval, in conversation with Mr. A. Daff, who came over from Melbourne for the opening.

Souvenir Programmes

THE artistic souvenir programme of the opening announces, also, that the proprietors are about to embark on the construction of a New Liberty Theatre, "which is to form part of one of the largest real estate and building enterprises ever undertaken in Sydney."

"Until the New Liberty is built, Imperial Theatres Ltd., an independent company with Australian ideals, will confine its activities to the Liberty Theatre."

The programme was the work of John Sands Ltd.

The immediate success of Liberty should be very heartening to the promoters of the undertaking.

A new star, Margaret Sullivan, has made her bow in Liberty's premiere attraction, "Only Yesterday." She plays the part of Mary Lane, and the consummate artistry with which she fulfilled her exacting role was sufficient assurance that she will long remain one of the greater lights on the horizon of talking pictures.

The novel by Frederic Lewis which is brought to the screen in "Only Yesterday," spans the troubled post-war years. As the story unfolds, Margaret is called on to portray practically the whole gamut of human emotions, and in each scene she is a signal success.

There are many other notable players in this fine drama, which is a splendid screen achievement throughout.

Now Showing!

11 a.m.! 2.30 p.m.! 8 p.m.!

LIBERTY
THEATRE
PITT STREET, HIGHWAY BETWEEN MARKET AND BANK
DIRECTION: IMPERIAL THEATRE, DAVIS & MARTIN-INGBRET

THOUSANDS FLOCKING DAILY!
SYDNEY'S CROWDS ATTRACTED TO THEATRE'S
NEW, LUXURIOUS "INTIMATE" APPEAL!

Within a few weeks now it will have developed into a national craze! Everyone will be asking: "Have you seen the new 'Liberty'?" It's the home of...

Refinement! Comfort! Entertainment!

"Only Yesterday"

With Margaret Sullivan, John Boles, Billie Burke, Reginald Denny, Edna May Oliver, Benita Hume, Onslow Stevens.

NEW WIDE-RANGE REPRODUCTION BY WESTERN ELECTRIC! DUNLOP-LATEX SEATS BY A. N. THOMSON & CO.

Liberty Theatre's Liberty Trio, presenting programme of Classical and Popular Music from 7.30 p.m. till 8 p.m., and during intermission. Full supporting programme of delightfully varied subjects.

The Story of ... 'Only Yesterday'

The story of "Only Yesterday" covers a period of thirteen years. In 1918, Jim Emerson, a lieutenant in training, meets Mary Lane, who has loved him from afar for two years.

After they have spent only a single evening together, Jim's regiment is suddenly called to France, and he leaves without seeing her again. Learning that she is to have a child, Mary goes to New York to stay with her broadminded Aunt Julia, and on Armistice Day, Jim, jun., is born. Proud and happy in her love, Mary waits only for the day when the father of her son shall return from the war. When he finally arrives and is surrounded by his friends, Mary happily makes her way to him. He shakes hands perfunctorily and leaves with his party. He does not remember her!

Too proud to go to him with her story, Mary lives on in the hope he will some day see her and remember her. She goes to work in her Aunt Julia's dress shop, and in later years acquires the business herself.

When her son has reached the age of 12, Mary goes with a party of friends to a New Year's Eve celebration at a hotel dining-room, and her heart thrills when she sees Jim, now married, seated at the next table. He is attracted by her beauty and her look of yearning, and shortly afterwards they steal away together, going to an apartment which he maintains away from his home. To him, it is only an interesting flirtation; to her, it is the culmination of all her dreams.

But the story is not ended. "Only Yesterday" is yet to reach a powerfully affecting climax which will bring tears to the eyes, and leave one with the sense of having lived through 13 years of a beautiful romance.

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Bebarfalds

The store chosen
above all others

To carry out the
gloriously Modern

Furnishings in the Foyer
and Lounges of the New

LIBERTY THEATRE

Again our NEW PROCESS

CAMEART . . .

successfully produced for the

Liberty Theatre

the most Beautifully Illustrated

Souvenir Program

on paper that can be
handled and preserved

JOHN SANDS LTD.
PRINTERS SYDNEY

Sowing Seeds With Success

Some Practical Help From the Old Gardener

HERE is a right way and a wrong way to sow seeds. The right way may mean a little extra initial effort, but the results will justify this—bring you a rich reward in strong, healthy plants with a plethora of magnificent blooms.

GOOD morning, Miss!

What a morning I've had! So many gardens to visit—so many things to explain. . . .

Now, what is it you want to have a chat about to-day? Oh, your seeds are a failure, you say. Well, we will go and have a look at them now. . . .

There you are, I told you some time ago not to try and raise your seeds in boxes. They only harbor pests, and during the hot weather dry out very quickly.

This soil you have here is far too heavy for seed-raising. Sandy loam is the best. And, in future, make your little seed beds over here, facing the north, so they catch the morning sun. You must remember, also, not to sow seed too deep.

When you have those very tiny seeds to handle you should mix them with a little sand. Then you are able to distribute them more evenly. A good idea for very fine seed, such as begonia, Iceland poppies, snapdragons, etc., is to have a pepper-shaker, and put the seed into the shaker and sprinkle lightly.

In the sowing of seed some extra care is advisable in preparing the soil. For instance, do not work the soil if the ground is very wet or very dry. When the soil works well and crumbles to pieces in the hand, then is the best time to sow. And the smaller the seed the finer should be the soil that covers it.

I have found that well-decayed horse or cow manure rubbed through a very fine sieve makes a wonderful covering for seed beds. The manure keeps them moist and cool during the hot days, and warm during the wintry days. What is

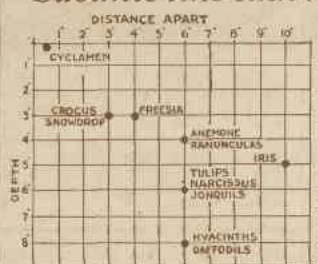
tiny seeds, in fact all seeds, to push their way through very easily to the surface.

WATER WITH CARE!

BE cautious with the watering until the seeds have germinated. Always water with a very fine rose on the water-can. And keep in mind this: The soil should never be allowed to become powdery or dry. During the hot months, when the seed is sown, it is a good plan

IT'S Bulb-Planting TIME

And THE OLD GARDENER—Submits this chart for your guidance



Seeing it's bulb-planting time, some gardeners may be at a loss to know the depth and distance apart to plant. Every square on the chart represents one inch. The depths given on the chart are calculated for a well-worked, medium garden soil, well drained. For light, sandy soil, one inch deeper than the indicated depth would be advisable, and in the case of heavy soil one inch less would be about right.

to cover through the heat of the day. When the seed shows through, remove the covering gradually. If any seedling plants are to remain where they are sown, thin out should they come up too thickly. This must be done as soon as the strongest plants are discernible. Do not overlook this factor, because young plants will draw one another up in a weakly manner and so lessen the flowering season by many weeks. Do not fertilize seed-beds as it does not assist germination.

Always go to the best seed merchant. It is more profitable to pay a good price for your seeds from a reputable firm than it is to buy cheap rubbish which we see advertised so frequently.

Remember, zeal is the backbone of gardening success. And success never comes without a little exertion. If the game is worth while, Miss, play it well.

SEED-BOXES

IF at any time you should happen to use this corner, and have not room for seed-beds, then you will have to revert to boxes or seed-pans. See that they are not deep—3 in. is quite deep enough for any box for seed-raising. Holes should be made in the bottom, and use suitable material for drainage—such as charcoal, broken pieces of pots, etc.

A good soil can be made up of equal parts of sandy loam and leaf mould. Press the soil firmly into the box. Stand the box in a tub or vessel of water, allowing the water to come half-way up the box. When thoroughly saturated, lift out and drain. Sow the seed and cover lightly. Very small seed only need to be pressed into the soil with a piece of flat board.

Cover the seed with thick brown paper or bagging. The darker you keep the boxes or seed-bed the quicker the germination. When the plants are large enough, prick out into boxes as I have so often told you. Seedlings make a better root system when twice handled.

NEW VARIETIES

TRY some of these novelties this season, Miss.

The new sweet pea advertised for this year is Rival. It comes from England. There is also a new primula, Dawkins, which is carmine pink.

The new Iceland poppy, Artistic, is supposed to be a very fine strain, being crossed with Sunbeam and Coonara. The colors have not been seen here before in this strain of poppy. They are clear pink, cherry red, and deep rose.

These novelties should be an attraction to your little garden.

Well . . . I must be moving on. Cheerio, and good luck with your seeds.

Caught the Refrain

I HAD been for the past six years trying to get the last line of a song entitled, "Oh, Dry Those Tears."

I knew it all but this last line, and I could never think of it. While waiting for a bus a week ago, the song was running through my mind when a bus conductor waiting to go on duty stood by me, and he was singing the very line I wanted.—E.M.H.

AN ASPARAGUS 60ft. HIGH!

The enormous Dracopis Draco of Tenerife is one of the Asparagus Genus

Can you digest this?

'Twould be much admired in your kitchen garden! Although, when it came to table, it would perhaps be a little indigestible. But then, so many table delicacies are indigestible—roast pork or beef or duck, for instance—unless you eat them with Mustard! For Mustard, with its clean tang, makes the richest food appetizing and digestible—bacon or ham or savoury pie,

it's nicer with **Mustard**—Keen's Mustard

SAVOY CREAMS—another delicious surprise from Elizabeth Craig's Custard Book

New ways of cooking your favourite dishes, with custard—new custard dishes that will soon become family favourites—these many new recipes of Elizabeth Craig's, specially prepared for Foster Clark, make a book that's well worth having. England's foremost cookery expert recommends custard wholeheartedly for its food value and Foster Clark's in particular for its purity and its delicious flavour. Therefore refuse imitations and insist on Foster Clark's.



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BOOK SEATS!
BOX PLAN AT BELL'S, NEXT THEATRE.

Lionel Hart's Liberty Trio, presenting programme of Classical and Popular Music from 7.30 p.m. till 8 p.m., and during intermission. New Wide-range Reproduction by Western Electric! Dunlop-Latex Seats by A. N. Thomson & Co.



Only Yesterday
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Billie Burke
Reginald Denny
Onslow Stevens

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TO-DAY—
not even a memory!



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IN THIS ISSUE

Prize Of £1 For Best 2UW Letter

With the co-operation of listeners, it is hoped that the 2 to 3 hour at 2UW will become the model of what women's sessions should be. In order to find out what listeners want, The Australian Women's Weekly is now offering a prize of £1 for the best letter of criticism about the session. Full details are supplied below.

THROUGH Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, who directs the women's sessions at 2UW, and Miss Myra Dempsey, The Australian Women's Weekly supplies other features in the mornings, and late afternoons, which are detailed below, but it is this 2 to 3 hour with which we are concerned at the moment.

Organising a radio programme is at all times a very difficult task. There are so many different kinds of people listening in, all of whom have to be pleased, that it is almost impossible to satisfy everyone. The best the programme director can do, therefore, is to find out what the majority of listeners want.

If you have not already listened to the 2 to 3 session, it is important that you should do this before you write your letter. When you have listened, and have some idea what to write about, follow the directions given here and then address your letter either to Mrs. Littlejohn or to Miss Dorothea Vautier, care of The Australian Women's Weekly, care of Station 2UW.

Write down each of the questions listed here, and against each put "Yes" or "No" according to what you think.

- (1) Are you able to listen to the 2-3 hour?
- (2) Are you satisfied with the session as it is?
- (3) Would you like more music and less talks?
- (4) Do the "So They Say" topics appeal to you?
- (5) Do you like hearing about interesting people?
- (6) Would you like stories or short plays?



Next Monday, at 4 p.m., Mrs. Littlejohn will give a talk from 2UW on Gandhi, the famous Indian leader, and listeners will have an opportunity of hearing Gandhi himself give a short address. His talk is recorded by Fox Films on sound track film. Do not miss this unique feature.

(7) Would you like more radio competitions?

(8) Do you like travel talks?

Finally write down any features which you think might be left out, and if you want to, suggest some new ones.

The Easter Trip Went Well

Fine weather was a feature of The Australian Women's Weekly 2UW Easter tour to Kosciuszko.

IMMEDIATELY upon settling down in the train for the night's journey ahead, a scheme was devised whereby a "parson" was found who went through the whole carriage which was specially reserved for the party, and held out his hat with labels in it for everyone to pick out a name for the rest of the tour. When one man drew "Prestia", and another man picked "Cactus", and still another drew "Lobelia", the excitement grew intense.

Before reaching Moss Vale, Petunia had become very friendly with Pansy, and Lobelia likewise with Tulip, etc., and by the time Kosciuszko was reached it seemed as though the whole party was one big family—a veritable flower garden had arrived.

The oldest person in the party was "Salvia". He was 68, and to him went the prize for guessing the birthdate of the Doll Beinda. Boronia won the Kodak camera, the first prize that was presented on the tour. The competition for this was both novel and difficult. She had to write a telegram of 16 words with each word beginning with the letter B. Here's her winning effort: "Barney Brown, Byron Bay, Bouncing Baby Boys Born Before Breakfast, Bitter Blow, But Be Brave, Betty."

WHEN the train steamed into Central at dawn last Tuesday, many sad hearts were there who were wishing that they were only just setting out again instead of finishing such a glorious holiday.

The management of 2UW have extended an invitation to the whole party to partake of afternoon tea on Thursday next, and then to inspect the Studio of 2UW.

Among those present in the party were: Mrs. O'Neill, Country Women's Club, Sydney; Miss Vall, "Hausen," Roseville; Miss Cameron, Roseville; Miss Geappen, 33 Clarence St.; Misses V. and M. Harget, Kogarah; Miss V. Gay, Point Piper; Mrs. G. I. Moore, Kensington; Mr. J. Gegg, Strathfield; Mrs. Ellis, Polts Point; Mrs. Such, Wellington, N.S.W.; Miss E. Hart, O'Connell St.; Mr. Gregory, Drum-moyne; Mrs. Mook, Five Dock; Mrs. Gibson, Five Dock; Miss Dickie, Drum-moyne; Miss Tracey, King St.; Mrs. W. Dalley, Balmain; Miss Neilson, Drum-moyne; Misses Hunter (2), Drum-moyne; Miss G. Hunter, Balmain; Mr. H. Thipps, Woomona, South Coast; Miss E. Thipps, Woomona, South Coast; Mr. Unsworth, Woomona, South Coast; Mr. Speight, Cabramatta; Mr. Godden, Rockdale; Mrs. Simister, Cabramatta; Mr. Harris, York St.; Mr. Millner, Nowra; Mr. Chapman, Enfield; Mrs. Ackroyd, Five Dock.

2UW Highlights For Readers

FRIDAY, APRIL 6

At 9.45 a.m.—Recipe competition, £1 prize each week. Listen to Myra Dempsey.

At 11 a.m.—A talk by Mrs. Littlejohn, "How to Protect Yourself."

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour. Dorothea Vautier, News. The Verse of James Elroy Flecker, "So They Say" topics (£6 a week in prizes), and "Don't Forget."

At 4 p.m.—Enid Lorimer, Little Theatre Talk.

MONDAY, APRIL 9

At 9.45 a.m.—"Clever Ideas" Session, weekly prizes. Myra Dempsey.

At 1 p.m.—Light orchestral session.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour. Dorothea Vautier, News, Interesting People, "Personal Memoirs of Life in the Far East."

At 4 p.m.—Mrs. Littlejohn, A Travel Talk about Crete.

From 10 p.m.—Dance music.

TUESDAY, APRIL 10

At 9.45 a.m.—Homework and Needlework Notions. Myra Dempsey.

At 11.15 a.m.—Jean Harvey talks on "Psychology."

At 1 p.m.—Light orchestral music.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour. Dorothea Vautier, News, Musical Doings, Mrs. Griffiths, United Associations, "Home-Making and a Career."

To finish the session, "Don't Forget."

At 7.50 p.m.—Popular Psychology, J. M. Prentice.

At 8.45 p.m.—2UW's popular request dance night, Cec. Morrison's music.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11

At 9.45 a.m.—Home Decorating, Myra Dempsey.

At 1 p.m.—Light orchestral music.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour. Dorothea Vautier, News, "So They Say" topics, Interesting People, Mr. Sefton Cullen, "Personal Memoirs of Life in the Far East."

At 4 p.m.—Mrs. Littlejohn, A Travel Talk about Crete.

From 10 p.m.—Dance music.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's Weekly home section prize-winners. Myra Dempsey.

At 1 p.m.—Light orchestral session.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour. Dorothea Vautier, Highlights from The Australian Women's Weekly, The Book of the Week, Careers for Women, Secretarial Work, Miss Hale.

At 9 p.m.—Foreign Affairs, J. M. Prentice.

From 10 p.m.—Dance music.

ON SUNDAY, AT 3 P.M.

From 2UW: Concerto No. 2 in C Minor Op. 18 (Rachmaninoff), for piano and orchestra, played by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, with Sergei Rachmaninoff at the piano.

Bottling Vegetables For Winter Use

... A simple and
easy-to-follow method
for preserving them.

By the OLD GARDENER

BOTH in city and country a great many far-seeing housewives have been and are busy preserving summer fruits for use in the lean months ahead. Why not do the same with vegetables?

These can be quite easily preserved, and it is very nice to be able to go to the pantry shelf and help yourself.

For preserving purposes it is advisable to select young, fresh vegetables. Grade them for size and color; wash and prepare. Scrape carrots and celery, and peel turnips. Keep white vegetables under water as much as possible to preserve color.

Plunge the prepared vegetable into a saucepan of boiling water, using one teaspoonful of salt to every quart of water. Bring the water again quickly to the boil, and allow the vegetables to remain in this from one to five minutes, according to texture—peas and delicate vegetable one minute; those of firmer texture, three to five minutes.

Now remove the vegetables and place them into a large basin of cold water to check the cooking process, and make them firm. Leave them in this from five to ten minutes, then pack as tightly as possible into vacuum bottles, placing one teaspoonful of salt on the top of each bottle. Fill the bottles to overflowing with cold water. Place on the rubber ring, glass cap, and screw down. Release slightly to allow air to escape during sterilisation.

Place the bottles in a saucepan with a false bottom. Cover with cold water. Bring to boiling point in half an hour. Boil gently for two hours. Lift out one bottle at a time and screw it down tightly before removing the next.

When cold, remove screws or clips and test lids to see if they are firm.

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